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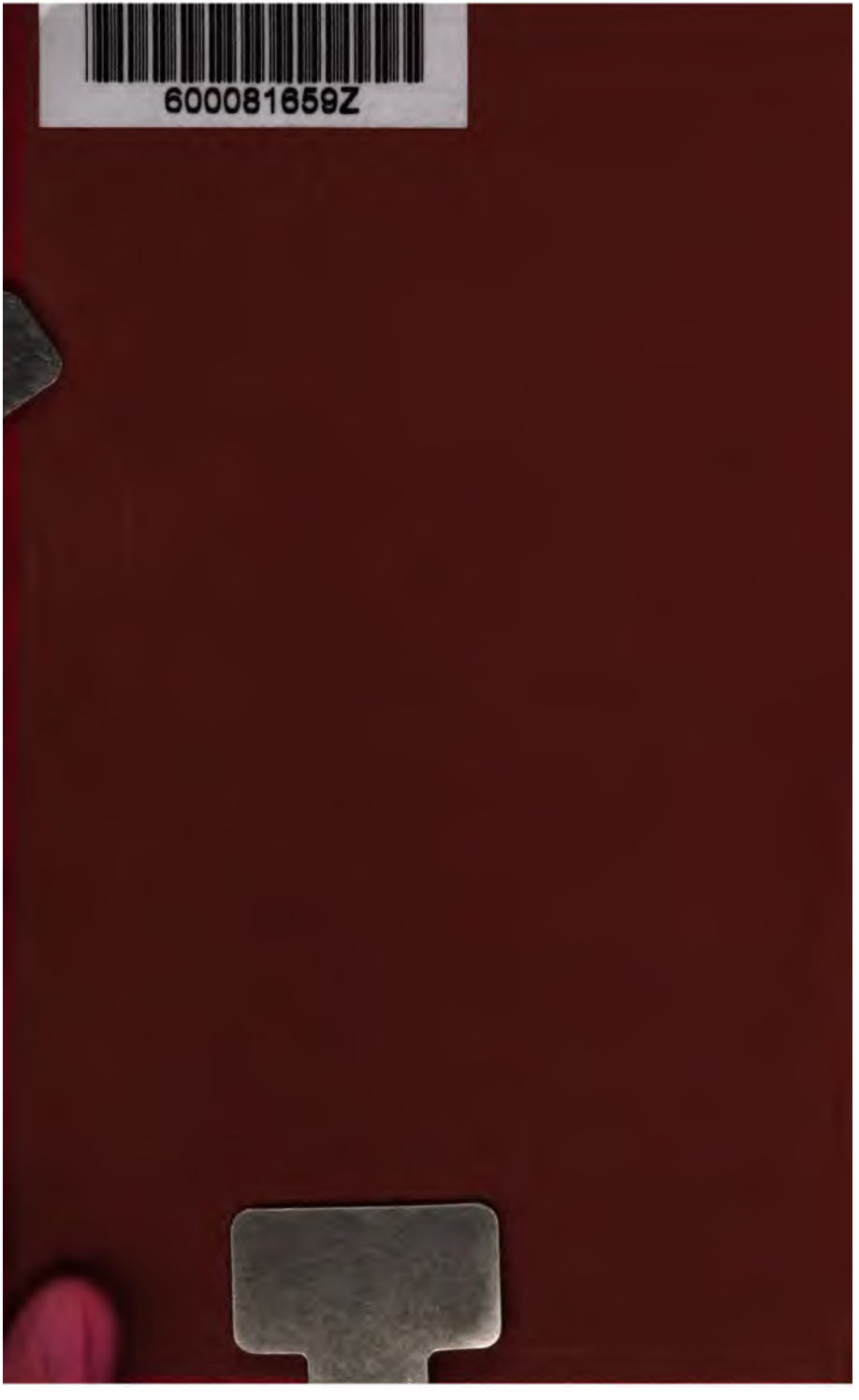
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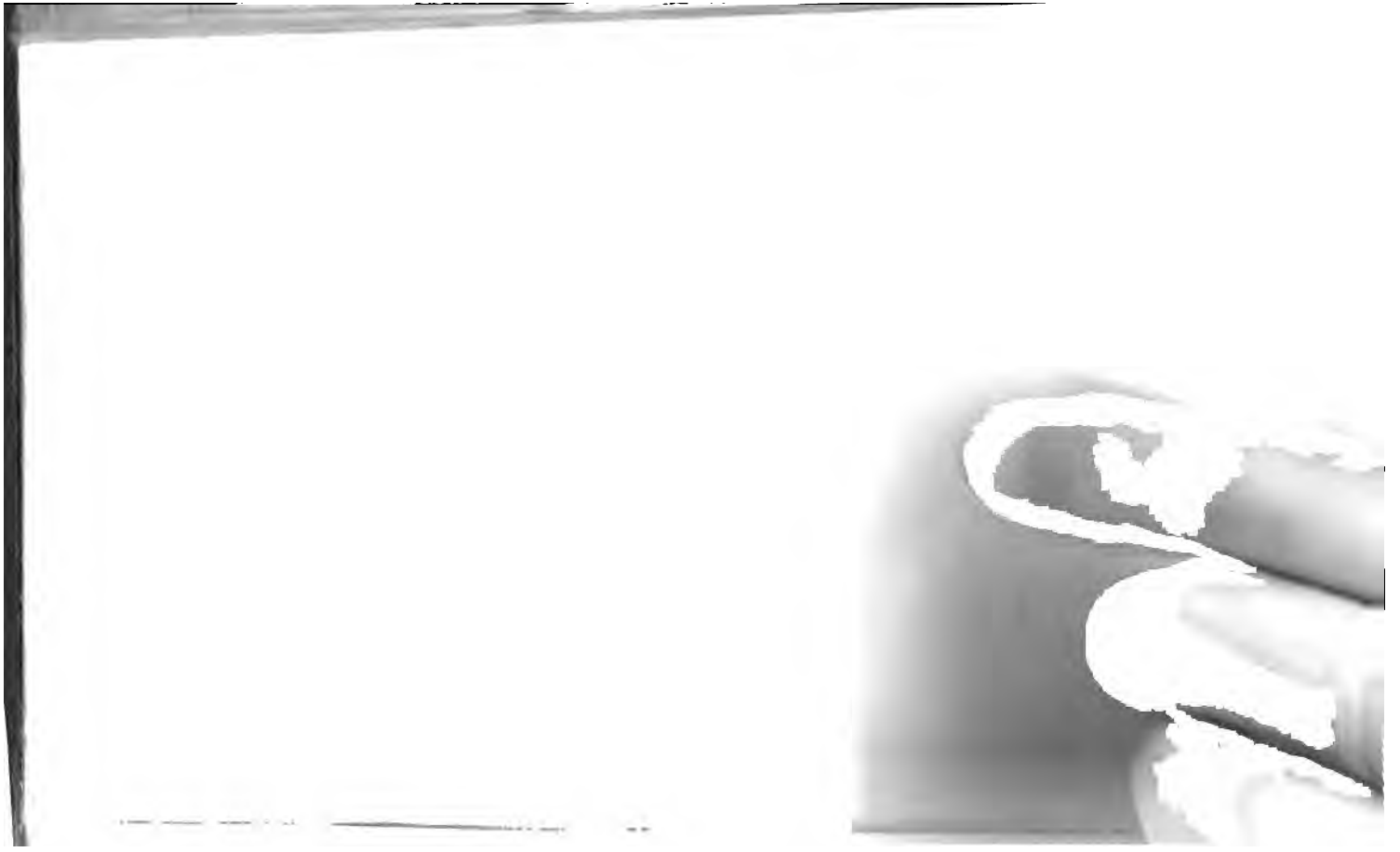

MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

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BY

DR. DORAN,

AUTHOR OF 'KNIGHTS AND THEIR DAYS,'
'QUEENS OF ENGLAND OF THE HOUSE OF HANOVER,' 'HABITS AND MEN,'
'TABLE TRAITS AND SOMETHING ON THEM.'

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME II.

"I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant-shape of power,
Of the old Kings with high-exacting looks,
Sceptred and globed."—LEIGH HUNT.

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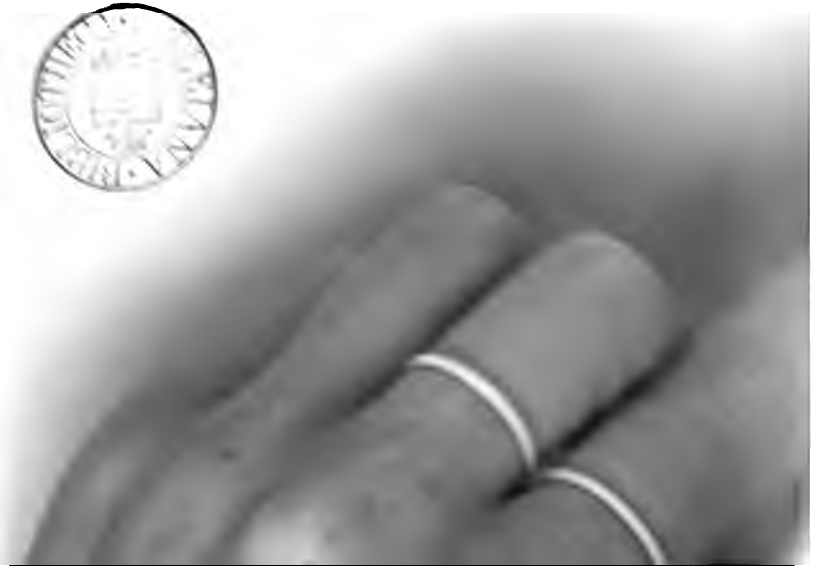

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MONARCHS

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

Rome.

FROM JULIUS TO VALERIAN.

"Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows."—ISAAC WATTS.

THE Roman Empire had lasted about three centuries, and something like half a hundred Cæsars had succeeded each other in the uneasy enjoyment of the Imperial dignity, with its attendant perils, before mankind wonderingly beheld the spectacle of a despotic monarch voluntarily surrendering, as it was alleged, his title and privileges, and descending to the condition of a private individual. This monarch was Diocletian.

Before that unusual event had occurred, Rome had seen many of her Imperial masters compelled to lay down their greatness. Of the "Twelve Cæsars," three alone died natural deaths,—Augustus, Vespasian, and Titus. Five fell by

the swords of assassins,—Julius, Caligula, Galba, Vitellius, and Domitian. Two died by their own hand,—Nero and Otho. Two were despatched by means of poison,—Tiberius (it is believed) and Claudius.

Some of these, who lived to know and see that their sovereign power had passed into the keeping of a successor, may come under our notice as unsceptred monarchs. The detail of their conduct belongs to our subject; and we may say at once, that in no one case was that conduct marked by dignity.

When Nero learned that he had a master, in Galba, he upset the table at which he was seated, feasting, dashed to pieces his two most favourite crystal glasses, called for a box of poison, which he was afraid to use, and then rushed into the Servilian gardens to think upon what he should do next. There, or within his sleeping-room, he passed a miserable night; and when, at daybreak, he found that his Guards had not only deserted him, but had carried off the little gold box containing the poison, and even the very covering of his bed, he ran headlong down to the Tiber, where he stopped short on the bank, and slowly walked back again. It was then, barefooted and half-dressed as he was, that he was encountered by the faithful Phaon, who flung a cloak over his shoulders, tied an old handkerchief about his head, hoisted the bewildered wretch on to a horse, and rode away with him towards a country-house, four miles off. In danger of discovery, the fugitive party abandoned their horses, scrambled through thickets, brakes, bye-paths, and brambles, and at length reached the neighbourhood of the desired asylum. The tender feet of the Emperor were mangled and bloody, despite the care which had been shown by his friend to spread his cloak upon the ground for the ex-Emperor to tread upon.

Phaon asked him to conceal himself for awhile in a gravel-pit; but Nero declared that it looked too much like a grave,

and he was determined not to be buried alive. He sat down under a wall, picked the burrs and brambles from his dress, drank from the hollow of his hand a few drops of water, and sighed over the thought of the draughts he used to imbibe of boiled water made cool again in snow.

He was at length got into the house, where he turned away in disgust from the piece of brown bread which was offered him,—his last banquet; drank again a little lukewarm water, flung himself on an old flock-bed, and cursed his destiny. They who surrounded him, counselled him to make an end quickly; and thereupon he had a grave made before him, to his exact measure. He ordered sundry preparations to be made for his funeral, commanded water for the washing of his body, wood for the pile, expressed a hope that they who survived him would allow his head to remain on his body, and he then burst into an agony of tears at the thought, as he said, of what a clever fellow the world was about to lose: "*Qualis artifex pereo!*" was his exclamation. It was not his only one. He cited lines from various Greek and Latin authors, as applicable to his situation; and when reproached for dallying so long before he put himself to death, very appositely and naturally inquired if any one present was willing to show him the way by setting him the example. He then made a few more pedantic quotations, and finally, with trembling hands, put the dagger to his throat. He would have held it there long enough, had it not been for Epaphroditus, who grasped his hands and forced the weapon into his throat. The terror of the ex-monarch was fixed on his features after death. But even *he* had friends: five thousand crowns were expended on his funeral pile, on which his body was laid in a splendid silk coverlet. A couple of his old nurses collected his ashes, and an Imperial concubine accompanied them in the pious task of solemnly depositing the remains in the tomb of the Domitii. For years after, loving hands hung garlands on his tomb; and

surely Nero could not have won this tribute of sympathy, spontaneously made, had he not had some touch of virtue in him, which saved him from ranking beneath humanity!

Galba, too, survived to hear Otho hailed as Emperor; but Galba died with no more dignity than Nero. To the soldiers who approached to slay him, he offered a donation. The men however were not to be deceived by a fallen potentate who, when he became Emperor, had promised them a gift of money, and had forgotten to keep his word. Otho himself, when *he* fell into the condition of an unsceptred monarch, was determined, without however being dignified. When resolved to die, he first went to sleep, in order that at dawn of day, on awaking, he might deal the one effective blow with a steady hand. So soundly did he sleep his last sleep, just previous to the death which he reserved for himself on awaking, that, according to Plutarch, his snoring disturbed his attendants in a neighbouring room.

As for the pale and pimple-faced Vitellius, he may perhaps be considered by some as the first Emperor who resigned his dignity; for when the Flavians were elevating Vespasian, he begged the army to let him go into privacy, with life; and in presence of the Senate, he unbuckled his dagger and laid it before the august assembly, in token of his resignation.

How he would have passed his leisure may be guessed at from the fact that when he ran off towards the Aventine, he was accompanied only by two persons, his cook and his baker; and he had a girdle with him, stuffed with gold, to help him to live luxuriously by their means. But he soon fell into the hands of the Flavian party; to these he denied his own identity, but they paraded him through Rome, holding a sword under his chin to compel him to keep his face raised in the sight of the reviling people. At the *Gemoniæ*, or place of execution, he was "done to death gradually," as Suetonius describes it, "by stabbing him gently with small pricks at a time."

The first five Emperors who followed the "Twelve" reigned during what has been called the happiest years of the human race. The first of these five, Nerva, was the first Roman Emperor of foreign extraction: his father was a Cretan. Some authors speak of him as having abdicated after a brief reign. The truth however is, that he merely associated Trajan with him in power. That there was no abdication is shown by a phrase in Pliny's panegyric on Trajan, wherein he says, "You entered on your second consulship when you were Emperor, but also under an Emperor." Nerva himself, too, remarked, after he had taken a partner in power: "I have done nothing that can hinder me from laying down my power, and living with security in a private station." Of the so-called "happy Emperors," Nerva was sober, but avaricious; Trajan, prodigal and addicted to drinking; Hadrian had a sense of the fitness and reasonableness of Christianity, yet remained a heathen; Antoninus Pius loved quiet, more than martial glory, woman's love, or splendid dissipation; and Marcus Aurelius delivered popular lectures to gratified assemblies, and worshipped a wife who hourly betrayed him.

Then came a time when, for many years, no Cæsar died a natural death. Commodus, that "Roman Hercules" of the Gladiatorial shows, had fought in the arena nearly eight hundred times, without receiving a scratch, when he was poisoned by Marcia, who, although his concubine, was a Christian lady. She relieved even Heathenism of Commodus; and she helped Callistus to attain the Popedom. Pertinax, the ex-carpenter and charcoal-burner, ended a three months' beneficial reign by a violent death. Didius Julianus, who bought the Empire, was robbed of it, and murdered in little more than a couple of months. The cold, cruel, pedantic, and warlike African, Severus, ended his active reign, of nearly eighteen years, at York. He was slain by that which the poet says is sharper than a serpent's tooth—a child's ingra-

titude. His son, Caracalla, destroyed many things in six years, ere Macrinus destroyed *him*; but he failed in delivering to destruction the works of Aristotle. The affected, pusillanimous Macrinus could not keep the throne many months, although he had suppressed that unpopular institution, called "taxes." His destroyer and successor, the boy Heliogabalus, gave banquets, at which he smothered the guests beneath tons of flowers, suffocated them by scents, let wild beasts loose upon them, or drowned them in perfumed waters. The lad made a colleague of his grandmother; set his mother at the head of a female senate, which assembled to prescribe the law of fashions; made of his horse a consul, and of himself a beast. In little less than four years the precocious boy, who walked about attired as a girl, and was the first Roman Emperor who wore silk, was decapitated; and the throne was ascended by another boy, Alexander Severus, who was as warlike and stern in discipline as his predecessor was the reverse; and whose tyranny brought about his death, by Maximinus, after a reign of some say twelve, others fifteen, years. The peasant Maximinus was of such gigantic stature that he could wear his wife's bracelets for thumb-rings. His appetite was of equally gigantic a character, for he is said to have consumed forty pounds of meat and eighteen bottles of wine daily. A more ferocious monster of cruelty the world never saw; and he was too powerful for the pacific Gordians to deprive him of the dignity of Cæsar, for any but a short period. When the Roman Senate unsceptred him, by placing the office of Emperor in commission and entrusting its exercise to twenty men, he manifested his sense of this deposition by running about howling, the while, like a wild beast, and by dashing his bullet-like head against the marble walls of his palace, till both wall and head were nearly knocked to pieces. He was ultimately slain, in the year 236. Assassination too was the lot of Balbinus. Philip, who slew Gordian, and could not secure the popular favour even

by such a show as that of two thousand gladiators bleeding to death in one arena, was himself slain by his soldiers. His Lieutenant, Decius, vaulted into his place, and lost it in a couple of years. The arrows of the Goths inflicted death on him and thousands of his men, as they were vainly struggling to push their horses through a marsh. His successor, Gallus, was killed by his own enraged soldiery: he had previously defrauded the youthful son of Decius, Hostilianus, of the inheritance promised him by his sire. Æmilianus, contending for the perilous prize of Empire, met violent death by assassination. The prize was gained by Valerian, who seemed to possess all the qualifications for a ruler of a martial, turbulent, and luxurious people, till he was called upon to perform the office. After a career of cruelty and disgrace, he drifted into a war against Sapor, King of Persia, by whom he was defeated and captured, near the walls of Edessa. He was the only Emperor of Rome who had hitherto fallen into the hands of an enemy. Gallienus, his son and colleague, reigned in his stead. Let us see how his sire, a monarch now without a sceptre, bore the hard lot which it was his to endure, till he was relieved by death.

VALERIAN.

Valerian was a man of too weak a mind to bear prosperity with dignity. In the character of Roman Censor, he had exhibited a praiseworthy toleration for the opinions of others. When he became Emperor he would compel all men to agree with his own. As a private individual, he was fond of peace. When he put on the purple, he seemed to have donned the war-mantle. His chief desire was to extend his dominions at the expense of his neighbours. His punishment was in being led into irretrievable ruin by his bosom friend. It was Macrinus who persuaded him to meet Sapor, and who so

arranged the interview that the victorious Persian had no difficulty in surrounding and carrying off the Emperor.

The calamity which descended on Valerian was borne with wonderful patience by his family and his friends. His son, Gallienus, never solicited his freedom, nor bestirred himself to compel it. Valerian had been inconsistent and cruel to the Christians, and Constantine complacently declared his conviction that Sapor was only the instrument of God, employed to chastise the oppressor of His saints.

Sapor (or Shah Poor, that is, "the King's son") was urged by certain Eastern Kings to make of Valerian a means of bringing about a very advantageous peace. The names of these Kings have been given; their letters have been cited. One of these monarchs is said to have been Artavasdes, King of Armenia. Unfortunately for the story, Armenia was, at this time, a Persian province, and Artavasdes is a myth. This fact may cast discredit on the alleged epistolary correspondence of the other Kings. One thing, however, is incontestable,—Gallienus remained insensible to the sorrows of his sire; and not a man whom Valerian had raised to power presumed to cast reproof upon his son, by affecting solicitude for the unhappy sire. "My father," said the indifferent Gallienus, "is a singularly patient person: I feel confident that he will bear his fate with laudable decency;" and thereupon all the flatterers in Rome exclaimed, "Well said, Cæsar!"

And Valerian *must* have been a more than ordinarily enduring man, if he bore his afflictions without the resistance of desperation. From the moment that he fell into the hands of his great enemy, Sapor treated him with intolerable cruelty. He began by reviling his captive in outrageous terms. Hard blows followed harsh words, and the Roman had calmly to endure the buffeting of the Persian. To give additional poignancy to calamity, Valerian was dragged about from town to town attired in his Imperial robes. They

were soon only the tattered relics of his greatness. When Sapor mounted his horse or his chariot, he employed the once master of the Roman world as a stepping-block. As Valerian lay stretched on the ground, Sapor, placing his foot on the back of the prostrate captive, vaulted on to his steed or leaped into his chariot. When he had accomplished the feat, he would turn round, look down upon the fallen monarch, and exclaim, "That *is* a triumph!" And the multitude shouted that none could withstand God and Sapor the Invincible.

But the King's son was not always "invincible." Although Gallienus did not make war upon him in order to recover Valerian, the Roman and Persian armies were more than once at bloody arbitrement, and on one occasion the Imperial Lieutenant sent many Persian prisoners to Rome. These were paraded at a festival given to celebrate the accession of Gallienus. The Emperor looked at them without seeming to think of his father. Not so the Roman people, spectators of the show. From among these, some Roman buffoons crossed over to the captives, and passed among them, curiously and deliberately scanning the features of each man. Gallienus expected some mirth, but seeing nothing come of it, and that the buffoons were retiring with a disconsolate look, he asked the meaning of the episode. "Well," said they, with a little hesitation, "we went over to these Persians to see if we might discover among them the great Valerian, your gracious divinity's father!" Gallienus thought this a very sorry joke indeed. He ordered the buffoons to be bound together, and be burnt alive, in one batch. It was a very serious matter to joke with, and it was a mortal matter to joke against, an Emperor of Rome.

Valerian, if he did not find a deliverer, found at least an avenger, elsewhere. Odonathus, Prince of Palmyra, sent some rich gifts to Sapor, and suggested an alliance. Sapor

treated gifts and giver with the greatest irreverence. He hurled epithets of the most unsavoury sort at the donor, and ordered his presents to be destroyed. He would soon intimate his further intentions, he said, when this petty prince had crawled to the foot of the Persian throne, and humbly asked pardon for having presumed to suggest friendship with the almost god who sat thereon. Valerian heard the thundering message, and his heart must have quailed within him. It bounded, perhaps, with something like hope, when, as he lay with his face on the ground, while Sapor trod on him to pass to his chariot, he heard the announcement made that Odonathus had made common cause with the Romans. As Valerian slowly turned to his place at the wheels of the chariot, he may have taken comfort, as the captive of Sesostris did, when he saw that the lowest spoke became, in turn, the highest. In the succeeding revolution, however, better fortune never dawned upon *him*. Sapor endured many a reverse, suffered many a loss, was compelled to surrender many a city, but he never let go his hold of that Imperial prisoner, whose presence in chains, and in the patched robe and bespattered mantle of a lost sovereignty, was the perpetual proof of the greatest triumph that one monarch had ever achieved, and of the greatest calamity that another had ever endured.

The contest carried on against Odonathus and his Roman allies, was one of varying fortunes, although it terminated unhappily for Sapor. On one occasion, the latter had captured a large number of Roman prisoners, with whom, however, he was obliged to fly before the Palmyrean and his reinforcements. His advance was suddenly checked on the banks of a marshy ravine. Sapor solved the difficulty, by slaying all his newly-made captives. Their bodies were flung into the ravine till they were level with the bank on either side. Over this hideous pathway, Sapor crossed, dragging with him the ever-suffering Valerian.

The disasters of Sapor began, now, to fall thickly upon him. Of these, however, the Persian historians make no mention whatever: they invariably describe Sapor as ever great, happy, invincible, and victorious. Before he perished, he was resolved to leave a lasting record at least of his unparalleled triumph over Valerian. On the rocks, in the neighbourhood of the city of Sapor (named after its founder), in the province of Farsistan, he caused to be engraven the sculptured story of the imperishable glory of Persia, and the memorable downfall of the Roman Emperor. The city has gone, but the sculptured rocks still tell their story, and the Persian has succeeded in handing down to this, and perhaps of perpetuating to the latest age, the memory of his victory over the Romans, and "the glory he had acquired by leading captive one of the Cæsars." Among the bas-reliefs on the rock, Lieutenant Alexander, in his travels, especially notices one representing a King on horseback, with a globe or balloon-shaped crown. Beneath him is the prostrate figure of a man. A shorter figure, behind the King, is supposed to represent his son. Three figures of men, in an attitude of supplication, are supposed to represent Roman captives. "Between the head of the nearest, and that of the horse, is an inscription in the Pehlevi. Behind the King, in several compartments, are some mounted figures of Persians; and opposite those, of Roman foot-soldiers. All the figures are as large as life." The rock is a species of rough jasper. It has been, at one time, highly polished. The sculpture is described as being masterly in execution, and exquisite in taste. "The proportions and anatomy of both horses and men are accurately preserved, and the very veins and arteries in the horses legs are delicately delineated."

Sapor has fared worse in one part of the rock-record than Valerian. In what is called the "great cave," and in the centre of the gallery of entrance, there formerly stood erect,

the statue of a monarch, said to be Sapor, and supposed to be the only statue in the country. This limestone effigy of Sapor is now recumbent and mutilated; its head is in the dust, and the stumps of the legs rest on the old pedestal. The whole was about twenty feet in height. How the present ruin fell upon the figure of the great King is thus explained. "Two brothers hunting on the mountains, one of them entered the cave, and seeing this tremendous object staring at him, was so overpowered by fear, that he fell down and died on the spot. The other brother coming to the cave shortly after, and seeing his brother lying dead at the entrance, guessed the cause, and threw down the statue."

Sapor is said to have died in the year of our Lord 271. Valerian was either killed in a tumult, or by order of his conqueror, fearful perhaps of losing his valuable living trophy, in the year 269. The body of the dead Roman Emperor was treated with no more delicacy than when it had tabernacled the immortal spark of a living one. It was skinned. The hide, after being tanned, was stuffed, painted red, and suspended in the chief temple of the capital. Here it remained for many years. It was the popular spectacle for holiday-makers and visitors from the country. But it was put to more important ends than this: it was made a diplomatic engine, of much significance and efficiency. In after-times, it often happened that the Roman envoys at the Persian court had misunderstandings, more or less serious, with the Government to which they were temporarily accredited. When these ambassadors from Rome grew arrogant in their demands, it was the custom to conduct them into the presence of the stuffed skin of the old ex-Emperor of Rome, where they were asked if humility did not become them at sight of such a spectacle.

Gallienus, while his father was undergoing the most abject misery, lived a life of riot and horrible licentiousness in Rome. He powdered his hair with gold-dust. On one day

he looked with indifference on the condemned to death, while lions were tearing them in pieces; on the next, he rolled in the ecstasy of uncontrollable laughter at beholding the fright of a knave, like the jeweller who had cheated the Imperial consort, and who, being flung into the arena, and expecting the wild beasts to be let in upon him, saw himself attacked by a capon. Gallienus showed no more emotion at losing an entire province, than he did at the loss of a buckle from the Imperial sandal. When Egypt was torn from him, his philosophical remark was, "Very well! we will do without Egypt!" When the last of a series of revolutions broke out against him, there were thirty aspirants to the Imperial purple. Against these odds, he succumbed at Milan, by assassination; and anarchy reigned in his stead. The "Gothic Claudius" appeased the troubled waters. He slew three hundred thousand of his enemies in one battle, ruled with wisdom, and was carried off by the plague in two years from the time of his accession. "Verè princeps" was among the titles by which he was worthily hailed by the Senate.

Then followed the severe but not unwise Aurelian, the victor of Zenobia and Palmyra, the slayer of eight hundred foes whom he had, at various times, encountered hand to hand, and who fell beneath his own sword. Aurelian, in turn, fell under the swords of his own seditious soldiery, near Byzantium, in the year 275. He was the first Roman Emperor who wore a diadem.

The brave old soldier and scholar, Tacitus, who made Rome decent and the Senate independent, reluctantly occupied the Imperial station, to which he had been elevated against his will, during a brief half-year. He was labouring under incurable disease, when the dagger of some obscure assassin deprived the Empire of the advantages of his rule during a few more months. His brother, Florianus, was violently despatched, after less of a reign, than of a struggle to reign, which lasted but "two little months." The sol-

diers elected in his stead, Probus, the gardener's son. He was a bald-headed leader of soldiery who, when he commanded an army in the East, did not leave them foodless and coverless, while he lived a league or two off, in comfortable quarters. He ate dry peas with them, and both together destroyed the barbarian enemies of Rome on the East and North. In peace, he endeavoured to render the army useful to the State, by employing the men in drainage-works on the marshy lands round sunny but spongy Sirmium. They freed themselves from this servile employment, by slaying their Imperial employer.

His successor, Carus, was as bold as brave, and as austere in his diet and morals as Probus,—at whose death, perished also the authority of the Senate. Never again was that once illustrious assembly asked to give its sanction to the elections made by the soldiers. Carus attempted to enlarge the limits of the Empire, by invading Persia. He died in his tent, on the way, after a clap of thunder,—a report gravely made by his own secretary, but which does not destroy the suspicion of his having perished by human violence.

His two sons and successors perished as miserably. Carinus, the elder, was perhaps the most stupendous profligate that ever wore the purple. Never was reign at once so splendid and so infamous. He married so many wives, outraged so many ladies, exhibited such gorgeous shows, raised to eminence such crapulous individuals, and squandered money with such unparalleled profuseness, that the Empire was aghast. Of his doorkeeper, he made the governor of a city; and as the first-named and humble official was styled *Cancellarius*, so from that time the title of Cancellarius, or Chancellor, has risen in dignity. Carinus was slain by the husband of a lady whom he had insulted. His brother, the gentle, brave, and equitable Numerian, was also slain. Numerian was stabbed, in his litter, by his father-in-law, Arrius Aper. The murderer continued, for many days, to attend

upon the litter, as though the Emperor (whom the army was following on a foreign expedition) had been still alive within it. The nose of the army, to use a comprehensive term, soon discovered the crime; and the illiterate and lowly-born Diocletian was in such haste to pass his sword through the body of the assassin, and so urgent in his own declarations of innocence, that suspicion has not failed to fall upon him, as an accomplice.

DIOCLETIAN.

"When Diocletian sought repose,
Cloyed and fatigued with nauseous power,
He left his empire to his foes,
For fools t' admire, rogues devour.
Rich in his poverty, he bought
Retirement's innocence and health;
With his own hands the monarch wrought,
And changed a throne for Ceres' wealth.
Toil soothed his cares, his blood refined,—
And all from thee,
Supremely gracious Deity,
Composer of the mind!"—HARTE.

IF Walter Harte had taken as poetical a view of Gustavus Vasa as he has done, in the above quotation, of the renowned ex-Emperor of Rome, his biography would have been less pedantic perhaps, but that laborious work would have suffered in its truth.

It is not, however, that poetry or romance fails in the story of the peasant lad who rose to wear the Imperial purple, and survived the loss of it, in a reduced condition, which would dazzle the eyes of many a monarch in these more simple days.

When Diocletian was a boy, he was told that when he had killed a boar, he would become Emperor of the Roman world. Forthwith he became a mighty hunter, and terrible was the slaughter which he made, in his youth and early manhood, of the animal in question. He had slain his hun-

dreds, and he had not yet obtained the purple. That he had an opportunity to hunt the boar for his own profit seems almost as astonishing as that he should have had a thought of the diadem, for he was but a poor boy, who took his name from the city of Dioclea, in Dalmatia, just as those penniless soldiers who came over with the arrogant Norman, and who, having no family name of their own, called themselves by that of the town in which they were born. In an idle, perhaps in an ambitious, certainly in a lucky moment, he enrolled himself a private soldier in the Roman army. His merit carried him to the highest grade, and brought him into close connection with the Imperial family. If there be any truth in the legend of the boar, he must have looked upon the Emperor's father-in-law, Aper,—a word which signifies "the boar,"—with that sort of wicked, hungry feeling, with which the beleaguered and famished men of Derry gazed upon that mysterious captain who grew fatter as the rations grew less. Be this as it may, when Aper fell under the sword of Diocletian, the whole of the army present hailed him who gave the blow—Imperator. He proved himself an incomparable General and an unequalled statesman. In both these respects the comparison is made only with his contemporaries. But he soon wished for a colleague who should share in the responsibilities rather than the honours, and he found the individual he wanted, in the person of Maximian, a soldier of fortune, like himself, and for a long time his particular comrade. They present us with the rare example of two Emperors ruling together in strict amity, and without dissension. When Julius Cæsar and Bibulus were Consuls, "Julio Cæsare Consulibus" was the formula by which the wits demonstrated how the consular power was allotted. But Diocletian and Maximian were really Emperors together. And there was a further division than this. The task of repelling the successive waves of barbarian invasion which beat against the frontiers and were hard to be

withstood, was conferred on two Cæsars, Constantius Chlorus and Galerius, the first the son-in-law of Diocletian, the second, of Maximian. These four potentates, each with an army under his command, fulfilled their respective offices with glory and profit. Diocletian triumphed over the Persians, and took the name of Jovian. Maximian, for subduing Britain and the chief Cerausius, enjoyed a similar ovation, and received the surname of Hercules. There were like triumphs for equal victories over the Scythians and Gauls.

Before proceeding to speak of Diocletian in his private capacity, it may be stated that he gave his name to the *Diocletian Era*, or the *Era of Martyrs*. This era begins with the 29th of April, A.D. 302 (5015 of the Julian Era), according to the Ethiopian Christians, who formed cycles of 534 years each, and called the successive years "years of grace since the persecution by Diocletian." The Copts and Abyssinians still reckon from this period,—one which was formed to render for ever execrable that Imperial cruelty with which the Christians were visited, but *for* which Diocletian is not alone, and perhaps not the primary one, to blame.

Massinger, in the 'Virgin Martyr,' and Beaumont and Fletcher, in the 'Prophetess,' have brought the great Dalmatian on the stage. In the first-named piece we are taught to detest the oppressor of the Christians. In the second, we have more of the detail of his life, culled partly from Vopiscus, and there is something of the hero in the slayer of Aper. But the piece is inexpressibly absurd. It makes utter confusion of history. The Prophetess herself is the silliest and weakest personage in it. Foreknowing all things, she cannot predicate the events of the next half-hour; and, with irresistible magic power over circumstances, she is unable to control events. There are, moreover, but two tolerably poetical passages in the Play. Both of these are put in the mouth of Diocletian. "Ambition," he says on one occasion,—

"Ambition never
Looks back on Desert; but, with blind haste,
Boldly runs on."

In another passage the poets seem to have exercised good judgment with regard to one point in the character of the Emperor. When Niger says that the statue of Diocletian shall be raised in the Capitol,

"And he that bows not to it as a God,
Makes forfeit of his head;—

the indifferent Diocletian answers,—

"Suppose this done; or were it possible
I could rise higher still,—I am a man;
And all these glories, empires heap'd upon me,
Confirm'd by constant friends and faithful guards,
Cannot defend me from a shaking fever,
Or bribe the uncorrupted dart of Death
To spare me one short minute. Thus adorn'd
In these triumphant robes, my body yields not
A greater shadow than it did, when I
Lived both poor and obscure; a sword's sharp point
Enters my flesh as far; dreams break my sleep
As when I was a private man; my passions
Are stronger tyrants on me; nor is greatness
A saving antidote to keep me from
A traitor's poison. Shall I praise my fortune,
Or raise the building of my happiness
On her uncertain favour? or presume
She is my own and sure, that yet was never
Constant to any?——
. . . . . I know that glory
Is like Alcides' shirt,—if it stay on us
Till pride hath mix'd it with our blood; nor can we
Part with it at pleasure. When we would uncase,
It brings along with it both flesh and sinews,
And leaves us living monsters."

Here is truth, as respects Diocletian individually. By greatness, his passions became more uncontrollable tyrants over him than they ever had been before; and when the

hour came for him to put off such glory as he had in wearing the Imperial mantle, he assuredly felt as Alcides did when divesting himself of the tunic of Nessus.

For it is a mere fable that he made willing surrender of the diadem, or voluntarily unbuckled from his loins that sword which was another symbol of his sovereignty. He is spoken of, however, as the first Roman Emperor who spontaneously divested himself of all authority, and retired with exulting heart to train trees, raise melons, grow cabbages, or cultivate lettuces, at Salona.

If Diocletian and his partners in empire severally profited the commonwealth at the head of their respective armies, they impoverished the people by their rivalry in splendour of living, and by the oppressive tributes which they exacted in order to support their extravagant ostentation. Diocletian is indeed said to have kept his expenses within the limit of his income. This is but equivocal praise, for he could shape the capitation and land imposts so as to suit what he thought necessary for his outlay.

Diocletian had reigned twenty-one years, and was nearly threescore years of age, sated with triumphs and broken down by ill-health, when the report of his approaching abdication began to be spoken of. He had made a progress through some of the provinces, and reached Nicomedia in his litter, weary, infirm, and irritable. It was here that the Cæsar Galerius saw him. The abdication soon followed. By some it was attributed to Diocletian's contempt for greatness; by others, to his fear of impending evils, or to his age and increasing ailments. He was so long shut up in his palace in Nicomedia, that the public believed him to be dead. At the end of three-quarters of a year, on a fine spring morning, he once more appeared before the people. In the pale and emaciated Emperor they could scarcely recognize the proud sovereign of other and glorious days. He had endured enough to render him thus lean and pallid. He had

been beset by Galerius, who, after endeavouring to persuade him to resign his power, threatened to force him to that end, if he would not otherwise yield. Diocletian wept at the proposal, and at the ingratitude of him who made it. Galerius insolently told him that he was old; cruelly assured him that he was feeble; and, with rude and easy mendacity, impressed upon him an unwelcome and unfounded conviction that his brain was seriously affected.

While Diocletian was hesitating, he received intelligence from Maximian that Galerius had been employing means to induce or compel him to lay down *his* share in the supreme power. Of Galerius, the debilitated Diocletian had an intense fear; but he and Maximian finally yielded to the influences brought against them. Diocletian consented, and agreed that with Galerius and Constantius, each as "Augustus," there should be two new Cæsars, the drunken Maximin and the dancing Severus, to continue the form of government which had been established by Diocletian. When this condition had been agreed upon, Constantius gave currency to the report that he who had imposed it had been driven to withdraw from the government of the Empire, in consequence of the increasing feebleness of his intellect. In some respects, perhaps, this was true. His mind suffered from the diseases of his body, and he was not strong enough in either to resist the importunities and menaces of Galerius especially. The cry was raised by some that he had resigned out of mere rage at not having been able to extirpate the Christians. But neither Lactantius, Constantine, nor Eusebius allege this as a cause; and even Tillemont, in his Ecclesiastical History, asserts that the persecution of the Christians was the project of Galerius rather than of Diocletian.

The latter took his farewell of greatness with becoming dignity. That greatness however he did not thoroughly despise till he found he could not retain it. He let it go only because it was torn from him.

It was on "May-day" of the year 304, that Diocletian went through the ceremony of his abdication. The scene was a wide plain, a league from Nicomedia. In the midst was a lofty throne; around the latter, and stretching far over the plain, beyond the sound of all human voice uttered from the throne, the army was drawn up, and crowds of spectators pressed on each other. Rising from a chair of state, the pale and feeble Diocletian addressed to such as could hear him, a speech which is said to have been both graceful and judicious. Others declare that he wept like a child. There was indeed something degrading to him in the ceremony. After he had taken off his Imperial mantle, the assembled multitude expected to see him place it on the shoulders of the good and graceful Constantine. That young officer entertained a similar expectation. He was about to step forward, at the proper moment; but the savage Galerius, extending his arm, thrust him back, and at the same moment made way for Maximin to approach and receive the symbol of authority from the abdicating Emperor. Maximin had been formerly known by the name of Daia; and the disgust of the assembled multitude was not greater than that of Diocletian himself, when the latter flung the purple cloak over the shoulders of a man who had commenced life as a swineherd.

At the conclusion Diocletian divested himself of his mantle, laid down his sword, placed his wreath upon both, and, amid breathless silence, descended the steps of the throne. At the foot a covered chariot awaited him. In this he was driven through the neighbouring city, whence he continued his route "to the favourite retirement which he had chosen in his native country of Dalmatia." "Good Diocletian," says the chorus in the 'Prophetess,'

> "Weary of pomp and state, retires himself,
> With a small train, to a most private grange,
> In *Lombardy*; where the glad country strives

With rural sports to give him entertainment:
With which delighted, he with ease forgets
All specious trifles, and securely tastes
The certain pleasures of a private life."

The poet here agrees, in a certain degree, with the historian, who says, in the 'Decline and Fall,' that Diocletian "passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition." Assuming the abdication to have been voluntary, Gibbon adds, that "Reason had dictated, and content seems to have accompanied, his retreat; in which he enjoyed, for a long time, the respect of those princes to whom he had resigned the possession of the world." If the poets may be believed, the assertion of the historian is confirmed as far as the former can do it. Round the "farm," as it is called,—but in truth there was a sumptuous palace, as well as a farm, at Salona, the latter of which he had "stocked" like an Emperor;—round the farm there were ever sports and merry gambols, joyous sheep-shearing, bagpipes, evening dances, and holiday cheer. To greet him in terms equivalent to "King of Good Fellows," was the ready homage paid to Diocletian. With the best—and rude were the best—songs they could get by rote, men and maidens welcomed his appearance on festive anniversaries;

"Honest and cheerful toys, from honest meanings
And the best hearts they had."

The rustics donned their finest clothes to do honour to the new "squire," who had given his greatness to another man, but could not give his good disposition. The very carters did "mundify their muzzles" to look pleasant in the eyes of the "Lord of the Manor." Among these, Diocletian found "by experience, Content was never courtier."

Beaumont and Fletcher have gathered from tradition the sentiments and sayings of the Imperial country gentleman; and that so well, that I hope to be thanked, rather than

excused, for citing them. "When man," says the retired monarch,—

> "When man has cast off his ambitious greatness,
> And sunk into the sweetness of himself;
> Built his foundation upon honest thoughts;
> Not great, but good, desires, his daily servants,
> How quietly he sleeps! how joyfully
> He wakes again, and looks on his possessions,
> And from his willing labours feeds with pleasure!
> Here hang no comets in the shape of crowns,
> To shake our sweet contents; nor here, Drusilla,
> Cares, like eclipses, darken our endeavours;
> We love here without rivals; kiss with innocence:
> Our thoughts as gentle as our lips, our children
> The double heirs both of our forms and faiths."

And if the above reflect his feelings, not less happily does the following represent his philosophy:—

> "How liberal is the spring in every place here!
> The artificial Court shows but a shadow,
> A painted imitation of this glory.
> Smell to this flower; here Nature has her excellence:
> Let all the perfumes of the Empire pass this,
> The carefull'st lady's cheek show such a colour;
> They are gilded and adulterated vanities;
> And here, in poverty, dwells noble nature!"

Thus did Diocletian, out of his own content, make his own empire. Gibbon points out that, from the once active life of the Emperor, he had possessed brief space for self-communion; but that if he had to regret an ample occupation of his time, he had at least recovered and enjoyed in his retreat, not indeed "the amusements of letters and devotion, which were incapable of fixing the attention of Diocletian," but, as the poets have above shown us, "a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures; and his leisure hours were sufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening." Aurelius Victor is described by Gibbon as having treated the character of Diocletian, with good sense, in bad Latin. But there is no finer trait of the retired sovereign

than that quoted from the younger Victor. Maximian was less happy in his forced retirement than his ex-colleague. The latter was solicited by the restless old Maximian, "to reassume the reins of government and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing that if he could show Maximian the cabbages he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power."

The famous place of this retreat was situated about ten miles from the coast of the Adriatic. It was once a city of such importance that when it was conquered by Asinius Pollio, he bestowed the name upon his son, in memory of the achievement. At the present time, a miserable village occupies a portion of the ancient site, and is called by the name of the once famous city, one of the principal in the province of Dalmatia. It was in the neighbourhood of Salona, that Diocletian, long before his retirement, but, as some writers believe, with his retirement in view, constructed the splendid palace, the gorgeous theatre, the solemn temples, and the marble baths, of which some remains, in the shape of massive fragments, mutilated arches, and broken capitals, existed as late as the sixteenth century. Fragments of *these* ruins are still to be seen. This was not much of a retirement for a "farmer," but it was modest state compared with that to which Diocletian had been accustomed; and as Windsor Castle had its "cottage," so had the palace near the modern Spalatro its neighbouring "farm." From that windowless edifice the view was one of incomparable beauty, for those who stood at the doors, whether the eye was directed over the sea, dotted by islands, or landward, where all was smiling and fertile. The climate was luxurious without being hurtful. There were woods, abounding in grateful shade and variety of game; verdant pastures, where grazed numerous flocks and herds; vineyards, laughing in

their promise or realization of rich clusters and richer draughts; and a clear stream adjacent, the Hyade, so rich in exquisite trout as to have been productive of a suggestion from some writer,—whom Gibbon suspects may have been a monk,—to the effect that it was one of the principal reasons that determined Diocletian in the choice of a retirement. The palace itself covered ten acres,—just twice the space enclosed by the outer walls of Alnwick Castle. It was an oblong quadrangle, about seven hundred feet by six hundred feet, and was flanked by sixteen towers. The material was a fine freestone, little inferior to marble. It was divided into separate buildings, something like Greenwich Hospital. But to the principal edifice there was a splendid entrance, the site of which is still called the place of the Golden Gate. There were arcades and galleries, rows of granite columns, and temples, different in form, one to Jupiter (the patron of Diocletian's fortunes), where now stands a church, dedicated to the Virgin, and another to Æsculapius, the protector of his health, converted into a chapel to St. John the Baptist. The apartments were of the utmost splendour, but they had neither visible windows nor chimneys. The latter were not much needed in such a climate. The former were all in the roof of the one-storied edifice. When the palace needed warming, this was done by means of pipes carried along the walls. "The range of principal apartments," we are told, "was protected towards the south-west by a portico five hundred and seventeen feet long, which must have formed a very noble and delightful walk, when the beauties of painting and sculpture were added to those of the prospect." The footsteps of the slaves in the halls could not be heard within the rooms; and into the very palace a magnificent aqueduct conveyed the water which most gratified the Imperial palate.

It was not exactly the place wherein a man might best cultivate a healthy distaste for the vanities of the world. It

was splendid enough, as Johnson said of the dwelling of the theatrical ex-king Garrick, to make death terrible. Diocletian was confessedly a man without study or speculation; but records tell us that here he philosophically conversed with his friends, as well as assiduously cultivated cabbages with his gardener. He declared the most difficult art to be the art of reigning. Vopiscus narrates that he was accustomed to say that one sovereign could easily be deceived by four or five interested ministers combining together against him. "Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity," said Diocletian, "the truth is concealed from his knowledge. He can see only with their eyes; he hears nothing but their misrepresentations; he confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts, the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers."

Into the splendid retreat (Constantine declared he had never beheld edifice *more* splendid) where the Imperial philosopher thus delivered his comments upon Monarchs and Governments, human fears, anxieties, and passions found at times an entrance, and disturbed the equanimity of the aristocratic hermit. The new Emperors laughed at his palace and his style of living. They even went further in insulting him than this: their affronts were not merely committed behind his back, but by letter, or even to his face. The manner of his death is not known; but it is said that, overwhelmed with fears for the future, and eager to escape from the outrages of Licinius and Constantine, who, as has been well observed, "might have spared the father of so many Emperors, and the first author of their own fortune," he "prudently withdrew himself from their power by a voluntary death." Other accounts speak of him as having died, the condemned criminal of the Roman Senate. Some writers—and these are perhaps nearest the truth—affirm

that he breathed his last in a condition of raving madness. But by whatever means, he had reached nearly the human limit named by the Psalmist: he was "threescore and ten," save two, when the retired master of the Roman world was summoned away to give an account of his mastership.

Alban Butler agrees with Tillemont, that Galerius was the real author of the persecution that is called by the name of Diocletian. He attributes the death of the latter to his own suicidal hand however, as the punishment due to him as a persecutor. The same amiable but credulous writer shows that every Roman Emperor who persecuted the Christians perished by violence:—Nero, by his own feeble hand directed by a slave; Domitian, by suicide; Severus, in consequence of a broken heart; Decius, in battle; Gallus, by the weapon of a murderer; Valerian, in captivity; Aurelian and Maximinus equally miserably; Diocletian, by his own hand; Maximian, by hanging; Galerius, by a horrible disease; Maxentius, by drowning; the second Maximinus, like Galerius; and the stupid Licinius, by the death of a malefactor. On the other hand, there were very few Roman Emperors, from the period of the Twelve Cæsars to that of the establishment of Christianity, under Constantine, who perished otherwise than by violence; and some of these tolerated the persecutions which did not originate with them. Diocletian, according to such good churchmen as Alban Butler and Tillemont, was one of these; but Diocletian is set down as suffering equally with the triply infamous Galerius. Diocletian ordered all Christian writings to be burned, and the Christians themselves to be deprived of all rights and privileges. He would not allow them to be touched in life or limb, till Galerius, after setting fire to the palace occupied by himself and Domitian, in Nicomedia, affected to prove that the Christians were the incendiaries. Others say that the edifice was consumed by lightning. Eusebius confesses that he cannot account for it at all. The

Christians, however, were made the scapegoats; but Diocletian, in his retirement at Salona, however much he may have had cause to reproach himself for his fatal and credulous weakness,—a weakness followed by the exercise of unparalleled cruelty,—he was justified in pointing to Galerius as instigator of the act, and chief executioner in the bloody deed.

MAXIMIAN TO ROMULUS AUGUSTUS.

"I see below some mighty one
Arises, mantling o'er
With proud defiance: he anon
Is past, and heard no more.
Another, for a space,
And, lo, a third is towering in his place."
Thoughts in Past Years.

WHETHER there be or be not any question as to the alleged reluctance of Diocletian to abdicate, there is no doubt as to the extreme unwillingness of Maximian to sever himself from Imperial pomp and power. Like Diocletian, he had risen from a very humble condition, and he not only eagerly sought to reach the summit of human greatness, but omitted no means to maintain himself in the position which he had "conquered" for himself.

"But oh, Ambition, that eats into,
With venom'd teeth, true thankfulness and honour:
And, to support her greatness, fashions fears,
Doubts, and preventions to decline all dangers,
Which, in the place of safety, prove her ruin!
All which, be pleased to see in Maximian,
To whom his conferr'd sovereignty was like
A large sail fill'd full with a fore-right wind,
That drowns a smaller bark. And he, once fall'n
Into ingratitude, makes no stop in mischief,
And violently runs on."

The poet has, in these lines, shadowed forth the story of the ambitious and disappointed Emperor. How far the sketch

is to be depended on, it is impossible to say, for history itself contributes two very different accounts of the career of Maximian after his abdication, in the year 304. The two accounts are romantic in their incidents. I will briefly narrate both, and leave my readers to form their own judgment on each.

During the first year which elapsed after his abdication, Maximian moved about from city to city, restless and discontented. Towards the end of that short period he grew more settled, and he was even considered as having become too indolent to make an effort to recover the throne. When Louis Philippe remarked to his ministers that the crown was a heavy burden, his son, the Duke de Nemours, who was standing near, calmly observed, "Particularly when it does not belong to us." Maximian had a son, Maxentius, who was less nice with regard to questions of right to the throne than the Duke just named. It was he who fired his father with hopes of again reigning, and who assisted him to recover—while he hoped to share with him—an Imperial throne. The sire, however, no sooner felt the Imperial mantle once more hanging from his own shoulders, than he condemned his son to descend to a private condition. The son and the soldiery scorned the sentence, and rebelled against him who awarded it. Maximian, once more unsceptred, fled into Gaul. His daughter, Fausta, or Faustina, was the companion of his flight. The fugitives were received and welcomed by the august Constantine, who not only listened to the free expression of the grief of the father, but very readily prevailed on the lady to become "Empress Consort." This alliance, whether it took place at this or at an earlier period, rendered the dethroned Maximian arrogant, and seduced him into such assumptions of Imperial character, that Constantine grew offended, and the father and son-in-law became open enemies. The ex-colleague of old Diocletian employed every resource to accomplish his object,—the regaining of

power,—save one—violence. When all means had failed however, he at length tried murder. He made his daughter his accomplice. At his suggestion she left ready access for him to the Imperial couch, to which Maximian groped his way at night, and having reached it, buried his dagger in the heart of the man who was locked in sleep by the side of the Empress. The daughter however had deceived the father: the sleeper was a Eunuch, drugged and devoted to the sacrifice. Constantine watched the proceeding, and as soon as he saw the bloody deed accomplished, he ordered the assassin to be seized, and granted him no other favour than choice of method of his own death. The baffled criminal, in wild despair, strangled himself in his dungeon in Marseilles. This was in the year 310, when the unwilling suicide was in his sixty-eighth year. Seven centuries and a half later a leaden coffin was discovered beneath a part of Marseilles: it was opened, and therein was seen the body of an aged man, fresh and entire, and bearing the marks of strangulation. The body was generally said to be that of the unsceptred Maximian.

The other account tells us, that when Maximian quarrelled with his son Maxentius, touching whose legitimacy he was not well satisfied, the vexed question was solemnly pleaded before the Prætorian Guards. These rough judges decreed in favour of the son, and drove the sire into exile. He wandered about, plotting mischief. He was driven from the capital; turned out of Italy; ignominiously expelled from Illyria; nor did he find safety till he had reached the provinces, was surrounded by the soldiery, and sheltered beneath the palace of his son-in-law, Constantine. That prince received him with respect; his wife welcomed her father with filial tenderness. To ensure his safety, he announced himself as a private man, and one who had no wish ever again to issue from his privacy. Constantine, satisfied that his father-in-law was sincere, treated him with a dangerous

distinction. He gave him an Imperial retinue, walked ever at his left hand, and looked more like an attendant on an Emperor, than himself an Emperor rendering protection to a fallen monarch. A state of dependency, however honourable, dignified, and, to use a homely word, comfortable, had no charms for Maximian. He envied the man who had given a home to one who was homeless; and, after much speculation, he conspired to destroy his benefactor. He seized on the moment when Constantine was absent, engaged on an expedition near the Rhine. Maximian was then in the south of Gaul. He took possession of the Imperial treasury at Arles, announced the death of Constantine, and proclaimed himself Emperor in his stead. With the treasures he had stolen he attempted to purchase the aid of his son Maxentius and of the soldiery. Before the negotiations and his own liberality had produced the desired results, Constantine fell on him like a thunderbolt. With wonderful celerity the latter had hurried his army from the Rhine to Châlons, where he embarked on the Saône. At Lyons he commenced his descent of the Rhone, and thence he appeared before the walls of Arles with such an overwhelming force, that Maximian fled in dismay, and not without difficulty, to the adjacent city of Marseilles. This place was speedily invested; even the open seaside did not afford a means to the traitor for escape. Before he could fly or receive succour in that direction, the garrison, whose fidelity he could not secure by boundless prodigality, betrayed him. They delivered him, bound and terror-stricken, to Constantine. By this service, which put the city also in the power of the besieger, they earned impunity for their defection. The great offender was secretly condemned to die, and left to carry the sentence into execution on himself. Even his daughter did not interfere to save a man who, if he had been ungrateful to her husband, had some claims on that husband's clemency. Maximian was the

author of the greatness of the Emperor who now decreed that he must die. "During the whole of this melancholy transaction," says Gibbon, "it appears that Fausta sacrificed the sentiments of nature to her conjugal duties." When stern justice had been satisfied, by the great criminal becoming his own executioner, proclamation was made to the world, not that he had been driven to this dire extremity by a private sentence, but that, "oppressed by the remorse of his repeated crimes, he strangled himself with his own hands."

The latter of these two stories is doubtless the nearer to the truth. Either way, it will be seen that the unsceptred Maximian did not bear the loss of greatness with the dignity or philosophy which distinguished the retirement of Diocletian.

The period of these and of following events was one of heavy trial to the entire world. In the year 290 Galerius and Constantius Chlorus were the Imperial masters of the Roman empire. Sixteen years later Constantius died, leaving the old dominions to be contended for by Constantine, Maxentius, Maximian, Galerius, Severus, and Maximin. Of the unsceptring of Maximian I have already spoken. Galerius, defeated by Maxentius, perished miserably, in the year 311, of a horrible disease, the symptoms of which would seem to indicate that it was known in Europe before the age of Cortez and the Mexicans. The cowardly, cruel, and debauched Maxentius was drowned in the Tiber: he fell from a bridge, over which he was flying before the victorious Constantine, son of Chlorus. Maximin perished as miserably. Severus was unsceptred and slain; and finally, the struggle for mastery was left to be decided between Licinius and Constantine. The decisive battle was fought at Chalcedonia, that "city of blind men," so called from the inconsiderateness of those who founded it opposite the site of Byzantium. On the heights of Scutari, where so recently the

service of the English Church has been publicly performed for the first time, Constantine was victor in a bloody struggle, which left him sole master of the Empire, and made a sceptreless monarch of Licinius, who, like many other Roman Emperors, had been peasant and soldier, before he had a prospect of the throne. He became the brother-in-law of Constantine, who was jealous of his ability. After his defeat he took refuge in Nicomedia, and negotiated for his life with Constantine. The latter solemnly swore to his Constantia, that he would respect the life, and provide for the well-being, of her husband, if he would resign the purple. Licinius executed the degrading office of resignation in person. In the presence of Constantine he deposited the Imperial mantle and sword at the feet of the prince, to whom he now did homage as "lord" and "master." At the conclusion of the ceremony, the conqueror "raised him from the ground with insulting pity." The insult may be admitted, for Licinius was invited, or commanded rather, to appear at the Imperial banquet. The presence of such a guest, at such a festival, dejected, and undistinguished by any ornament to give warrant of rank above the meanest at the board, was a proof to what little triumphs the great Constantine would stoop. Diocletian, in the days of his greatest power, had once punished Galerius in as arrogant a way. His colleague had lost a battle, and Diocletian compelled him, decked in the Imperial robes, to follow his chariot on foot. A terrible vengeance was exacted for the insult. Licinius never possessed an opportunity for vengeance. He was ordered to take up his residence in Thessalonica, and he unmurmuringly, but unwillingly, obeyed. This was about the year 324. He had no resources in his own mind to make exile tolerable. Illiterate, he had always hated learning and learned men. In his prosperity he had been avaricious, licentious, and cruel: in his adversity he could only curse the fortunate competitor who had deprived him of

wealth, power, and favourite enjoyments. He seems to have been suspected of conspiracy. Suspicion was enough. A body of soldiers carried out a decree of the Senate, and Licinius was judicially murdered in the place of his retreat. It may have been justifiable to brand his name with infamy, and proper to throw down his statues. But wicked as Licinius had been, like our own Richard III., he was the author of some excellent laws. These, and all the judicial proceedings of his reign, were abolished summarily. Constantine himself justifies the historian who describes the edicts against the laws of Licinius as betraying a degree of passion and precipitancy unbecoming the character of a lawgiver. The Licinian laws had scarcely been abolished by the hasty and mischievous edict of Constantine, when it was almost immediately corrected; and the Roman world was permitted to enjoy what profit it might from the good laws of a bad man.

Between the accession of Constantine the Great, at the beginning of the fourth century, to the resignation of "Augustulus" in the sixth, we find record of many assassinations of Emperors, but only of two or three abdications. In the latter case, it would perhaps be more correct to say, that the deposed Emperors briefly survived their compulsory abdications. Within this period much is comprised of glory and of ruin. Constantine, at the close of a brilliant, but not faultless, reign of thirty-seven years, bequeathed the Empire, a divided legacy, among his three unworthy sons, A.D. 337. They fell on what was left them, like tigers on a prey. Within three years Constantine II. was killed by his brother Constans, who, some ten years later, was murdered in his bed by Magnentius. The assassin was punished by the third brother, Constantius; and *he*, in the year 361, died on his march to encounter Julian. That "Apostate,"—the most able and least wise of the Roman Emperors,—died in an Eastern expedition of a wound dealt him by a Persian. His

successor, Jovian, by some said to have been the son of a baker, was a Christian in profession more than in practice. He died of asphyxia by the fumes of charcoal, when he was too inebriated, it is affirmed, to help himself. The able Valentinian was as intemperate in speech as Jovian in his particular pleasures. The great conqueror died in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel, caused by his passion when addressing a deputation of the vanquished Quadi. During the last thirty years of the fourth century,—the last of one sole Empire of East and West,—the record is one of greater ruin than glory. Valens, at once constitutionally timid and determinedly brave, by permitting the Goths to settle within the Roman frontiers, brought on the inevitable destruction of the Roman Empire. He was burned to death in a house, which was set on fire by those whom he had, too late, recognized as the enemies of Rome. Gratian met a no less terrible death, in an opposite quarter of the Empire; and Valentinian II., who had been temporarily driven from power by the usurping Maximus, owed his as temporary restoration, to the renowned Theodosius, and was, soon after, strangled by a Gaul, at Vienne, in France. The glorious and modest, yet sometimes sanguinary, Theodosius,—he who massacred six thousand Thessalonians to revenge the death of a single official killed in a fray, and who was repulsed from communion by St. Ambrose, until he had declared his repentance of the deed,—died of dropsy, A.D. 395. He was the last monarch of an undivided Empire of Rome. The Theodosian house closed with the indolent Honorius and the licentious Valentinian III. Then followed the period of anarchy, invasion, and rival pretenders. Goth, Vandal, and Visigoth, were masters of the once sacred soil; and Theodoric, King of the Visigoths, procured the nomination of a Gaul, Avitus, to the Imperial throne.

This Emperor is enrolled among unsceptred monarchs. There was in Italy a Count Ricimer, chief of the Barbarian

troops, by whose protection the Empire was degraded and destroyed. This Count made and unmade more sovereigns than our own Warwick. His power was greater than that of any Emperor whom he raised, only to rule over him. He was powerful enough to persuade or compel Avitus to abdicate. The father-in-law of Sidonius Apollinaris, who celebrated, with equal warmth, the accession of his wife's sire, and that of the puppet put in his place by his destroyer, abdicated upon hitherto unexampled conditions; he changed from purpled Emperor to purpled Prelate. The Bishopric of Placentia was accepted by him as compensation for sovereignty, and he flung away the sceptre with alacrity, in order to pick up the pastoral staff; he was, of course, less qualified to save the souls of a diocese, than to govern the spirits of an Empire. Perhaps they who had made him a bishop became uneasily conscious of having committed sacrilege. If so, they saved themselves from disgrace by committing a crime: and the new bishop, of whose life nothing later is known, was slain when trying to save it by flight, in a pass among the Alps. He was succeeded, not in the Empire, but in the name of Emperor, by Majorian, a sovereign who claims a line to himself, for he also may be numbered among abdicated monarchs. He was really too good for his subjects; he pleased neither actual Pagans nor Christians, for the simple reason that he administered the laws with impartiality. He was a wise legislator,—but he could no more revive the Empire than the most skilful physician could animate a corpse. The subjects whom he would have reformed, rebelled against the reformer. Majorian, not very willingly, resigned a power which he could not retain. He abdicated at Tortona; and, a few days later, died of dysentery. Such was the name given to conceal a murder.

Count Ricimer now became actual "master of the situation." He successively placed on the tottering throne Libius Severus, and his father-in-law Anthemius. This latter

phantom made way, by a violent death, for Glycerius, the nominee of Gundobald, the Burgundian, who did not succeed Anthemius for many months. There were pretenders to the purple (like Flavius Olybrius) who wore the Imperial insignia for a brief space, and were soon disposed of. At length, Glycerius, an obscure soldier, with a respectable force to support his own pretensions, grasped the sceptre, and prepared to rule. But "the Burgundian Prince was unable, or unwilling, to support his nomination by a civil war; the pursuits of domestic ambition recalled him beyond the Alps, and his client was permitted to exchange the Roman sceptre for the bishopric of Salona." Some five years after, a Glycerius achieved an evil reputation by assassinating Julius Nepos, who had been weak enough to surrender the solid possession of the sovereignty of Dalmatia, in order to become Emperor of the West. Nepos had forced abdication on Glycerius. His very brief reign is famous, or infamous, for his having allowed the Visigoths, to whom he gave up Auvergne, to fix the frontier of the Italian empire. This slave of the barbarians was himself attacked by a barbarian. Orestes, ex-secretary to Attila, marched against him in Ravenna. Nepos would not risk an engagement; he fled by sea, and escaped to the opposite coast, his principality of Dalmatia. Gibbon, who has just before derided Nepos for quitting his safe principality for the more dazzling and much more uncertain possession of an Imperial sceptre, denounces his surrender of empire for the sake of returning to his former tranquil sovereignty in Dalmatia, as a shameful abdication. By it, he adds, Nepos "protracted his life for about five years, in a very ambiguous state, between an Emperor and an exile, till he was assassinated at Salona by the ungrateful Glycerius, who was translated, perhaps as the reward of his crimes, to the Archbishopric of Milan. Some doubt, however," remarks the historian, in a note, "may be raised on the identity of the Emperor and Archbishop."

There is no doubt, it would seem, that the assassin was a Glycerius. It would have been in the very spirit of the times that he should be an ex-Emperor, avenging himself on a fallen foe of equal rank and misfortune, and gaining by the murder, his promotion from an episcopal diocese to an archiepiscopal province.

Nepos had named Orestes, patrician and master-general of the troops. The old secretary of Attila employed the means at his disposal through such offices, by procuring, not his own advancement, but the acknowledgment of his son, whose names, Romulus Augustus, "the appellations of the two great founders of the city and of the monarchy, were strangely united in the last of their successors." The barbarian troops on whom Orestes depended, laid claim, as only a small portion of their reward, to a third of all the lands in Italy. The refusal of Orestes to ruin the Italian proprietors by conferring this instalment of the soil on foreigners, led to his being attacked, captured, and executed, by a force under Odoacer.

Romulus Augustus, or as he was deridingly entitled, *Momyllius Augustulus*, could not resist an accomplished and haughty barbarian, whose success had been foretold him by the popular saint of the day, Severinus. He deserves rather commiseration than scorn. He was undoubtedly the most innocent of the Roman Emperors who resigned the sceptre; and he would, above all others, merit the expression of our pity, but for the fact that, as an unsceptred monarch, he was an exceedingly happy man, and much more of a plain gentleman farmer than that superb Diocletian who lounged on the gilded couches of his magnificent palace, and boasted of his occasional pastime of raising vegetables, as if it had been his constant occupation.

Augustulus, to use the familiar name, like Diocletian, abdicated in person. Odoacer, in the year 476, decreed that the Empire of the West had ceased to exist, and the last

Emperor proceeded submissively to the Senate, as powerless as he, and announced to them the termination of their functions and his own. The obsequious Senate, resolved to have business to transact, made as solemn intimation of what had occurred to Zeno, the Emperor of the East. They assured him that one Emperor would suffice for what was left of the Empire; and they recommended him to name Odoacer *patrician*, and to entertain no doubts as to the ability with which he would direct the destinies of the republic. Zeno, after appropriate reluctance, a complimentary affectation of zeal for the inoffensive Augustulus, and a decent hesitation, very graciously complied with all that was asked of him. "Odoacer was the first barbarian who reigned in Italy, over a people who had once asserted their just superiority above the rest of mankind."

He was generous and clement to the last of the Emperors. He condemned Augustulus neither to death nor beggary. He ejected the fallen potentate, with the whole of his family, from the Imperial palace; but he banished them to a very pleasant locality, the castle of Lucullus, in Campania, and awarded the ex-Emperor six thousand pieces of gold annually, whereon to support the dignity of an Imperial exile. When Lucullus bought this elegant retreat of that Marius whose indolence the Romans very unwisely derided, the purchase-money amounted to eighty thousand pounds sterling. On the lofty promontory of Misenum, it commanded extensive views by sea and land. With time and events, it had changed its form and purpose. When Augustulus took up his abode there, the so-called villa was rather a strong castle. It had taken this form when the aggressions of the Vandals on the coast required both watchfulness and means of being resisted. Gibbon calls this the *obscure* retreat of the last Emperor of the West. The term is hardly a just one. In itself, and its many associations, the place was anything rather than obscure. If Augustulus himself may

be so called, it must be with some qualification. The man cannot be "obscure" who brings a long period to a close, and whose inevitable fate for ever marks an era.

Little is known of the passages of his life in this asylum. It is possible, nay probable, that he spent a few of his last years in company with St. Severinus, the famous monk of Noricum. The saint had been invited to the Lucullan villa, or fortress, by a devout Neapolitan lady; but Gibbon suggests that this may mean that the body of Severinus was translated to the spot when Augustulus was no more. The abdication of this last of a long line took place in the year 476. How long the son of Orestes survived is not known. In this respect, he is obscure indeed. In 488, the body of St. Severinus was conveyed from Noricum into Italy. Why it should have been conveyed to this spot, except that there the saint would be joined in death, with the remains of an old friend and pupil, it would be difficult to say. We have only to add of the resting-place, where the last of the Emperors took breath for awhile ere he died, what is said of it by Gibbon. About the close of the fifth century, "it was converted into a church and monastery, to receive the bones of St. Severinus. They securely reposed amid the broken trophies of Cimbric and Armenian victories, till the beginning of the tenth century, when the fortifications, which might render a dangerous shelter to the Saracens, were demolished by the people of Naples."

EMPERORS OF ROME.

The Twelve.

B.C.
48. Caius Julius Cæsar, slain.
31. Augustus.

A.D.
14. Tiberius, killed.
37. Caligula, murdered.
41. Claudius, poisoned.
54. Nero, deposed.
68. Galba, slain.
69. Otho, stabbed himself.
69. Vitellius, deposed.
69. Vespasian.
79. Titus.
81. Domitian, killed.

96. Nerva.
98. Trajan.
117. Adrian.
138. Antoninus Pius.
161. Marcus Aurelius,
Lucius Verus, his colleague, died, 169.
180. Commodus, poisoned.
193. Pertinax, murdered.
Didius Julianus
P. Niger
L. S. Severus
Clod. Albinus
} rival Emperors.
193. L. Sep. Severus.
211. Caracalla; he murdered his colleague and brother Geta the same year.
217. Macrinus, beheaded.
218. Heliogabalus, killed.
222. Alex. Severus, killed.
235. Verus Maximinus, killed.
237. Gordianus, strangled himself.
237. Balbinus
Pupienus
} put to death.
238. Gordian the younger, killed.
244. Philip the Arabian, killed.

A.D.
249. Decius, killed in battle.
251. Gallus Hostilius, Volusianus } killed.
253. Æmilianus, killed.
253. VALERIANUS, flayed alive.
260. Gallienus, formerly his colleague, killed.

ANARCHY: PERIOD OF THE THIRTY PRETENDERS.

268. Claudius II.
270. Quintillus, killed himself.
270. Aurelian, killed.
275. Tacitus.
276. Florian.
276. Probus, killed.
282. Carus, killed.
283. Carinus, Numerianus } killed.
284. DIOCLETIAN, Maximian } abdicated.
305. Constantius Chlorus, Galerius Maximianus.
306. Constantine the Great, Maxentius, Maximianus, F. V. Severus, Licinius. } rivals.
324. Constantine the Great, alone.
337. Constantine II., Constans, Constantius II. } sons of Constantine.
350. Constantius II. alone.
361. Julian the Apostate, killed in battle.
363. Jovian.

First termination of the Roman Empire as a single dominion.

A.D.
364. Valentinian.
367. Gratian, killed, 383.
375. Valentinian II., with Gratian, afterwards alone, killed.
392. Eugenius.
Theodosius the Great, sole Emperor.
395. Honorius, son of Theodosius, Emperor of the West.

INTERREGNUM.

425. Valentinian III., murdered.
455. Maximus, stoned to death.
456. AVITUS, driven out.
457. Majorianus, murdered.
461. Libius Severus, poisoned.
467. Anthemius, murdered.
472. Olybrius, slain.
473. GLYCERIUS, forced to resign.
474. JULIUS NEPOS, deposed; died at Salona.
476. ROMULUS AUGUSTUS, deposed by Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who assumes the title of King of Italy.

The Eastern Empire.

GRAVE OR CLOISTER.

"Among these latter busts, we count by scores
Half-Emperors and quarter-Emperors,
Each with his bay-leaf fillet, loose-thonged vest,
Loric and low-bowed Gorgon on his breast.
. . . . . .
Born in the porphyry chamber at Byzant."—BROWNING.

THE sons of the great Theodosius divided the Empire between them. To Honorius was consigned the mastership of the Western provinces. The East fell (A.D. 395) to the lot of the indolent, voluptuous, and magnificent Arcadius. While he plunged into, rather than calmly enjoyed, pleasure, he left the affairs of his splendid fragment of an Empire to the administration of his wife Eudocia, his ministers, and eunuchs. These were mutual enemies, and they preyed upon that they should have defended.

There was a succession of half-a-dozen Emperors before a deposition took place. To Arcadius succeeded the indifferent Theodosius II., whose reign did not terminate till the middle of the fifth century. He boasted of great victories over the Persians. It was all he had to boast of. He was too indolent to read any document before he signed it; and to cure him of this dangerous slothfulness, his sister Pulcheria showed him his signature to a paper she had

placed before him, in which he made over his wife Eudocia to Pulcheria as her slave during life. His toleration has been praised. That is, while he professed and languidly practised Christianity, he did not suppress Paganism, nor torture Pagans. The truth is, that he lacked the energy. Such a monarch, of course, calmly submitted to the dictation of Attila. He died of a fall from his horse and into a river, when he was too inert to sit upright in the saddle.

His reign, which terminated in the year 450, was followed by that of his clever and chaste sister Pulcheria,—the first reigning female sovereign in the Roman Empire, and one who almost deserved the canonization awarded her by the Greek Church. She shared the throne with the ex-soldier Marcian, her nominal husband. Marcian administered the affairs of the Empire with dignity. He broke no promise he had made to Pulcheria; and so stringently kept an engagement he had made when a soldier in the pay of Genseric, never to oppose the Vandals, that when Rome called for aid from the East against the invaders, he refused to listen to the cry. He is most famous for his answer to Attila, when the Hun haughtily commanded him to pay the usual tribute. "I keep my gold for my friends; and my iron is always ready for my enemies." Marcian survived his "wife and no wife" four years; and was succeeded by Leo I., surnamed the Thracian. The Church confirmed the election or nomination of this lucky individual; and a Patriarch, receiving the diadem from the hands of a soldier or senator, placed it on the head of the Emperor. Leo was the first sovereign of the Empire who was crowned by a priest. We must not pause on the reign of the first and greatest of the Leos. His name distinguished several others in "a succession of princes who gradually fixed, in the opinion of the Greeks, a very humble standard of heroic, or at least of royal perfection."

The lustre which attaches to the name and reign of the first Leo was soon quenched. His grandson, Leo II., succeeded him. The daughter of Leo the Great (Ariadne) had married Trascalissus, who is better known to us by the name of Zeno. Varina, the wife of Leo the Great, caused Zeno to be appointed colleague of his infant son. The death of the latter however happened so speedily after this union of power, that Zeno was accused of being the slayer of his own child. Varina proclaimed her brother Basiliscus Emperor, and Zeno, defeated and deposed, fled into Isauria.

Zeno spent the months he passed as an unsceptred monarch, in moralizing alone, and in quietly waiting on events, while his friends were in arms and at bloody arbitrement with his enemies, touching his restoration. He was not in the battle, by the unlucky issue of which he lost his throne. The intelligence of his overthrow reached him through a messenger. So, even when besieged in his castle-refuge in Isauria, he committed the arrangements of the defence to mercenary hands.

When he entered this asylum, an incident occurred which brings to mind something similar in English history. He inquired of those who received him, the name of the fortress within which he sought for safety. "It is called Constantinople," was the reply. "See you now!" exclaimed Zeno, with a mournful smile, "what a plaything is helpless man in the hands of an Omnipotent God! It was foretold to me that I should pass this summer-month in Constantinople. I thought of the throne, and counted on occupying it again in the great city! I find only a dark asylum that is to me a prison. What a toy is vain man in the hands of Providence!"

In much the same strain, if the legend be true which Shakespeare has dramatized, did our Fourth Harry put question and make comment, when the sceptre was pass-

ing away from his hands—"Doth any name particular," he asked of Warwick,

> "Doth any name particular belong
> Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?"
>
> "'Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord,"

is the reply of Warwick to the dying King, who exclaims, thereon,—

> "And be to God! Even there my life must end.
> It hath been prophesied to me many years,
> I should not die but in Jerusalem,
> Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land:—
> But, bear me to that chamber: there I'll lie:
> In that Jerusalem shall Harry die!"

Apparently inactive, but deeply designing, Zeno lay in *his* chamber in "Constantinople." It is said that he corrupted every General sent to reduce the castle, winning them over to his side by costly bribes. Where an imprisoned refugee could find wealth enough to produce an effect so important, would be difficult to determine. The result, however, was highly favourable, and Zeno regained the throne from which he had been unceremoniously ejected, rather by bribes than battles.

He entered Constantinople in triumph. Basiliscus had taken refuge, with his consort and their children, in a church. The conqueror forgot his much-professed Christianity in his treatment of them. The tradition is variously told; but the most generally accepted story is that Zeno enclosed the entire family in a tomb, built up the door with stone, and left them there, to die slowly and terribly, of starvation.

Retribution fell heavily on the Imperial criminal. His wife, Ariadne, whose fidelity to him had been a subject of praise in all men's mouths, betrayed him at last. She was seduced from her duty by the handsome Anastasius. The

two together, and with such assistance as was always purchasable, fell upon Zeno when he was helpless from much wine. They flung the deposed monarch into a sepulchral vault, as he had done with Basiliscus. While he made the vault re-echo with the insane shrieks which famine wrung from him, Ariadne and Anastasius reigned in his stead, and complacently listened to the songs chanted in honour of their accession!

The twenty-seven years of the feeble and economic Anastasius, from 491 to 518, were not profitless to the Empire. He was a wise administrator, in some things; and he it was who built the wall from the Propontis to the Euxine. The clergy thought light of the crime which facilitated his way to the throne, in consideration of the humility with which he listened to their precepts, and the alacrity with which he fulfilled, and sometimes anticipated, their wishes.

He was the first of the three Monarchs who reigned before Justin the Second,—a sovereign who voluntarily laid down the sceptre. Those potentates were Anastasius, Justin I., and Justinian, with his wife, the shameless and able Theodora. The period was that from 518, when Anastasius died, to 565,—of which forty-seven years the great Justinian alone reigned nearly thirty-nine.

The first Justin may be almost considered a deposed monarch. That old Dacian peasant, like his contemporary monarch, Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, was ignorant even of the letters of the alphabet. His nephew Justinian served him, however, so well, that the Senate communicated their unanimous wish to the Emperor, that he would adopt Justinian for his colleague. "But this request," says Gibbon, "which too clearly admonished him of his approaching end, was unwelcome to the jealous temper of an aged monarch, desirous to retain the power which he was incapable of exercising; and Justin, holding his purple with both his hands, advised them to prefer, since an election was so

very profitable, some other candidate." Justin however submitted, and he lived just four months after placing the diadem on the head of his colleague. "From the instant of that ceremony," says Gibbon, "he was considered as dead to the Empire, which acknowledged Justinian, in the forty-fifth year of his age, for the lawful sovereign of the East."

The reign of Justinian and of his celebrated consort Theodora, or, as her enemies more justly called her, Dæmonodora, was—united, or when the Emperor, who survived her, ruled alone,—one of mingled splendour, usefulness, and calamity. The details are beyond our province. Disgrace and misery marked the reign of the next successor to the throne,—Justin II. The calamities which fell heavily and rapidly on the Empire, and afflicted universal society, were all imputed to the "minor Justin." Gibbon gives him credit for good intentions, and attributes the disasters mainly to the circumstance that the faculties of the Emperor's mind had been impaired by disease, "which deprived him of the use of his feet, and confined him to the palace, a stranger to the complaints of the people, and the vices of the Government." These infirmities compelled him, at last, to name a new Cæsar, and to surrender to this designated successor the insignia and privileges of empire. Justin detested his family, and at the suggestion of his wife, Sophia, raised his Captain of the Guard, Tiberius, to the throne which the nephew of Justinian was ready to abdicate.

The ceremony was performed in the portico of a palace, in the presence of an illustrious assembly of priests, senators, and soldiers, and almost in that of the entire city crowding to the spectacle. The speech delivered by Justin on this occasion is said to have been literally reported, and we have his very words, in the following translated form, as handed down by the sophist Theophylactus Simocatta. They will serve to show that the mind of Justin was not so enfeebled by disease as Gibbon pronounces it to have been.

"You behold," said the Emperor, "the ensigns of supreme power. You are about to receive them, not from my hand, but from the hand of God. Honour them, and from them you will derive honour. Respect the Empress, your mother. You are now her son; you were before her servant. Delight not in blood; abstain from revenge; avoid those actions by which I have incurred the public hatred; and consult the experience, rather than the example, of your predecessor. As a man, I have sinned; as a sinner, even in this life, I have been punished; but these servants"—and he pointed to his ministers—"who have abused my confidence and inflamed my passions, will appear with me before the tribunal of Christ. I have been dazzled by the splendour of the diadem: be thou wise and modest. Remember what you have been; remember what you are. You see around us your slaves and your children: with the authority, assume the tenderness, of a parent. Love the people like yourself; cultivate the affections; maintain the discipline of the army; protect the fortunes of the rich; relieve the necessities of the poor."

The popular belief that this speech was delivered by inspiration from the Deity, hardly betrays the humble opinion of the man and the times, that the historian of the 'Decline and Fall' affects to detect in it. The audience, who silently, but with tearful eyes, listened approvingly to the words of an abdicating monarch, may have been justified in deeming that God had touched his heart, endowed him with wisdom, and moved him to repentance. He had never before uttered or been influenced by such sentiments. That he now expressed them with an oracular emphasis, may well have seemed to his hearers to have been the result of Divine inspiration. The scene was solemn, and, to the chief actor, almost humiliating. When the prayers and gorgeous service of the church had been concluded, Tiberius advanced to the seat where Justin was enthroned, and which he was

about to vacate. The new Augustus knelt before the old Emperor, who then placed the diadem, by which the latter had been so much dazzled, on his brow. The dignity of Justin wrings a laudatory comment from Gibbon. "Justin, who, in his abdication, appeared most worthy to reign, addressed the new Monarch in the following words: 'If you consent, I live; if you command, I die. May the God of heaven and earth infuse into your heart whatever I have neglected or forgotten!" Justin could not have more forcibly expressed the relative change which had been accomplished between himself and Tiberius, nor could he have put up a heartier prayer, nor have chosen a more fitting subject of petition. Nothing more is told of him, save that he passed four years "in tranquil obscurity" before he died. He was the quiet country-gentleman which Diocletian only pretended to be. He had leisure too, if not for reading, at least for reflecting, and also for defending some part of the policy of his government, of another portion of which he had acknowledged the errors and deficiencies in his address at the period of his abdication. If that address showed that his mind did not lack vigour, the reminiscences of his retirement were employed to illustrate the activity and impartial justice with which he occasionally acted when he exercised an irresponsible authority. Of the stories thus told to his friends, the best has an Eastern aspect about it, which will, perhaps, strongly remind the reader of the Thousand and One Nights, and the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid.

Previous to the period when Justin had lost the use of his feet, but at a time when he used to appear in public in his chariot or on horseback, he could never issue from the gates of his palace without being immediately surrounded by crowds of supplicants. The object of their petitions was to obtain from him justice against the oppressions of noble and wealthy persecutors. Justin did better than refer them to the Senate, he repeatedly brought the matter before that

august assembly himself. This was, for a long period, fruitless labour. At length a senator ventured to tell him privately, that if the Emperor would give him unlimited freedom of action, he would undertake, not only to remedy every grievance within a month, but to render the occurrence of future grievances of a similar nature impossible. He pledged his head as security for the performance of his promise; and Justin conferred on him all the authority he required.

On the following morning the new official, having proclaimed that he held commission from the Emperor to redress wrongs, he was speedily called upon to do justice in a case wherein a poor woman complained of robbery and slander committed against her by one of the aristocracy. The Prefect-extraordinary summoned the offender to his tribunal. The offending noble treated the summons with contempt: he did this more than once. At the last citation he simply returned for answer, that he was on his way to dine with his Imperial Majesty, and had neither leisure nor inclination to listen to a less worthy summons.

The Prefect waited till the hour for the banquet. He then repaired to the palace, entered the festive hall, approached his sovereign, respectfully reminded him of the authority conferred upon him, and, at a smile of acquiescence from Justin, he went up to the proud noble, and dragged him from the table. The offender was unceremoniously conveyed to the tribunal of the Prefect, who there gravely listened alike to the accusation and defence. Convinced that the former was well-grounded, he pronounced the prisoner guilty. On the spot the judge ordered the noble criminal to be stripped and scourged. This done, the head of the convict was shaved, and he was led through the city, mounted, bareheaded, on an ass. The Prefect further pronounced confiscation of his estates, which were conferred upon the woman wronged by the criminal. The quality of justice was here rather violently strained; but this and one or two other ex-

amples of a rough application of the new law, soon wrought the effect sought to be established. Oppression ceased to be practised, and the Prefect invited the Emperor to traverse the city and satisfy himself of the pleasant fact. Justin accordingly appeared in public in his chariot, and, in the course of frequent drives, never encountered a single person on his way who had to complain of wrong or to solicit for justice. The Emperor raised the praiseworthy officer to the rank of a patrician, and, in memory of his beneficial temporary prefectship, made him Prefect of the city during life.

Justin, in his retirement, may have fairly derived some pleasure from repeating to his hearers stories of this kind, illustrative of the policy of his reign. Let us add, that we agree with a commentator, who remarks that "some of this noble discipline bestowed upon nobles and senators, who oppress the poor, who will not pay their debts, and whose privileges are a public nuisance, would have a good effect in those nations where such reformation is wanted."

There is probably something poetical in this story. This and a long subsequent period was not made up of halcyon days for the people; nor indeed for their sovereigns. After the second Justin, under whose reign was born Mahomet, the great reformer of Arabia, Tiberius, at the end of a brief and beneficial reign, died of a painful disease. The successor whom he selected, Maurice, after a reign of mingled glory and disaster, was deposed and slain by order of the cowardly "Phocas the Centurion." The religious Maurice, during the brief period between deposition and death, prayed that his sins might be punished in this rather than in the next world. The penalty he paid was terrible. Before he was himself assassinated, five of his sons were murdered, one after the other, in his presence. As each fell mangled at his feet, the ex-monarch uttered an exclamation that God alone was great and just; and when the faithful but not maternally-affectioned nurse presented her own child, in

place of one of the sons of Maurice, he "revealed the pious falsehood" to the soldiers; and after the proper victim had been sought and found, "the tragic scene was finally closed by the execution of the Emperor himself." Phocas, after a troubled and wicked reign, was duly murdered in his turn; and reigns more turbulent and not less wicked followed,—those of Heraclius, Constantine III., and Heracleonas. The last-named puppet was deposed and sent into banishment, with the loss of his nose. His mother, Martina, shared his exile, after suffering the loss of her tongue. "After this cruel execution, they consumed the remainder of their days in exile and oblivion." Constans II., a cruel oppressor, was murdered in his bath by a slave. His son, the fair Constantine Pogonatus, rendered no service of importance to his country; and the unutterable vices of his son, the savage Justinian II., caused him to be mutilated by his enraged subjects, and sent into banishment, in the Crimea. There he chafed like a wounded lion in his den; and thence, by another revolution, he was carried back to Constantinople, after the deposition of his temporary substitute, Leontius. The last-named Emperor had been dethroned by Apsimar, or Tiberius III. Justinian II., who was probably the most wicked Emperor that ever disgraced the purple, now held two abdicated monarchs in his power. Of all sceptreless rulers, their fate was the most terrible: they were dragged into the Hippodrome,—the one from his prison, the other from his palace. "Before their execution," says Gibbon, "Leontius and Apsimar were cast prostrate in chains before the throne of the Emperor; and Justinian, placing a foot on each of their necks, contemplated, above an hour, the chariot-race; while the inconstant people shouted, in the words of the Psalmist, "Thou shalt trample on the asp and basilisk; and on the lion and dragon shalt thou set thy foot!" When the multitude became weary of their sanguinary master, he and his family were swept away by assassination, the race of

Heraclius was extinguished, and Bardanes, or Philippicus, was raised to the perilous grandeur of Emperor of the East.

Philippicus lived his little day, and then was deposed, after his eyes had been put out,—a catastrophe which was followed by his death. He was succeeded by his secretary, Anastasius II., by the united voices of people and Senate, in the year 714. Two years later, the same voices were raised in favour of a revenue-officer, who very reluctantly submitted to have the Imperial mantle flung about him, and who wore his uneasy honours under the name of Theodosius III. He was soon deprived of what he had so unwillingly accepted. A new revolution shut up himself and Anastasius together in a monastery. The two fallen monarchs bore their similar destinies with very different degrees of patience. Anastasius was disgusted with the monotony of the cloister. He plunged into treasonable practices, and paid the penalty thereof with his life. The old revenue-officer entertained *his* fate with far more decency. He was wise enough to understand that a regular life in a monastery, surrounded with pleasant gardens, whence jealousies were banished, and where peace reigned with a happy abundance of all desirable things, was preferable to the dangerous joys of a throne, from which the monarch might be precipitated at any moment, not always to be transferred to a comfortable cell and a refectory in a calm, contented community, but perhaps to a "tower of famine," or to the scaffold, for the infliction of horrible mutilation, or more merciful death. The last days of Theodosius are emphatically described as "honourable and secure." Gibbon says that "the single sublime word 'HEALTH,' which he inscribed on his tomb, expresses the confidence of philosophy or religion; and the fame of his miracles was long preserved among the people of Ephesus. This convenient shelter of the Church," the historian remarks, "might sometimes impose a lesson of clemency; but it may be ques-

tioned whether it is for the public interest to diminish the perils of unsuccessful ambition."

After this interval—and it was not a very brief one—of anarchy, we come upon a new dynasty, whose fortunes will be briefly narrated in the following Chapter.

THE BYZANTINE CÆSARS OF THE ICONOCLASTIC PERIOD.

"J'ai trahi la patrie, et l'honneur et les loix.
Le Ciel, en me frappant, donne un exemple aux Rois."
M. J. Chénier.

It is not to all the Cæsars who reigned in Byzantium, that can be properly applied the term "Byzantine Cæsars." When Constantine established his power in the Eastern city, his voice was still heard, in potential echoes, on the banks of the Tiber. In the lieutenants and exarchs of subsequent Eastern Emperors, Italy recognized the shadows of their distant sovereign lords. When this obedience ceased to be rendered, and the Italians, at the bidding of the Vatican, threw off, for ever, the lingering allegiance they had hitherto paid to the weak and rapidly-succeeding masters who rose to, and fell from, the throne in Constantinople, *then* the Cæsars of the latter place ceased to be Roman and became exclusively Byzantine.

The first on the list is the Asiatic Conon, known not disreputably to fame, as Leo the Isaurian.

The father of Conon was a wealthy grazier of Armenia, who, being despoiled by the Saracens, emigrated with his wife and son to Mesembria, in Thrace. The boy is said to have entered Europe with a presentiment of his future greatness. He had been, in the days of the evil fortunes of his house, engaged in the humble calling of a pedlar. On one

occasion, he had turned loose the ass that bore his stock-in-trade, and he sat himself down, in the evening shade cast from St. Theodore's Chapel; there he counted his gains, consumed a frugal meal, and was thankful for the money in his purse and the fare in his wallet. At this juncture, he was seen by two Jewish fortune-tellers. They had acute visions for a dupe. They told the wondering boy that Heaven had destined him for the Byzantine throne, and that all that they or Heaven required of him in return, was a solemn promise that he would suppress idolatry in the Church, and break up all idols.

Conon did not pause to question the bearers of such good tidings, as to how Jews could become interested in the purification of the Christian Church. He promised all that was asked of him. At a later period, his sire, again grown rich, presented Justinian II. with such aid for the recovery of his throne as a sceptreless monarch, at the head of a hungry army, could find in five hundred fat sheep. When the gift was acknowledged by the advancement of Conon to the rank of Spatharios, and subsequently to the command of the Anatolian legions, the ex-pedlar probably felt, like Macbeth, a welcome antepast of the "All-hail! hereafter."

The perilous greatness came, and was right worthily earned. Some half-dozen Emperors had, in the course of a score of years, scaled the same Imperial heights, only to be violently dashed therefrom. Anarchy was in the capital; terror in the provinces: the Saracen was on the frontiers, and ruin everywhere. The Prophet had declared that forgiveness would be awarded for the sins of the first army that captured the city of the Cæsars. The sons of Islam were on their dreadful way to gain the rich reward. Conon, thenceforward Leo, encountered them in the very moment of one of their triumphs, defeated them in his native Armenia, and having gained a victory, by some trickery and infinite boldness, marched to Constantinople, shut up the resigned Theo-

dosius III. in a monastery, and passing through the Golden Gate to the Cathedral of St. Sophia, was there crowned by the Patriarch, "Emperor and King!"

This was on the day of Our Lady, 717. It was a welcome day to the people. Leo's splendid defence of the capital against the successive assaults of the Caliph Moslemah won for him the admiration of his subjects. Their gratitude continued till the constant enjoyment of the blessings of peace made them oblivious of how those blessings had been purchased. The people having, for the moment, no foreign enemy, became divided among themselves, and carried on fierce hostilities on a theological question,—the amount of reverence due to images.

The Jewish Church abhorred all aids to devotion, in the shape of images. The primitive Christian Church was still more particular on that point. As Pagans joined her, Pagan prejudices were, however, tacitly yielded to; and very often, the Heathen, in adoping Christianity, only exchanged one pictured-idol for another. When the Arabs, after being converted from the most brutalizing idolatry to the worship of One God, were led against the Christians, nothing was more inexpressibly execrable to them than the aspect of Christians who not only denied Mahomet, but derided the Deity, by paying service to pictures.

Such service was held as orthodox, with certain explanatory modifications, by sincere men, both in Rome and Constantinople. But sincerity is not necessarily wisdom. Leo, influenced by Asiatic feelings and by common sense against image-worship, and ashamed at heart by the reproaches flung at his people by Saracen Infidels, entered upon that course of reform which earned for him, and for the Isaurian dynasty, the significant name of Iconoclasts. He began temperately. The worshippers in the churches were accustomed to kiss the feet of the portraits of holy persons suspended there. Leo ordered the whole of these pictures to

be raised on the walls above the kissing height. General indignation seized the "faithful." When, on a subsequent occasion, an Imperial officer ascended a ladder to destroy a brazen figure, the object of over-zealous worship, the viragos of Constantinople dashed the innovator down from his airy height, and trampled him to death beneath their orthodox feet.

Leo, albeit engaged in re-organizing the army, and in great financial and administrative reforms, calmly appealed to Rome. Gregory II., by way of reply, scourged him with stinging epistles. In one of these the Emperor was significantly reminded that the servant who had slain the persecuting Constans, was revered as a Saint, by the Church of Rome: Leo retorted by ordering all pictorial representations of the Deity and the Saints to be destroyed. Gregory answered this, appropriately enough, by overthrowing the statue of Leo, in Rome, and by blessing an orthodox maritime expedition which sailed to Constantinople with a new Emperor (Kosmas), munitions of war, and philippics against the Iconoclasts.

The expedition failed. Kosmas was captured and beheaded. The Pope prohibited the transmission of taxes from Italy to Constantinople. Such sanguinary obstinacy was shown in the conflicts which took place between the Italian rebels and the Imperial exarchs, that the Po ran red with blood, and for six years the people dwelling on its banks refused to eat of its fish. Leo pursued his purpose, despite reverses. Gregory deposed and excommunicated him, in a general anathema against all image-breakers, and exposed him to the daggers of orthodox assassins, by declaring that they were not murderers who slew the excommunicated!

Gregory III. was as energetic as his predecessor. He recognized, however, a certain Imperial authority in Leo, by requesting him—and it was the last time a Pope paid such a compliment to an Emperor—to sanction Gregory's

election to the Pontificate. But Gregory pronounced Rome, thenceforward, free of the Emperor, and bestowed political independence on the ancient capital of the world. The issue of the famous quarrel which ensued was the establishment of the Patriarchate of Constantinople, exempt from all subjection to Rome. Thus, in 733, the Eastern Emperors ceased to exercise influence in Italy, and the Italian Popes to enjoy authority over the wide dominions of the East.

Eight years subsequently, Leo died, with a general reputation for mildness of character, not unmixed with firmness of decision,—for wisdom, as a governor,—and unusual purity, considering the standard of morality then acknowledged, as a man. The orthodox enemies of the strong-minded Leo have laid to his order the really accidental burning of a library of 33,000 volumes, and the alleged throwing into the flames of a score of professors of the University. For this, and for other equally unfounded charges, Leo has been devoted to perdition by some of his pious contemporaries and their posterity. "He perished, body and soul!" is the cry of the exulting Theophanes. "Nimirum detrusus ad inferos"—"thrust down is he into the lowest hell," is the jubilant shriek of the image-worshipping Baronius.

Leo, in his youthful days, had married Irene, the daughter of the Khan of the Khazars. From this union of the Armenian pedlar and the Tartar lady, sprang that Constantine V., whose infantile feat, on being plunged into the baptismal font by the Patriarch of Constantinople, gained for him the undesirable appellation of Copronymus. Other authorities say that the name was derived from the fact that Leo, to show his contempt for orthodoxy, would not allow water to be used at the baptism of Constantine, but an unsavoury mixture, the stain of which will cling to the Imperial title of Constantine for ever.

Severely indeed has the able but somewhat fierce Constantine been treated by the image-worshippers. Among

the amenities,—precious balsam, with which they bruised his head,—were the assertions, that he loved unclean smells, scoffed at the Virgin, offered human victims to Venus, was a "spotted panther" in disposition, a "flying dragon," and loved nothing so much to be placed before him at the dinner-table, as a platefull of noses of the orthodox!

The Pope refused to acknowledge him as Emperor. At Rome, Constantine was an unsceptred monarch. The Pontiff recognized the usurping Artavasdes, who, after a struggle of two years, was captured, imprisoned, and rendered sightless. This cruel custom of putting out, or burning out, the eyes of a luckless aspirant to the throne, was not known till the diadem was worn by Christian Emperors, or rather by men who made profession of Christianity, while they disregarded its principles and neglected its practice.

The prelates who aided Artavasdes, were cruelly treated by the Iconoclast Emperor. They were paraded through the city on asses, with their faces towards the tail. In this way they rode to the scaffold, where they suffered decapitation. On other occasions of treason, the traitors, after suffering amputation of the hands and feet, were dissected while yet alive by the surgeons. Constantine, it is said, stood by the while with an inquiring complacency. On the other hand, he humanely founded colonies for the Christians who sought safety in his dominions from the Saracens. He once abandoned a certainty of victory, in order to save the sailors of his fleet, struggling against a storm in the Euxine. Once he paid a heavy tribute to the Sclavonian pirates, to purchase from slavery between two and three thousand of his subjects, who, but for him, would have borne their chains to the grave. He was the first, too, who established a regular exchange of prisoners between Mahometans and Christians. He tolerated the few image-worshippers who were otherwise inoffensive subjects, but the Council of Constantinople, in 754, not only declared image-worship itself

accursed, but declared the art which produced it execrable also. Gibbon is of opinion that many of the prelates who signed this decision, after a deliberation of six months' continuance, were influenced by fear of the Imperial wrath. The Emperor's sister, Anthusa, protected heterodox nuns, and founded an orphan asylum; but some portion of the praise earned by such deeds is due to Constantine, for they could not have been effected without his sanction. He was the advocate of education, and he set the example by educating his own unfortunate offspring. I say "unfortunate," for of his five sons, four who were implicated in insurrectionary movements against future occupants of the throne, were, for the first offence, pardoned; for a second attempt, they were confined in a monastery; after liberation, on being captured after a renewal of offence, they suffered loss of eyesight or of tongue. Finally, as the four mutilated wretches, two of whom had borne the title of Cæsars, and two of *Nobilissimi*, suddenly appeared in front of the church of St. Sophia, and appealed to the people, they were seized, subjected to further mutilation, and shut up in distant dungeons, where they died forgotten.

A great change, of twofold aspect, and as diverse of result, occured in Europe during the reign of Constantine Copronymus. His capital and provinces were depopulated by the great plague of 747. A Sclavonian colonization, of vast extent, repaired the losses in the rural districts. Thenceforward began to disappear the old Hellenic names which sound so musically on the ear. The other change was caused by the donation which Pepin made to Rome of that Exarchate of Ravenna which was not his to give. The result of the donation was a transfer of shadowy allegiance, on the part of Italy, from the Emperors in the East to Charlemagne in the West. The Peninsula was no longer a portion of the old Roman Empire. The Constantinopolitans accepted the event as a matter of course; they

wasted no expression of regret on an accomplished fact, which they contemplated with supreme indifference.

The reign of four years and a half of the amiable son and successor of Constantine Copronymus, Leo IV., requires no further remark, than that the young and infirm Emperor lay, in truth, sceptreless, gradually dying, on his couch, while his terrible wife, Irene, dealt vigorously with the conspirators against her sick lord. After Leo's death, in 780, she wore the Imperial Crown as regent for her son, then ten years old, Constantine VI., whose father, indeed, she is said to have poisoned. Baronius looks upon his death as an example of Divine retribution. There was a splendid crown which had been placed above the High Altar of the Cathedral, by the Emperor Maurice. It blazed with fiery carbuncles, and Leo IV. so admired the precious stones, that he seized on the votive crown, and wore it. Baronius says, that the Imperial thief died of an eruption of carbuncles: "Amans igitur *carbunculos*, ex sacrilegio *carbunculos* pariter passus est, et *his* coronatus est mortuus."

Irene survived to be herself a sovereign deprived of a sceptre. In her primitive private capacity of an Athenian lady, she had been remarkable for her gentleness of demeanour; but she no sooner grasped a sceptre than she used it like a battle-axe, on the heads of her enemies, and often on those of her friends also; nay, on the very sacred and imperial skull of her own son, when he dared to provoke her. She had exasperated her image-hating consort, by keeping little images under her pillow, as aids to devotion. As Regent, she openly adored them, and scourged, blinded, or put to death all who openly opposed her love for idols. Irene summoned that never-to-be-forgotten Council, which was convened to settle the question of image-worship. She deposed the iconoclastic Patriarch Paul, and startled all Christendom by promoting a layman to the vacant dignity. The latter, Tarasius by name, as much surprised the Christian world

by filling the office as if he had been expressly educated for the performance of its duties.

The famous Council (the second of Nice, A.D. 787) ultimately passed half-a-hundred resolutions. The chief of all was, that the worship of images, inclusive even of figures worked in embroidery on sacred ornaments, was an orthodox practice. The pious councillors further solemnly resolved that all preceding Patriarchs, who had favoured iconoclastic sentiments, should be condemned to everlasting flames, for their heterodoxy. Rome was delighted; but as Irene refused to surrender certain valuable Church property, much coveted by the Pope, his Holiness declined to officially confirm what he had shown himself so ready to adopt. It is to be hoped that the condemned Patriarchs derived some benefit from this proceeding on the part of the Pontiff!

How truly sceptreless a monarch Constantine VI. was, even as he entered manhood, may be seen in the affair of his marriage. The hand of Rotruda, daughter of Charlemagne, had been engaged for him. Irene took upon himself to break off this match, and ordered him to take for wife a Paphlagonian lady, named Maria. He promised, with grim reluctance, to obey. When the ill-assorted pair were united, the bridegroom exhibited some 'temper,' whereupon Irene ordered him to be chastised in a simple nursery fashion, which made him look as foolish as he felt furious, smarting and degraded as he was.

The Armenian troops rebelled in his favour; but Constantine had not courage or judgment enough to grasp the sceptre which they extended to him. He turned from these troubles to woo Theodora, one of his mother's maids-of-honour. He declared himself divorced from his first wife Maria, and even shut her up in a monastery; but he experienced great difficulty in accomplishing his second marriage, and greater still in obtaining for it the necessary legal recognition. The disturbances which resulted in the State

would have lasted longer but for the cruel cleverness of Irene, who was the leader of an adverse faction. She threatened those who were about her son, that if they would not surrender him to her keeping, she would assuredly destroy them, by proving to Constantine that they were conspiring against his life. The double-dyed traitors obeyed the affectionate mother, and her hand was scarcely on the throat of her boy when the hot irons were in his eyes. She cruelly plunged him into blindness, in the very chamber where she had borne him; and this most accursed monster is worshipped as the most virtuous of all the saints that are crowded into the Greek Calendar. Constantinople is said, in legends, to have been in total darkness for seventeen days, so offended was Heaven at the unnatural deed! This was in the year 797.

The beautiful fiend flung her son of the sightless orbs into a monastery, when she rushed up the steps of the throne to experience, to her, the frantic joy of ruling alone and irresponsibly. It is however no legend, but solemn fact, that she who had for years been struggling for power, and was not without qualities for the due exercise of it, no sooner possessed it by guilty means, when it became tasteless to her. She lacked energy to contend with the Saracens who harassed the Empire, carried off the citizens into slavery, and dictated the tribute which Irene promised to pay. Her abused son, Constantine, had set her a better example of independence, in his ably-conducted expeditions against the Bulgarians. Still less energy did she possess to oppose effectively the conspiracy formed against her by Nicephorus. Whiningly praying him to be generous, she descended from her golden chariot, the four milk-white steeds of which were led by as many patrician eunuchs, and she quietly went into exile in Lesbos. There, after supporting herself during a year by her own handiwork as an embroideress, she calmly and contentedly died; and of the

Imperial needlewoman the grateful Greeks have made a mediating Saint! Butler says, that she died of grief in the year 802. Lebeau and Mignot supply respectively some details of Irene in her sceptreless condition, which may be added here. The former describes the usurper Nicephorus as a "remarkable liar" (*fourbe insigne*). Immediately after *his* election and Irene's dethronement, he dressed himself in the plainest garments, and paid a visit to the ex-Empress in the palace of Eleutheria. He swore that what he most cared for was happiness in private life, and that the vice he most detested was covetousness or love of riches. Having given utterance to these expressions, he announced to her her deposition, and impressed upon her the advantage she would find in making surrender to him of all her wealth.

Mignot says, that in these treasures she found her only resource. They were the remains of the wealth of Leo and Copronymus. They had been considered inexhaustible; and Irene alone knew where they were deposited. Nicephorus reckoned upon forcing her to give them up; and Irene hoped to purchase with them peace and liberty.

When Nicephorus was protesting that he would agree to any terms if she would only make over the gold and jewels to his keeping, she is reported to have addressed him in the following manner:—"Nicephorus, you have known me as the world has known me. I wished to reign, and I made crime help my ambition. Of my adversaries I made victims. I slew my son; I immolated the son of Copronymus. Suspicion was followed by the flowing of rivers of blood. But I ever spared *you*, even when informed that you were a man to be suspected; and it is by your hands that my sceptre has been torn from me. Heaven blinded me in respect to my judgment concerning you. That was my punishment. On the other hand, learn to dread punishment yourself: fear the abuse of power. May your compassion for her whom you pull down from the throne obtain for you the

clemency of the usurper, who will, in his turn, eject you from dominion!"

Nicephorus promised all she could desire if she would only loyally surrender the wealth which was the property of the Empire. After considerable delay, she submitted to terms mutually agreed upon. She made him swear on a fragment of the True Cross,—the most terrible form of oath then known,—that he would restore her to liberty, suffer her to reside in the palace, and there quietly end her days. This done, she gave up to him all that remained of the treasures of Leo the Isaurian, and Constantine Copronymus.

The wars and the extravagant splendour of the reign of Irene had sensibly diminished these treasures, and Nicephorus, affecting to believe that the ex-Empress had not made just surrender of that wealth which the popular voice designated as incalculable, at once imprisoned her in a monastery which she had herself founded on one of the Prince's Islands, near Constantinople.

The tyranny of Nicephorus pressed so heavily on the Byzantines that they began to regret even Irene and her costly glories. The knowledge that they regretted her, so disturbed the Emperor that he determined to rid himself at least of her more immediate presence. The monastery on the island was as the residence of a favourite Saint, to which the whole population repaired, in order to pay their homage of adoration. Irene herself began to entertain hopes of a restoration. Nicephorus took decided measures. On a stormy night in November, the fallen and now infirm Sovereign was forced from her retreat, dragged on board a small vessel, and conveyed to Mitylene, in the Isle of Lesbos. Both the historians whom I have last named, state that she was committed to the closest confinement, and was not permitted to see, or be seen, by a single person,—except those who held her in custody.

Mignot adds, that the details of her last days have never

been accessible to historians. All that is known, says the Abbé, is that, exhausted by her sorrows and long-endured infirmities, she died at Mitylene, in about the fifty-first year of her age. The laborious author of the 'History of the Lower Empire' affirms that she was so miserably neglected as to be in want even of bread, and that she was reduced to earn food by spinning. To live by the distaff, after she had grasped a sceptre, wounded her proud spirit. She died as I have before stated; and after her death, her body was transferred to the vaults of the monastery which she had founded, and where she had first been imprisoned, on Prince's Island.

The Empire, says Mignot, was not the happier for her fall. Her successors, he adds, were less enlightened and even more wicked. This is not exactly the case. Nicephorus destroyed image-worship, and levied heavy taxes on the clergy. During his reign, no man suffered death for treason against his person. If the offender was rich, the Emperor confiscated his wealth and imprisoned him. If the criminal was poor, he was shut up, as a madman. His great sin was avarice; and when Haroun-al-Raschid compelled him to pay tribute, the loss of the money, rather than the disgrace of paying it, wellnigh broke the heart of the covetous monarch. His victories over the Sclavonians did not compensate for these losses. He heaped tax upon tax, in order to fill his coffers. The loss of treasure, under the convoy of Leo the Armenian, and captured by the Saracens, so enraged him, that he condemned that high functionary and dear friend to be publicly scourged in the market-place,—a punishment which in no degree affected the personal respectability of the sufferer.

He was finally slain, on the Bulgarian frontier, in the very midst of his routed army. King Crumen made a drinking-cup of his skull, and his subjects, refusing to acknowledge his son Stavrakios, transferred their allegiance (A.D. 812) to the insignificant Michael Rhangabe. The wife of the new

Emperor was the daughter of the last—the famous Procopia. She appeared at the head of the army, issued her orders with masculine vigour, and reaped popular hatred, not only for herself, but for the monarch, sceptreless even when the sceptre was placed in his hands, and who hid himself beneath his wife's mantle. The weak Michael reigned only for a year. His reverses at the hands of the heathen Bulgarian forces brought about his deposition. He was compelled to make over his authority to his general, Leo the Armenian; to retire into a monastery, where he vegetated some two-and-thirty years; to see his sons share with him his captivity; and to feel that, however great his capacity as a priest, he must descend to posterity with the reputation of being the only Emperor of his dynasty utterly contemptible as a soldier.

Michael, when unsceptred, was for some time uncertain as to what fate would descend upon him. He had shut himself up, with his family, in the church of the Holy Virgin. Lebeau says, that Leo did not dare to take his life, but confined him in a monastery on an island of the Propontis, and assigned him a pension, which was very irregularly paid. Dethroned and nearly destitute, he lived on, as I have previously stated, many long years, and, under the assumed name of Athanasius, the illustrious monk observed a most austere rule of life. He seemed to court discomfort, and even complained that his wife Procopia was separated from him. Leo had thought to render his condition less intolerable by rescuing him from the eternal reproaches of a haughty and ambitious consort. She was cloistered up in a monastery which bore her name, and which she had herself founded, in Constantinople. Her two daughters, Gorgon and Theophana, were imprisoned with their Imperial mother; they took the veil. The sons of Michael shared the captivity of their sceptreless father. He had had three. One died before the dethronement of his sire. The other two,

Theophylacte and Nicetas, after being mutilated according to the cruel fashion of the times, were allowed to remain with the "monk" Athanasius. The elder, Theophylacte, changed his name to Eustatius, and died after a captivity of five years. The second, who, when ten years of age, had commanded the Imperial Guard which encamped around the palace of the Emperor, day and night, was, at the downfall of his father, only fourteen years old. He is less known by his name of Nicetas than by that more famous one which he assumed, of Ignatius. He became, subsequently, Patriarch of Constantinople, and rendered himself celebrated by the holiness of his life, and the resolution with which he withstood an unjust persecution. Such were the diverse fortunes of an Imperial family, in those remote times.

There remain but three more of the Iconoclast Emperors to notice. The first, Leo the Armenian, reigned from 813 to 820. His reign at home was disturbed by the riotous proceedings of the two religious parties. Leo proposed that both should meet in solemn conference. Each cried *shame* upon him, for thus seeming to doubt its own especial inspiration; and the two factions only agreed in fixing on him the name of the *Chameleon*. This was considered illustrative of his readiness to change opinions, in order to preserve peace. At the end of seven years, his General, Michael, detected in a conspiracy, was condemned to death. Execution was respited until the festival of Christmas had passed. The confederates of Michael feared that with such respite might come betrayal of themselves. They resolved to purchase security, by slaying the Emperor. Leo was as fond of leading choruses as of marshalling hosts. On a dark, cold Christmas morning, he was engaged, with his chaplains, all attired in furred mantles and caps, in singing anthems. The sovereign was leading the sacred song, "All things have they despised for the love of their Lord." The assassins rushed in, blood on their hands and Scripture on

their lips. Leo defended himself with a crucifix; but the arm which wielded it was cut off by the blow of a sword. His cry for mercy was answered by a shout that the hour was one of vengeance, and not of mercy. His body was yet warm when Michael was brought forth from his prison and proclaimed Emperor,—the jailor, the while, striking the fetters from his limbs. The surviving family of Leo was, as a matter of course, driven into a monastery.

Michael, the Stammerer, was a Phrygian. His enemies called him both horse-jockey and heretic. He was engaged in civil wars with opponents who, like himself, possessed very large fleets. His fiercest antagonists however were in the Church. If ever Iconoclast Emperor had right on his side, it was Michael. In his reign, image-worship had so developed itself, that parents took their newly-born children to the images, covered the figures with veils, and chose them as sponsors for their offspring, at the baptismal font. On other occasions, the sacramental wine was mixed with paint scraped from the images of the saints; and the consecrated bread was placed in the hand of the Saint, to make it co-partake in the Sacrament!

Michael died, a natural death, in 829; and was succeeded by his handsome and well-trained son, Theophilus. He was sometimes called the Unfortunate, sometimes the *Just*. He fought with various extremes of fortune against the Saracens. He was a great builder, was fond of religious controversy, and was cruel. His most familiar friends and officers, if they offended him, he sent to be scalded to death with burning pitch, or to be burnt alive, in the Hippodrome. He had a soul for music, and a puerile taste for toys and jewellery. His method of selecting a wife was one of some novelty, and it the more deserves mention here, because his consort unsceptred the son born of their marriage. A group of noble maidens was expressly assembled in his mother's apartment, in order that he might make selection from among

them. Theophilus approached the majestic Eikasia, and remarked, that "Woman was the cause of almost every evil." The proud maiden, misliking such wooing, readily replied, that "Woman was the cause of half the good that happened in the world." The Imperial lover turned aside; and, his eyes happening to fall on the demure Theodora, he presented to her the golden apple which he held in his hand, made her his wife, and, to render his hearth happy, shut up his mother-in-law within a monastery. The vexed and disappointed Eikasia shared this captivity, and devoted herself to the reading of homilies and the composing of hymns. The son by this Imperial marriage, Michael the Drunkard, only inherited a distracted dominion. His mother, Theodora, really kept the sceptre from his grasp, while she scourged and plucked out the eyes of Iconoclast Patriarchs. Other heretics she slew by thousands, and thrice holy was she accounted by those who shared her opinions.

While Theodora ruled the State, the nominal but unsceptred Emperor Michael wallowed in debauchery. His mother strangled in him all that was good, and encouraged his excesses. His orgies were terrific. He would reel through the streets, at the head of drunken followers, all, like himself, ecclesiastically attired, and paying homage to a buffoon dressed as a Patriarch, and saluted as "Gryllos, the Hog." This impious procession swept before the eyes of an insulted and yet an almost indifferent people, singing obscene songs to the most solemn tunes. The populace was rather amused than horrified to see Michael, who had abandoned his duties for such outrages, surrounded by his guilty accomplices, administering the Sacrament in a nauseous compound of vinegar and mustard, or bringing the image of the Virgin Mary into the theatre, that from her hand might be administered the crowns of triumph. Finally, Michael, having committed every imaginable atrocity, and having excommunicated the Pope and helped Basil to slay his uncle

Bardas, fell himself, when full of wine, under the dagger of his confederate in murder. His mother, Theodora, enjoys the glory attached to the achievement of having permanently restored to the Church the privilege of image-worship; and Michael, who commenced as an Iconoclast, only ceased to be so because Theodora had decreed otherwise. With him, then, closes a remarkable dynasty, not one monarch of which enjoyed the degree of happiness commonly awarded to more humble individuals. The throne was now occupied by Basil. His enemies called him the Macedonian Groom; and his capacity was great for curbing unruly men.

THE BASILIAN DYNASTY.—MONARCHS AMONG THE MONKS.

"Ah! s' io pover vivea, or non avrei
Scorno e dolore, i giorni tristi e rei!"—PASSERINI.

THE Basilian dynasty, although founded by a Macedonian groom, reigned longer than any other dynasty in Constantinople. Basil himself reigned nineteen years,—from 867 to 886. He was lowly born, but he could trace his descent from Imperial ancestors. In his early years he gained a livelihood by taming horses: he *whispered* them into docility. He was employed in the Imperial household, and his fortune was assured by the prophecy of acute monks, the favour of the Emperor, and the love of a wealthy lady.

He was exceedingly ignorant, remarkably pious, and unreasonably fond of controversy and dabbling in Church matters. He published, but did not write, the 'Basilika;' and he merits the reverence of that community which is called the Peace Society,—for while the Saracens were taking Syracuse, he employed his sailors in digging the foundations of a new church, and his ships in transporting the materials. On the other hand, the Saracens found allies among Christian priests and potentates; and Basil ruthlessly exterminated the gentle Paulicians, who pretended to nothing more than to try and live according to the teaching of St. Paul. I have said that Basil was pious, but he was grossly licentious at the same time,

so that his piety was mere affectation. He loved splendour, indulged in luxury, and anticipated one of the foolish superstitions of later times, by applying to the spirit of a deceased son, to know how it went with him after death. The murderer of Michael baptized all the Jews he could catch, and built above a hundred churches, in order to expiate his sanguinary crime. He died of fright, the result of an accident when hunting. The attendant who had saved him from immediate and violent death, he ordered to be beheaded for his officiousness. He had found a poor and he left a rich Empire; he was consequently bewailed by many admirers—and he was not undeserving the admiration which attaches to cleverness and success.

He was succeeded by Leo VI., his reputed son. Leo the Philosopher reigned twenty-six years. He was learned, but pedantic. He was a poor poet, and an indifferent astrologer. He was less scrupulous in his morals than Basil; but he was so strict a Sabbatarian that he prohibited what had always hitherto been allowed, agricultural labour on the Sunday. He was magnificent in his tastes, and he had a stupendous appet te for bribes: this weakness has been satirically noticed by his son, Constantine Porphyrogenitus. For gold and jewels he promoted priests to commands in the army, and nominated laymen to ecclesiastical offices. His quarrels with the Patriarchs were numerous, and he was once met by the chief dignitary at the gates of the cathedral and forbidden to enter. He turned back, but slipped in at a private door, to the intense delight of the congregation. *He* too built churches while the Saracens were devastating his territory. So thoroughly were the people possessed by the "Peace principle," which has no regard for national honour, that, while the Saracens attacked and sacked Thessalonica, the foolish citizens, more friends to their enemy than to themselves, calmly sat down and left everything to St. Demetrius. When Leo was compelled to call in the Russians

to his aid, he found allies more treacherous and cruel than his enemies the Saracens. His death, a natural one, brings us to the reign of Alexander. This Emperor was a wretched sot, a miserable stargazer, and so superstitious as to seriously believe that the statue of a boar in the Agora was his own *genius*. His wretched government only lasted a year, when Constantine Porphyrogenitus succeeded. Romanus, his father-in-law, and High-Admiral, so intrigued as to cause himself, ultimately, to be named joint Emperor with him. This Imperial union (which sent Constantine into retirement) commenced in 919. Constantine VII. was mild, fair, and long-necked. He loved books, good cheer, clever cooks, and old wine,—and he loved little besides. He could draw well, and sing better; he wrote much, with simplicity and well; his pen was devoted to all subjects,—history and the shoeing of horses, the higher walks of science, and court-ceremonies and scandal. During the so-called united reign of Constantine VII. and Romanus, the latter took upon himself all the care and authority of government. He left his mild and peaceful colleague to pass his days obscurely, in studies which honour a private man, but which ought to engage only the leisure of a prince,—who indeed, says Lebeau, can have but few of such hours, if he be worthy of reigning.

The private life of Constantine, who had as many foibles as virtues, and who found compensation, in the society of his loving secretary and daughter Agatha, for the insults he endured at the hands of his imperious wife Helena, is summarily described in a few graphic words by Gibbon:—"The studious temper and retirement of Constantine," says the great historian, "disarmed the jealousy of power; his books and music, his pen and his pencil, were a constant source of amusement; and if he could improve a scanty allowance by the sale of his pictures, if their price was not enhanced by the name of the artist, he was endowed with personal

talent which few princes could employ in the hour of adversity."

The truth is, that Constantine was dethroned during the quarter of a century that Romanus was said to share with him a rule in which Romanus governed irresponsibly. Romanus not only raised all his own family to a rank in which they took precedency of Constantine, but deprived the latter of common necessaries. Porphyrogenitus was skilful in the arts, particularly in painting, and he was sometimes reduced to sell the amusements of his leisure in order to supply his pressing wants. Mr. Finlay, when treating of this portion of the life of the seventh Constantine, remarks, that "Constantine's long seclusion from public business was devoted to the cultivation of his taste in art, as well as to serious study. He was a proficient in mathematics, astronomy, architecture, sculpture, painting, and music. The works of his pencil were, of course, lauded as equal to Apelles; his voice was often heard in the solemn festivals of the Church."

The miseries of the reign of the low-born Romanus were many. There were invasions from without; conspiracies, famine, disease, and incendiarism within. The vices of the Emperor were destructive to himself, and to the people, by his example. On the other hand, he was for ever regretting his offences, and despising himself for the transient pleasure which he took in their enjoyment. He had raised his own sons to be his equals in rank, if not in authority, and in these he found his most active enemies; while in the mild Constantine he also encountered his most determined yet most secret foe.

After the reign of a quarter of a century, Constantine stirred up the sons of Romanus, with some kinsmen and other confederates, to dethrone the reigning Emperor. The undertaking was not one of great difficulty. The palace of Constantinople was indeed of great strength, and was

guarded and defended by a numerous soldiery. But from dawn to the third hour of the day, any individual had the right to enter; after that time, every person was obliged to leave, except those whose duties retained them there, and the gates were strictly closed till the ninth hour. Stephen, son of Romanus, was at the head of the plot. He selected, for carrying it out, the hour when most persons were excluded from the palace. Followed by the conspirators, he broke into his father's bed-chamber. He flung himself upon the Emperor, threatened to stab him if he uttered a cry, flung a veil over him, and, with help from confederates, carried him out of the palace, and conveying him on board a boat, transported him to the island of Protea, in the Propontis. Romanus was imprisoned in a monastery, where his hair was cut, the dress of a monk cast about him, and his deposition rendered perfect. The deposition procured but brief advantage to the sons of Romanus, for the people ultimately restored Constantine Porphyrogenitus to the throne. Romanus had with him in his fallen estate, the celebrated ecclesiastic, Sergius, and Polyeucte, the abbot of the monastery. With such ghostly advisers and excellent friends, he made better use of his unsceptred condition than most of those who had fallen as profoundly as he. With them, in the garden and quiet refectory of the monastery, he found a peace and happiness which he had not known on the throne.

Constantine VII. deprived the two sons of Romanus, his own accomplices in the deposition of their father and Constantine's father-in-law, of all their titles and possessions. The only favour he granted them was that they might have an interview with the sire whom they had wronged, in his monastic asylum rather than prison. They are said to have burst into tears upon seeing him. The old man embraced them, but reproved them at the same time, by quoting a passage from Scripture, on the sorrows brought upon parents by children.

But Romanus was philosophical and bore no malice. He thanked God that they had come; and even jested on their common condition. He had shared with them, in by-gone years, the Imperial power, and now he laughingly offered to divide with them his pitcher of water and his dish of vegetables. They were compelled to separate, after a brief interview. One of the brothers, Constantine, was killed, two years later, in his prison in Samothracia. Another brother, Stephen, who, like Constantine, had borne the title of Emperor for a few months, lived in various places of captivity during nineteen years, and then died suddenly, it is said, by poison, in Mitylene.

Meanwhile, Romanus passed his life with tranquil gaiety. Often would he repeat to the monks, "Oh, my good brethren, I more truly reign now, when I serve the servants of God, than I did when I haughtily held sway over subjects as wicked as myself!" He was profoundly ignorant, almost illiterate; that he was, therewith, exceedingly superstitious, is not, therefore, a matter for wonder. On the very night of the death of his son Constantine, he had, in a dream, beheld him falling into hell. Affrighted, he despatched messengers to Jerusalem and Rome, to solicit the prayers of the faithful; and he invited the monks of all the adjacent monasteries to assemble round him, that he might have comfort and solace. Three hundred obeyed the invitation, so glad were they to enjoy the little excitement. The day was Holy Thursday; and at the moment of the elevation of the Host, Romanus divested himself of his upper garments, and stood in the midst of the assembly, with nothing on but his shirt. With a loud voice he read his general confession, from a paper in his hand. Lebeau suggests that the list must have been a very long one; and he adds, that as each sin was named, the monks cried with a loud voice, "May the Lord have mercy upon him!" When the reading of the confession had come to an end, Romanus knelt before every

monk by turns, humbly asked, and was charitably awarded, full absolution for his sins. The whole assembly then retired to partake of the ordinary repast. While they were eating, and long after they had seated themselves at table, Romanus, still in his shirt, stood in a corner apart. A little hired boy was occupied in whipping the naked legs of the ex-Emperor, and exclaiming, "Get to table, you wicked old fellow! get to table!" He only took his seat after a long interval, and then with much sobbing and groaning. Not satisfied with this public humiliation, he sent written accounts thereof abroad, sealed with his seal, and addressed to priests and patriarchs, from whom he asked for their prayers, which he purchased by the richest offerings. That the whole ceremony had Divine sanction is proved by the numerous and astounding miracles which are *said* to have taken place at it, but of which no ocular witness ever made deposition.

Funds could not have been wanting to a man who could scatter rich offerings among the faithful; and ambition was certainly not dead in the bosom of Romanus. Emphatically as he asserted to his spiritual friends that he preferred the cloister to a crown, he was pleasingly excited by an attempt to replace him on the throne. It was made by his son Theophylactus, the Patriarch; but it completely failed, and the reigning Emperor had the magnanimity to spare the chief conspirator. The lesser instruments of the plot, however, were punished by flagellation and exile.

Romanus very soon recovered his gaiety, after the temporary disappointment caused by hopes of recovering a greatness which he only pretended to despise. He died calmly and contentedly in his monastic refuge, in the year 948; and his body was transferred to Constantinople, and buried with honour in a religious edifice of which he had been the founder in the days of his Imperial glory.

Eleven years later died Constantine VII. Contemporary historians enable us to see what ceremony was observed to-

wards Emperors who died "in the purple," and were unconscious of the sceptre which mocked the arm on which it lay. The body reclined in state, with face uncovered, in the apartment called "the saloon of nineteen beds," where it was customary to keep the festival of Christmas. After the singing of certain psalms, the body of the Emperor, unsceptred by death, was borne into one of the vestibules of the palace. There the Patriarch, followed by the grand officials, the Patricians, and the whole of the senate, approached the corpse, bowed lowly, and respectfully kissed it. This being done, the master of the ceremonies stood forth, and exclaimed, with a loud voice, "Get hence, Emperor! arise! get thee hence! The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords summons thee away!" This was thrice repeated, amid the groans of the assembly. The body of Constantine was then lifted, and borne with great pomp to the Church of the Twelve Apostles, where the Chamberlain, Basil, having enveloped it, with his own hands, in a shroud, deposited it in the tomb of his father, Leo.

We must pass rapidly over the remaining Emperors of the Basilian dynasty. Romanus II. reigned four years. He was so barbaric in his dress, that some boar-hounds, sent to him from Italy as a gift, had wellnigh torn him in pieces as he sat on his throne. The greatest triumph of his reign was the conquest of Crete from the Saracens. While his brothers, Nicephorus and Leo, were fighting his battles, he passed his time, at home, in the morning, at the Circus; at noon, in the banquet-room; in the afternoon, in the tennis-court or at boar-hunting; and in the evening, in pleasures of a far worse quality, shared with the lowest company.

After his death, the people acknowledged his infant sons, Basil II. and Constantine VIII., as his successors. The conquering General, Nicephorus Phocas, aided by the mother of the young Emperor, soon deposed the sons of Romanus, and seized on the Imperial power. During the reigns of Nicephorus and his successor John Zimisces, the youthful ex-

Emperors were left uneducated. They were expected to be grateful that their lives were spared, and the only thing that they were permitted to learn was vice. Basil was actively-minded and courageous. The triumphs of the two usurping Emperors, Nicephorus and Zimisces, had aroused in his heart a desire for glory. But the ignorance to which he had been abandoned affected his principles of honour and virtue. His vivacity and courage degenerated, the one into obstinacy, the other into rash impetuosity. When the young Emperors were restored, Basil being eighteen and Constantine only fifteen years of age, the Great Chamberlain, who bore the same appellation as the first-named Emperor and hoped to reign in their place, surrounded them with every temptation dangerous to their youth and nature. Basil did not yield so completely as the weaker Constantine; and his long reign, reckoning from his first accession, of sixty-three years, is remembered as one of the most eventful, not the least glorious, but perhaps the most oppressive with regard to taxation, of any of the Byzantine Emperors. His brother, Constantine VIII., reigned alone after his death, for about three years.

The latter portion of the reign of the Basilian dynasty, has been called the period of conservatism and stationary prosperity. Under the last-named Constantine, we find a government administered by eunuchs, an oppressive financial administration, and a cruel despotism. The name of Constantine is forgotten in that of his daughter Zoe, who married the next Emperor, Romanos Arghyros. In a brief time she grew weary of her consort, had him drowned in a bath, and married her epileptic paramour, Michael IV., the Paphlagonian. Conspiracies, fatal wars, and rebellions marked their reign. Of these, and perhaps of his licentious wife, Michael was himself weary, at the end of seven years. The character of his abdication and his conduct reveal a man utterly disgusted with the world. He had just in-

duced Zoe, nothing loath, to adopt his nephew Michael as her son, when the vicious conduct of the latter compelled the Emperor to banish him, at least from his immediate presence. He then withdrew into a more absolute retirement himself. He had founded a monastery at the gates of Constantinople. Thither he went, and asked for an asylum. Zinzilue, the inseparable director of his conscience, accompanied him. By the advice of the priest, the Emperor divested himself of the Imperial purple, caused his hair to be cut close, and put on the monastic habit. He determined to pass the rest of his days in this retreat, in repentance for the sins which had gained for him a throne now thoroughly detested. Zoe approached his cell, feigning a desire to confer with him. He sternly refused to see her. On the day of his death, which happened soon after, at the hour of Divine worship, he was carried into the church, by his own order, although he was in a dying state. He was borne back to his couch, almost senseless, and he died on the 10th of December, 1041, in a condition of the most sincere repentance for all his sins. He had reigned seven years and eight months, if, as Lebeau says, to be seated on the throne can imply "reigning."

Michael the Caulker, so named in memory of the humble calling of his grandfather, rewarded his benefactress Zoe by shutting her up in a monastery in Prince's Island. In the rebellion which ensued, he himself fell, and Zoe and Theodora were proclaimed Empresses. The *Caulker* had his eyes put out, a punishment which he underwent with immense cowardice and deafening shrieks. He was then imprisoned for life in a monastery. Zoe and Theodora did not reign long in common. The former, by marrying the weak and worthless Constantine IX. (Monomachus), transferred the government to the rule of an Emperor. She was then sixty-two years of age. Their lives were disgraceful to humanity, their reigns fatal to the people. And yet, when the old and

licentious Zoe died, Constantine, who survived a few years, saw in the crop of mushrooms that had sprung up around her tomb, a manifest intimation of his late wife's divinity! The short and rather vigorous reign of Theodora followed. With her expired the race of Basil, the Sclavonian Groom, and the administrative glory of the Byzantine Empire, on the 30th of August, 1057.

Between her and a new dynasty occurs the name of Michael VI., Stratiotikos. The incapable Michael had been summoned from a private house to the throne. In little more than a year the Patriarch of Constantinople, at the head of a rebellion, sent him word by half-a-dozen bishops, to withdraw from the palace and make way for a better sovereign. "What does the Patriarch give me in exchange for my crown?" asked Michael. "*The Kingdom of Heaven*," was the liberal reply; and, as has been observed, the exchange would have been a very advantageous one, if the Patriarch had really possessed power to make it. Michael had the good fortune to live unmolested till the period of his decease, under the dynasty of the Comneni.

THE COMNENI.—MORE TENANTS FOR STUDION.

"Providence alternately chastises Kings by means of Peoples, and Peoples by means of Kings."—GUIZOT: *Charles I.*

WITH the exception of that Polish King who fainted at seeing his own body uncovered, Isaac Comnenus was, perhaps, the most delicately virtuous of monarchs. Like so many other abdicated potentates, Isaac threw off the Imperial mantle, only to assume the cowl of the monk. The reason assigned for this proceeding was a malady, which was itself the result of a fright. Isaac had been hunting the wild boar. He was on the point of spearing the animal, when it rushed into the Bosphorus, and from the vortex in which it disappeared, arose a demon which flung forked lightning at Isaac, and threw him from his horse. This was rather a cumbersome way of producing a pleurisy, but of such disease, the alleged consequence of terror at the event described above, Isaac politically died. He gave his sceptre to Constantine (X.) Ducas, and retired with his wife Catherine, to the monastery of Studion. Here he recovered his health, but he was never tormented by any longings to regain his power. His wife and their daughter Maria took the veil, in a neighbouring convent. They often visited Isaac, and *he* was more merry at meeting them, than Romanus when visited by his sons. "Confess," he would say to the ex-Empress, "that I made you a slave when I gave you the crown,—and that I conferred liberty on you when I caused you to descend from the throne!" His humility was bound-

less. He obeyed the least order of the Superior, as readily as the lowliest of the brethren. There was nothing in his dress, or otherwise, to distinguish him among the confraternity; and he might even be seen at the gate, taking his turn in performing the office of porter. Constantine Ducas frequently visited him. This Emperor, splendidly arrayed, would then kneel to the apparently perplexed porter; would call him *Father*, *Benefactor*, *Lord*, and *Emperor*, and would never take precedence of him, either in walking through the grounds, or at the refectory table. Constantine rendered the same painful civility to the wife, daughter, and brother of the unsceptred Isaac.

The ex-Emperor, like most of the abdicated monarchs of this and some preceding centuries, did not long survive his abdication,—only about a year. Within a few days after his death, his remains dissolved in their coffin, which became filled with a colourless liquid resembling water. "See!" said the clergy, "how Heaven punishes him who laid his hands on church revenues!" "Nay, nay!" exclaimed an opposite religious party, with more charity, and as little reason, "behold in this destruction of all that is carnal, how Heaven testifies to the purity of his soul!" The ex-Empress survived him many years, and observed each anniversary of his death as the birthday on which he was born for Heaven. On these occasions she distributed presents to the monks of Studion; and these ultimately interred the once Imperial Catherine in an undistinguished grave among the other nuns of the community.

Constantine X. died in his bed, after seeing the glory of the Empire expire. His wife, Eudocia, who had promised him not to enter on a second marriage, soon after his death, married Romanus (IV.) Diogenes. This Emperor died in great misery, so shortly after his deposition that there is nothing to record of him in this respect, but the extreme patience with which he bore his own sufferings and

those of the Empire. His successor, Michael VII., was dethroned by the combined insurrection of the clergy, senate, and people. He of course withdrew, or was sent to the monastery of Studion. Hitherto the opinion had prevailed that the easiest way to render an ex-Emperor incapable of recovering his throne, was to murder or blind him. The seventh Michael suffered neither calamity. To prevent his ever being a monarch again, he was created a bishop! Ephesus was the diocese which never had the advantage of his overseership. Out of regard for the office of bishop (or supervisor), or out of contempt for him personally, Michael VII. was not only allowed to retain his eyesight, but was permitted to visit and sojourn in Constantinople, without molestation.

An almost similar fate visited Nicephorus III. In three years (1081) his throne was snatched from him by Alexius (I.) Comnenus, and Constantinople was sacked by the invading rebels. Nicephorus, attempting to escape in disguise, flung a mantle over him, and staggered through Constantinople, on foot, in order to reach the sanctuary of St. Sophia. He had however forgotten to put off the Imperial robe, and his Minister, Borilas, who accompanied him, took hold of the sleeve glittering with precious stones, and exclaimed, "This is a fitting costume indeed for a sceptreless Emperor!" He was taken from his place of sanctuary, and conveyed, sorely against his will, to the old monastery, in whose cells so many fallen Emperors had found shelter in their disgrace. Some time after, he was asked if he had anything to regret. "Nothing in the world," said Nicephorus, who affected now to put a very small price upon royalty, "Nothing in the world, save the liberty of eating meat!" The ex-sovereign was a lover of good dishes, and he had a profound disgust for the rule of St. Basil, which forbade all flesh for food, and which the Imperial monk was compelled to observe.

Alexius I. died in 1118, after a reign of thirty-seven years. His son, John II., expired after a reign of a quarter of a century. John's son, Manuel I., reigned thirty-seven years, and then died calmly on the Imperial couch. His son, the boy Alexius II., was strangled with a bowstring, by order of the successful usurper, his successor, grandson of the first Alexius, Andronicus I. In two years, the usurper was ejected from his throne, deposed, and condemned to death. He had been a pitiless tyrant, and was particularly offensive, because of his affectation of extreme piety, which was joined with the most unbounded rascality. In a modified form, this combination has since distinguished many of the Russian Czars, who have aspired to seize the throne once occupied by Andronicus. Here is the picture of a Greek (or Roman) Emperor, between his deposition and his death. He was flung into a dungeon, his head, hands, and legs chained together. In this condition the new Emperor, Isaac II., ordered him to be exhibited to the people. As he passed along, the populace smote him on the face, plucked out his beard, and broke his teeth in his mouth. The widows whom he had made distinguished themselves by their fury against him. After the loss of his right hand, which was suspended to a gibbet, he was again cast into his dungeon, where he was left for two days without food. On the third day, he was dragged forth that he might have an eye torn out. Seated on a mangy camel, and attired in the habit of a slave, he was conducted through the streets. No restraint was put on the exercise of public vengeance: women cast kettles of boiling water on his bare head; and after an eye had been torn out in the presence of the Emperor Alexius, the mob pulled out the other, and finally led him, with exulting shouts, to the place of execution. He was hung by the feet. The torments which he endured cannot be written; but amid them all, the wretched man, who had compared himself to David, very much to his own

advantage, begged that the Lord would have mercy on him, and not continue to bruise a broken reed. At length, a soldier plunged a sword through his heart. In the convulsion which ensued, Andronicus put his bloody wrist to his mouth. "See!" cried the multitude, "he was always athirst for blood, and now, having none other to drink, he is drinking his own!" Such was Imperial vengeance, Imperial suffering, and popular rage, in a city where philosophers and religious teachers abounded, but where vice abounded more, in the year 1185.

After ten years of confusion and disgrace, Isaac II. (Angelos) was, in his turn, dethroned by his elder brother, the treacherous Alexius III. Alexius deprived Isaac of sight, and flung him into a dungeon at Constantinople, where he was treated and fed like a common criminal. The Emperors were now mere phantoms, beset by enemies within and without, Greeks and Latins, monks and Crusaders, rebel-soldiers, invading foreign armies, and an exasperated people. When Alexius III. (who subsequently ended his life in a monastery) abandoned Constantinople, the blind Isaac was brought from his dungeon, and reinstated on his throne. He had for his colleague his foolish and vicious son Alexius IV. The latter had bought the support of the Crusaders at a cost which it was not possible to pay, and the two Emperors were accordingly unsceptred, even while they grasped the symbol of sovereignty. At the table of Isaac sat crowds of monks and astrologers, who consumed the richest viands, which they paid for in prophecies of better health, and increase of glory to the blind and gouty Emperor. Alexius, even more of a phantom monarch than his sire, "spent whole days in the tents of the Crusaders, feasting and gambling with the young nobles, who, in their revels, sometimes took the Imperial bonnet, ornamented with precious

stones, from his head, and replaced it with the woollen cap commonly worn by the Latins." Within seven months he was deposed and strangled; and at the news of the calamity, the infirm Isaac died, partly of fright and partly of accumulated disease. The new Emperor, Alexius V., was the most wretched of the Byzantine monarchs. Under him, the Byzantine Empire fell before the Latins, and the Belgian Count Baldwin began a new line of Imperial masters at Constantinople. The last Alexius perished after his deposition, in a singular way. He was precipitated from the top of the column in the square of the Tauros. He at first fell in an upright position, then turned headforemost, and, ultimately falling on his side, was dashed to pieces on the pavement.

While the Crusaders, or Latins, occupied Constantinople, a dynasty consisting of five successive Emperors carried on what they affected to call the old succession, under the name of the Greek Empire of Nicæa: it lasted from 1204 to 1261. If there was much turbulence in the little Empire, there was also great prosperity. Its foundation was owing to a pretender, Theodore Lascaris, who reigned eighteen years. Leaving no son, the good and economical John III., who bought a crown for his consort with the money arising from the sale of eggs on his own farm, was elected. He reigned, profitably for his people and honourably to himself, for thirty-three years. His able but cruel son, Theodore Lascaris II., succeeded his father. At the end of seven years, he left the Empire to his infant son, John IV. The able Michael Palæologus usurped the throne of the boy-monarch, pretending that he would yield it up when the latter came of age. While Michael reigned, the Empire of Nicæa was at its strongest; that of the Latins in Constantinople was falling to decay. Michael took advantage of the opportunity, and, in the year 1261, recovered Constantinople from Baldwin II., and once more erected the Greek Empire on its old foundations, under the dynasty of the Palæologi.

It lasted very nearly two hundred years; and it was no sooner founded, when Michael VIII. committed an act of the foulest treason on the person of the boy-Emperor, John IV. (Lascaris). John was only nine years of age. He had been purposely kept in a state of the greatest ignorance. All that he knew were the amusements common to his age. Michael had sworn to protect the child; but now that he had recovered Constantinople, he resolved to rid himself of his little rival. He first sent away, into exile or to be married, John's four sisters. The boy was left without a friend. On Christmas-day, the Ministers of Michael entered his apartment and announced their mission,—that of depriving him of sight. The sole favour that this uncrowned child could win from them was, that they would not thrust the hot iron into his eyes. They scorched up the sight by exposing it close to plates of red-hot metal. This execution effected, the blind and innocent boy was closely shut up in the tower of Dakyhiza, where nothing was allowed him but the coarsest food, and that only in just sufficient quantity to support life. In this miserable condition he spent year after year, unseen, uncared-for, yet not altogether forgotten. Twenty-eight years after, his cell was entered by the son of Michael, Andronicus II. This Emperor had succeeded to his father's usurped crown; but his conscience was ill at ease. He could not enjoy his greatness while there was a rightful claimant to it. He visited the illustrious prisoner accordingly, not to restore him to the throne, but to compel him to make a voluntary resignation of it! Andronicus had little difficulty in accomplishing all he desired. The visionless John Lascaris consented to all that was asked, without well comprehending either what was exacted or what he was about to yield. When the disturbed conscience of Andronicus had been thus singularly appeased, he ordered John to be treated with kindness. The august captive was attired as became

his rank; he was more delicately dieted, was permitted to bask in the sunshine and to breathe the external air;—and in this improved condition—a hapless one at best—he continued to exist, uncomplainingly, till death opened to him the gates of the better kingdom beyond.

Before continuing to consider the unsceptred monarchs of the last two centuries of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, let us examine how the unsceptred monarchs of the Latin line bore their great reverses.

THE BALDWINS.

"It is our royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe."—WORDSWORTH.

THE Empire of the Latins, as it is called, lasted from 1204 to 1261. The monarchs of the line were—

BALDWIN I.	1204–1206.
Henry	1206–1216.
Peter de Courtenay (who never reached Constantinople) . . .	1216–1218.
Robert	1218–1228.
BALDWIN II.	1228–1261.

As Rome began and ended with a Romulus, and as Constantinople was founded *by*, and the Imperial line there ended *with*, a Constantine; so the "Latin," or, to speak more properly, the Gallic dynasty, that reigned for more than half a century in the last-named city, commenced and terminated with a Baldwin. The two Baldwins, moreover, are the two unsceptred monarchs of the race. Leaving the reader to study at his leisure the history and fortunes, or misfortunes, of the other Emperors, it will only be necessary to notice here the portraits of the two dethroned potentates—the first and the last of the line.

When Baldwin, Count of Flanders, set out on a Crusade, in the year 1200, he was one of the wealthiest and most powerful princes in Europe. He was brave, just, and generous; paid his debts, and held uncleanness in abhorrence. On his way to the Holy Land, Alexius solicited his aid in be-

half of his father, Isaac. Baldwin acceded, and he entered Constantinople at the head of a formidable body of troops. At the second siege of the city, the Crusaders being triumphant, and no claimant to the vacated throne presenting himself, they elected Baldwin as Emperor of the newly conquered dominion. His first occupation was to destroy the Greek enemies of his throne; his first fault was in rejecting the alliance of Joannis, King of the Bulgarians, and the inveterate foe of the Greeks. The Bulgarian, consequently, united himself with his old enemies against Baldwin; and the latter was defeated and captured in a great battle, fought on the 14th April, 1205, before Adrianople. Little is known of the subsequent fate of Baldwin, save that he died in captivity. Tradition, however, has preserved a story that is at least characteristic of this unsceptred monarch.

The King of Bulgaria refused to release his prisoner. The offer of a rich ransom, prayers, and menaces were alike treated with contempt. At first, the King kept the Emperor closely guarded, but not inhumanly treated, at Ternova, the royal residence. Subsequently the King, enraged by some reverses to his arms, visited his misfortunes on the head of his unhappy prisoner. Baldwin was flung into a dark dungeon, where he was made to suffer the pangs of hunger. There was one person in the palace, however, who was touched with compassion; this was the Queen. Her sentiment, indeed, was less one of compassion for the captive, than of admiration for the man. The Tartar lady loved the Flemish Count, and she obtained permission from her Bulgarian consort to visit the captive in his cell, to carry to him some poor dole of charity, or to enjoy the luxury of beholding a great man in adversity. "You may free two captives, if you will," said the lady to the prisoner, "without paying a single ransom." "What two captives?" asked Baldwin. The Queen pointed to the ex-Emperor and then to herself She then proposed to Baldwin, flight into his own territory,

and a subsequent marriage there between the fugitives. The prisoner thought of his own fair wife, Marie de Champagne, and sternly bade the Bulgarian Queen, begone! She departed, but only to denounce him to her royal husband, as the very wickedest of men, one who had outraged her honour by insults that blood alone could expiate. The Bulgarian King inflicted a direful vengeance upon the prisoner. He invited his courtiers to a festival. A Bulgarian debauch was not humanizing or delicate, and when the guests were mad with drink, the faithful Baldwin was dragged in and made the object of their insult and cruelty. He had the boldness to defend himself, and perhaps the gallantry to spare, as much as possible, the lady. The intoxicated King pronounced him guilty, and by order of Joannis, and in his presence, an executioner chopped off the hands, arms, and legs of the indomitable soldier. Thus mutilated, the living trunk, with the mangled limbs, was cast into a ditch in the neighbourhood of the city. For full three days, the illustrious warrior breathed, in this condition, although he was exposed to the assaults of numerous birds of prey. Ville-Hardouin affirms that he died in prison: this may not be incompatible with a violent death. It is certain that of the skull of the gallant Baldwin, the Bulgarian King made a drinking-cup. It was mounted in gold, set with precious stones, and only produced on festival days, when the sovereign was merry and graciously determined to drink deep. It is said that a pious female pilgrim from Burgundy, succeeded in collecting the remains of Baldwin, and giving secret but pious interment to the relics of the first Crusading Emperor of the East.

The second Baldwin was the son of Peter de Courtenay. He was only eleven years old when he came to the throne, in 1228, and was the ward of the famous Jean de Brienne, who is sometimes, but improperly, enrolled among the Emperors.

Even when Baldwin had reached manhood, he exercised

few of the functions of Emperor. His dominions were suffering from distress and anarchy, and he was, for many years, a wanderer from court to court in Europe, soliciting aid, now from France, now from the Pope, at other times from Germany, and twice from England. These were truly "mendicant visits," and the visitor was often treated with as scant courtesy, as is generally awarded to mendicants. For the first time, an Emperor was seen who, having deposited his crown and sceptre in others' keeping, went forth, as an itinerant, to ask alms. When Baldwin first landed at Dover, in 1238, the government of Henry III. peremptorily ordered him to leave a kingdom which he had dared to enter without permission. Baldwin was perplexed at such a course; but the truth was, if we may believe Matthew Paris, that the English government remembered that when Jean de Brienne had come to England, on a similar errand, he had been laden with money and honours; but that as soon as he had reached France, he iniquitously reviled the English nation, against which he did his utmost tos tir up the French monarch. Baldwin endeavoured to palliate this ingratitude, but it was with some difficulty he obtained leave to pursue his way and object; and he appeared in London, soliciting subscriptions. A collection of seven hundred marks was the measure of Anglo-Saxon sympathy for the nominal Emperor and his impoverished dominions. It was more than he could collect at Rome, whence he carried off only promises of aid, in the proclamation of a crusade, and "a treasure of indulgences," a coin whose currency was depreciated by too frequent and indiscriminate abuse. He succeeded little better in France, and indeed he was everywhere received with a cold civility which amounted to contempt. Occasionally his rank was recognized; and when Innocent IV., at the Council of Lyons (1245), excommunicated the German Frederick II.,—who put his hand on his half-dozen crowns, and laughed at his spiritual enemy,—Baldwin was

seated at the right-hand of the Pope, silently witnessing the whole solemn ceremony, down to the extinguishing of the torches, which typified the annihilation of the German Emperor.

Baldwin pawned his patrimonial estates; but by no aid he could raise were his affairs in the Empire retrieved. He maintained himself on the throne by disgraceful alliances with infidels, whose succour or neutrality was purchased by outrages against the religion of Christendom. That Baldwin possessed, in fact, little of the real power of an Emperor may be seen in the circumstances of his distress, by which he was driven to use the wood of old houses in his capital for fuel, and to strip the lead from the churches to defray the expenses of his household. No unsceptred sovereigns ever fell into greater adversity than the second Baldwin,—and he had not yet lost his diadem. In 1247, while still nominally Emperor, yet a fugitive, he again repaired to England to solicit aid. He was accompanied by a crowd of penniless and hungry followers ("vacui et esurientes Magnates"), who hoped to swallow the royal treasury with open jaws. Matthew Paris graphically describes the Imperial beggar and his ragged crew. Baldwin was then in a miserable plight, and he sought to quicken the royal sympathy by claiming cousinship with Henry III., who still occupied the throne of England. "Ut majorem favorem inveniret," says Matthew, "ipse (Balduinus) asserebat esse consanguineum." He carried away with him some present aid, which did not materially further his objects.

The catastrophe came at last. He had long been merely tolerated by his more powerful neighbour, Michael Palæologus, who, from his throne on the Asiatic side, affected to look upon him as a vassal, and demanded tribute from the penniless Emperor at Constantinople, whose territory hardly extended to a few miles beyond that capital.

At length, a well-organized expedition under the great

General of Michael, Alexius Strategopulus, fell (in 1261) like a thunderbolt upon the Imperial city, and when Baldwin awoke from his heavy sleep, it was at the tumult of victorious enemies already within the walls. He had no thought of defending his throne. His only desire was to escape from it in safety. It was not without difficulty that the last of the Latin Emperors made his way down to the water's edge, where a Venetian galley received him on board, and carried him, exulting in his personal security, to the island of Eubœa. Subsequently, Baldwin repaired to Italy,—the last home of many a crownless King. He tarried some time in Rome, and also in Sicily; but neither there nor at any other Court, into whose precincts the wanderer entered, did he meet with cordial welcome. As he passed by gazing crowds, men spoke with something like scorn of "Baldwin the Throneless," and under the withering influence of that scorn, the wretched hanger-on at foreign courts sank into the grave, in the year 1275. He survived his disgrace fourteen years.

THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING, MONK ANTONY.

"He had a towering life, but could not climb
Out of the reach of sad calamity."—*Craigcrook Castle.*

THE Greek Empire of Constantinople, under the dynasty of Palæologus, commenced with Michael, from whose forces Baldwin II., the last of the Crusading Emperors, escaped in 1261. This dynasty closed with Constantine Palæologus, in 1543. The line stood thus:—

Michael VIII.,	died	1282.
ANDRONICUS II.	„	1333.
Andronicus III.	„	1341.
John V.	„	1391.

In this last reign is comprised the seven years' "usurpation" of John Cantacuzene, and the reign, at intervals, of Andronicus, son of John V., between 1375 and 1381.

Manuel II.,	died	1425.
John VI.	„	1448.

Constantine Palæologus, died 1453.

In this list we speedily come to a dethroned monarch, in the person of Andronicus II., who was compelled to turn monk. This was the result of intriguing against his grandson, Andronicus III., who already shared in the government. The second Andronicus was further constrained to sign a document, by which he engaged never to reascend the throne, or to dispose of the Emperor, in case of his grandson's death. When Andronicus II. signed this document, he was already blind, through infirmity. He signed in his

double capacity, as Emperor and Monk. He made a red cross for the first dignity, and a black one for the second. The Patriarch sent some complimentary message to him on his change of life. The sarcastic civility was responded to by Andronicus in terms the very reverse of civil or courteous. It is a curious trait of the times, that he continued to be publicly prayed for in the church, by the title and names of "The Most Christian King,—the Monk Antony!"

The condition of these Royal or Imperial monks can hardly be explained. We have seen how Romanus ate watercress, and yet was not unprovided with considerable pecuniary means. Andronicus seems to have lacked the latter luxury. After thirteen years in the purple, and a way of life which the word "gorgeous" only imperfectly describes, he must have felt it hard to enter on the discipline of a monkish career. He was above seventy years of age. He had not a bezant of his own; and so ill-provided was he with respect to clothing, that, in the first winter, one of great rigour, the ex-Emperor had great difficulty in scraping together a few small coins, wherewith to purchase a vest of fox-skin, to guard his chest from the cold. Indeed he cannot be said to have succeeded in his object: he became afflicted with catarrh and sore-throat. His medical adviser recommended soothing syrups, but he would not supply them to the poverty-stricken monk, and brother Antony was reduced to borrow the money that he might purchase the medicine. One would think that this must have been humiliating to a man who, only a few months before, scarcely looked a wish without a thousand embroidered slaves being anxious to anticipate it. But Andronicus was too philosophical of spirit to repine at the great change. If he had not shown great alacrity in taking up the religious vocation, he had no sooner bound himself by his vows when he at once addressed himself to the discipline of maintaining a rigorous

observance of them. His friends supplied him, occasionally, with gifts of money; but he surrendered all these presents to the almoner, for the benefit of the poor. Is it not strange that these men, who obeyed so admirably as monks, should have often ruled so abominably as monarchs?

The sole indulgence which brother Antony permitted himself to enjoy was the society of literary friends. When thus surrounded, his "evenings in Greece" were not unpleasant evenings. His daughter, Simonida, dowager Queen of Servia, was generally present on these agreeable occasions. One night, the little assembly, wiled away by profitable talk and philosophical speculations, sat late. Ere they separated, a modest supper was served, but the Imperial monk abstained from touching it. *His* repast was more modest still; it consisted of a few small shellfish, and cold water. A man seventy-two years of age, with impaired digestion, could not have taken a more dangerous repast at night. The consequences were fatal. He was seized with symptoms not unlike those of cholera. It is said that no aid could be afforded him, because the whole monastery was buried in sleep. The discipline must have been rigid that forbade a sick man to arouse his sleeping comrades, and ask them for succour. The sole anxiety of Andronicus was for the administration of the Sacrament; but no one was at hand to satisfy such laudable anxiety. His ingenuity, in this emergency, was remarkable. There hung round his neck a little image of the Virgin. For want of the sacred emblems, he took the little figure and placed it reverently in his mouth; and thus fortified, after his own well-meaning fashion, died an ex-Emperor of the Lower Empire.

I have incidentally noticed the usurpation of John Cantacuzene. They who will study his history will perhaps be inclined to think that his reluctant exercise of Imperial power is unjustly characterized by such a word. Be this as it may, John, on the throne, worked rather for the down-

fall than the restoration of the Empire. He was not dignified in his abdication; nor can he be said to have been altogether useful in the literary labours which he performed as a monk. He tried more than one monastery, but he finally settled, and resided many years in the monastery on Mount Athos, where, as the monk Jossaph, he was highly respected. He occasionally issued from his retirement, to give counsel on public affairs, or to mediate between conflicting parties. In our days an abdicated monarch is a perfect nullity; but John Cantacuzene, who had never been a legitimate one, in the sense of legal right, had the ear of the monarch, when he had ceased to be one himself.

"Yet, in the cloister," says Gibbon, "the mind of Cantacuzene was still exercised by theological war. He sharpened a controversial pen against the Jews and Mahometans" (and yet he married his daughter to a Turk), "and in every state he defended, with equal zeal, the Divine light of Mount Thabor." The historian quotes the words of an abbot of the eleventh century, to show the opinion and practice of the monasteries of Mount Athos,—where Cantacuzene dwelt, the observer and defender of the practices in question. "When thou art alone in thy cell (says the ascetic teacher), shut thy door, and seat thyself in a corner; raise thy mind above all things vain and transitory; recline thy head and chin on thy breast; turn thy eyes and thy thought towards the middle of thy belly—the region of the navel,—and search the place of thy heart—the seat of the soul. At first, all will be dark and comfortless; but, if you persevere, day and night, you will feel an ineffable joy; and no sooner has the soul discovered the place of the heart, than it is involved in an ethereal and mystical light."

This light, the offspring of vapours, was adored as the pure and perfect essence of God. At a later period, when the doctrine had been tested by ridicule and denounced by inquirers, and a scholastic distinction was made between

the essence and operation of God, the former was said to dwell amid an uncreated and eternal light, "and this beatific vision of the saints had been manifested to the disciples on Mount Thabor, in the Transfiguration of Christ." The Greeks who held this opinion were charged with Polytheism, and worshipping a visible and an invisible God. They were in the majority, however, and majorities then often triumphed, but not always, against truth. The uncreated light of Mount Thabor was established as an article of faith in the Greek Church. Cantacuzene, "in the character of Emperor and theologian," presided in the Synod where this article was established, and he defended it, after his fall, in his character of monk and controversialist, in his cell, in the monastery of Mount Athos.

It only remains for me to notice that Manuel II. was the last sovereign of the Lower Empire who abdicated. As a matter of course, he became a monk, under the name of Matthew. His retirement however was not so perfect as that of old Andronicus. Like De Rancé, who left the world to guide the Trappists, he meddled much with public questions, appeared at court, and was as ready to give counsel as he found John eager to seek advice. The old splendour of the court, however, had ceased long before this period. During the troubles which had previously prevailed, "the treasures of the State, and even the furniture of the palace, had been alienated or embezzled; the royal banquet was served in pewter or earthenware; and such was the proud poverty of the times, that the absence of gold and jewels was supplied by the paltry artifices of glass and gilt leather." The last of the Eastern Emperors, Constantine Palæologus, died with dignity, nevertheless, in 1453; he at least stood in the breach to defend, instead of stealing into a monastery to idly mourn over, his country. A heap of slain covered the last of a line which had continued, from the accession of Valens, in 364, upwards of a thousand

years; and the gold eagles on the Imperial shoes served to identify the body of the last of the Palæologi. "Not long ago," says Carazes, the Turk, in Lord Carlisle's tragedy, 'The Last of the Greeks,'—

> "I found myself entangled
> Among a crowd of combatants: most were Turks,
> And the Greek Emperor was in the midst.
> Ever, as I looked, his bare head I saw
> Tost to and fro, and his bright sword unsheathed,
> Dealing out deaths by handfuls: on a sudden,
> I saw them not. Ere I could reach the place,
> The tide of battle carried me away.
> Of this be sure, he died! and such a death
> Who envies not?—
> . . . . . Oh, death magnificent!"

With this incident, this section of the general subject may be brought to a close. The deposed Greek Emperors were not as numerous as the deposed Saxon Kings; but like the latter, many of them found their happiest, certainly their most tranquil, days within a monastery. Bad ambition helped several to a throne, from which they were cast down by the more successful ambition of others. If, in their fall, they were caught by hostile man, dreadful was their doom; but if they had opportunity to lay hold of the mantle of a priest, they found security beneath it, till permanent safety was afforded them within the walls of a monastery. In more cases than one, this was a refuge which they did not deserve to find. But of this the reader may judge who studies their history in full. For the present, as Churchill remarks,

> "Enough of States, and such-like trifling things,
> Enough of Kinglings, and enough of Kings."

Let us, after furnishing a roll of Imperial monarchs, turn to the Popes who affected to make them, and see how, fortified by their principles, they bore the loss of dignity, of

which, when raised to it, they formally professed themselves to be unworthy. Something, perhaps, may be learnt from it, however true may be the assertion of Wordsworth, that—

> "Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,
> Consul, or King, can sound himself to know
> The destiny of Man, and live in hope."

THE EASTERN EMPIRE.

A.D.

364. Valeas.
379. Theodosius the Great, sole Emperor.
395. Arcadius, his son, Emperor of the East.
408. Theodosius II.
450. Marcian, the Thracian.
457. Leo I., of Thrace.
468. Ardaburius.
474. Leo the Younger.
474. ZENO, the Isaurian.
491. Anastasius, the Illyrian.
518. Justin I.
527 Justinian.
565. Justin II.
578. Tiberius II.
582. Maurice, the Cappadocian, murdered.
602. Phocas, murdered.
610. Heraclius.
641. Constantine III., poisoned.
641. Constans II., murdered in a bath.

A.D.

668. Constantine IV. Pogonatus.
685. JUSTINIAN II., dethroned.
695. LEONTIUS, dethroned.
698. Tiberius III. Aspimar; slain.
705. Justinian II., restored; slain.
711. Philippicus Bardanes, killed.
713. ANASTASIUS II., put to death.
716. Theodosius III.
718. Leo III., the Isaurian.
741. Constantine (V.) Copronymus.
775. Leo IV.
780. { Constantine VI.
{ IRENE, his mother.
802. Nicephorus I. Logothetes, slain.
811. Staurachius.
811. MICHAEL I., retired to a monastery.
813. Leo, the Armenian, killed.
820. Michael II., the Stammerer.
829. Theophilus.
842. Michael III., the Sot; murdered.
867. Basilius I., the Macedonian.
886. Leo VI., the Philosopher.
911. Alexander.
Constantine VII., a boy; Zoe, his mother, Regent.
919. ROMANUS LECAPENUS, usurper, exiled by his sons, who usurp the Imperial power. There were four pretenders, Romanus, Constantine VIII.,* Stephen, and Christopher.
945. Constantine VII. (restored); poisoned.
959. Romanus II.
963. Nicephorus II. Phocas; killed.

* This Constantine is sometimes not numbered on the list of Emperors, a circumstance which creates some confusion. A reference to the dates will, however, easily identify the monarch.

A.D.

969. John I. Zemisces; poisoned.
975. { Basilius II., died 1025.
{ Constantine IX.
1028. Romanus III. Argyropulus; poisoned.
1034. Michael the Paphlagonian.
1041. Michael V. Calaphates; dethroned.
1042. { Constantine X.
{ Zoe.
1054. Theodora.
1056. Michael VI. Stratiotes; deposed.
1057. Isaac I. Comnenus; abdicates.
1059. Constantine XI. Ducas.
1067. { Eudocia.
{ Romanus IV.
1071. { Michael VII. Parapinaces.
{ Constantine XII.
1078. Nicephorus III., deposed.
1081. Alexius I. Comnenus.
1118. John Comnenus.
1143. Manuel I. Comnenus.
1180. Alexius II. Comnenus; strangled.
1183. Andronicus I. Comnenus; killed.
1185. Isaac II. Angelus Comnenus; deposed.
1195. Alexius III. Angelus; deposed.
1203. Alexius IV., associated with Isaac II.

From 1204 to 1261, Constantinople was occupied by the

Latin Emperors.

1204. Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, elected Emperor.
1206. Henry, his brother.
1217. Peter de Courtenay, his brother-in-law.
1221. Robert de Courtenay.
1228. Baldwin II., minor, with John de Brienne as Regent.

A.D.

1261. Constantinople recovered. During the dominion there of the Latin Emperors, the successors of Alexius IV. had established the

GREEK EMPIRE AT NICE.

1204. Theodore Lascaris.
1222. John Ducas, Vataces.
1255. Theodore Lascaris II.
1259. John Lascaris.
1260. Michael VIII. Palæologus, who recovered Constantinople.

EMPERORS AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

1261. Michael VIII.
1282. ANDRONICUS II., deposed.
1333. Andronicus III., the Younger.
1341. John Palæologus.
(1347. John Cantacuzene, proclaimed at Adrianople.)
1355. John Palæologus, restored.
1391. Manuel Palæologus.
1425. John Palæologus II.
1448. Constantine XIII., Palæologus, slain at the capture of Constantinople, by Mahomet II., on May 29, 1453.

THE PAPAL DYNASTY.

"Phantom-like they look,
An unsubstantial, ghastly, wan array,
Impalpable, unreal;—their glowing eyes
Grown meaningless and void, their stately bulk
Shrunken and shadowy—all their grandeur gone,—
All their proud bearing—scarce their meagre hands
Can clutch the deadly symbols of their sway;—
. . . . . tottering,
As if o'ermaster'd by a fate sublime,
They stand in act to fall."

WESTWOOD: *A Vision of Old Fames.*

IF it be conceded that the roll of Popes commences with Peter, in the year 42, then ninety-five Pontiffs, during a period of seven hundred and ten years, had presided at the head of the Church, as Bishops of Rome, when the second Stephen entered on his Pontificate in the year 752. The Popes, within the period just mentioned, exercised no temporal power. Stephen II. was raised to the dignity of a territorial sovereign by Pepin, who, after driving Aristulphus within the boundaries of modern Lombardy, bestowed the Exarchate and the Pentapolis on the Bishop of Rome, with rights of sovereignty like those of other temporal rulers. Stephen was the first Pontiff who was carried on men's shoulders,—as if to imply the new subjection into which they were cast by the new privileges conferred on the Head of the Church.

Many a merely spiritual chief at Rome, anterior to this

period, had been deposed from his episcopal throne. Among others may be named Liberius, who was driven into exile; Laurentius, who was set aside by Theodoric, and Symmachus, appointed in his stead; the first John was imprisoned by the King of Italy, the Theodoric just named. John had just returned from a mission to Justin, the object of which was to procure a milder treatment of the Arians; Silverius was seized and exiled by Belisarius; his successor, Vigilius, was insulted and kept in prison by Justinian; and Martin I. was imprisoned at Constantinople, in the seventh century, on a charge of disrespect to the Virgin and treason to the State. Martin was barbarously used, and he died in banishment. Subsequent Popes enjoyed only a perilous and uneasy dignity, between mutinous people, uncertain soldiers, exacting Emperors, and barbarian Kings. It was not till the conquering arm of Pepin had stilled the storm, and endowed the Pontiff with the rights, privileges, and territory of a temporal sovereign, that peace was restored,—and even then only temporarily.

From this period, the Popes form fellowship with those with whom these volumes are most concerned. Not half a century had elapsed since Pepin had conferred a secular sceptre on the Popes, before a sceptreless monarch-priest had claims upon the sympathy of his fellow-creatures. This Pontiff was Leo III., who was elected to the tiara in 795, and who died in 816. Within three years, the nephews of his predecessor, Hadrian, conspired against him. His fate, both actual and legendary, is so concisely, yet graphically, told in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, as to warrant me in quoting it, as a sample of how history and romance were mingled together by monastic writers in their quiet cells.—"A.D. 797. This year, the Romans cut out the tongue of Pope Leo and put out his eyes, and drove him from his See; and soon afterwards, God help him! he was able to see and speak, and again was Pope, as he before was." Leo was a

dethroned, but not an uncrowned, monarch; for the first Pope who was really crowned was Nicholas, on whose brow the 'circle of sovereignty' was placed in the year 858.

The first of the sovereign Pontiffs who can fairly appear among our dethroned monarchs, is Formosus. He was elected in the year 891. He had previously been Bishop of Porto, and he was the first prelate who was translated to that greater Bishopric of Rome. Previously to his time, only Presbyters or Deacons had been raised to the sovereign Pontifical dignity. He was not dethroned, indeed, until after his death. The alleged irregularity of his election was the cause assigned for the proceeding. He who made the plea and sanctioned the proceeding, was Stephen VII., who was certainly not less an intruder into the Pontificate than Formosus himself.

In the same year that Formosus died (896) Stephen ordered his body to be dragged from the grave. It was then uncoffined, decked in robes, and placed upright on the Pontifical throne. A Council was assembled in presence of the unconscious delinquent, to whom the solemn question was put, "How didst thou dare, being Bishop of Porto, to usurp the seat of the sovereign Bishop of Rome?" The Council civilly waited for an answer; but as no reply was given by the ex-Pope, nor any defence urged in his behalf by the advocate assigned to him, his silence was taken for an admission of his guilt. Stephen, with the consent of the obsequious Council, formally pronounced him *Guilty*. For the crime of having forsaken his See to intrude into that of Rome, he was thus punished. Certain officials seized the unresisting culprit, stripped from him his Pontifical robes, and then delivered the convict to the executioner. The latter cut off those three fingers of the criminal's right-hand, with which the Papal blessing is given, in the name of the Trinity. The body of the deposed Pope was then raised by the executioner's assistants, by whom it was carried down

to the Tiber, and flung headlong in. It is satisfactory to know that Stephen himself was driven from the See, shut up in a dungeon, and there privately strangled. Even Baronius chuckles at this retribution. Stephen, he says, stole in like a thief; it was quite right that he should go out with a halter.

The Papal monarchs had no easy time of it in the ninth and tenth centuries. Leo V., in 903, was deposed and imprisoned, on the common charge of intrusion, by Christopher, who forcibly put himself in the place of Leo. The latter died broken-hearted in a dungeon. A like fate fell on Christopher, who was turned out by Sergius V., and imprisoned in a monastery till he died. John XI., the son of Sergius III. and the infamous Marozia, endured a not less bitter fate; he was "intruded" to the Pontificate in the year 931. Marozia had married Hugh, King of Italy. This lady one day ordered her son Alberic (whose father was Adelbert, Marquis of Tuscany) to carry water to King Hugh, that royal person being desirous to wash his hands. Alberic performed the menial duty with intentional awkwardness, for which the irate Hugh dealt him a slap in the face. The young gentleman not only returned the blow, but he headed a revolt against his royal step-father, and besieged him in the castle of St. Angelo. Hugh contrived to make his escape; but Alberic, on entering the fortress by assault, found therein his mother, and his half-brother, Pope John XI. He had very small respect for either, and he kept both close prisoners in separate dungeons till they died.

A few years later, 937, we find Stephen IX. occupying the Pontifical throne, very much to the disgust of the imperious Alberic. Artaud de Montor, on the authority of Muratori, confirms a statement made by Bower, namely, that some partisans of Alberic seized on Stephen, and so cut and disfigured him in the face, "that he was ever after ashamed to appear in public." Baronius is the authority relied on by Bower.

Subsequently, there was a Pope Agapetus, who, dying, left a young son, a lad named Octavian. This precious individual had influence or daring enough to procure his own election to the Pontifical throne when he was only eighteen years of age. He then assumed the name of John XII., and was the first who changed his name on being crowned with the tiara. He was fond of military expeditions; but mistaking inclination for inspiration or for strategical knowledge, he suffered ignominious defeat—and yet would not allow that he was an unskilful commander. He placed the Imperial crown on the head of Otho I., the first German Prince who thus received that much-coveted and uneasy diadem. This illustrious couple speedily became deadly enemies, and Otho determined to depose the Pontiff.

The latter was terribly iniquitous; and there was no lack of Bishops and Cardinals in the Imperial interest, to bear testimony against him. One told how he had made the gay widow Rainera governor of a city, and endowed her with ornaments that belonged to the church, and gold that was intended for the poor. Another pointed out the shameless presence of very lightly-clad damsels in the very Lateran Palace. "Honest widows with fair faces," said a third, "dare not come to Rome and visit the tombs of the faithful, because of him." Cardinal Bishop Peter solemnly declared that he had seen John celebrate Mass without having communicated. A Bishop and a Cardinal agreed in deposing that they had beheld him in the act of ordaining a Deacon in a stable. "I know," said Deacon Benedict, "that he has ordained many a one for money." "He made a child, ten years old, Bishop of Todi," cried another. Others deposed that he was fond of hunting, still fonder of wine, and very fond of drinking it to the health of the devil!—that he was cruel in his cups, never said Matins, never made the sign of the cross, and could not even play dice without ejaculating now and then, "By Jupiter!" or other oaths made in the name of Pagan divinity.

The Synod imperially invoked to try John, pronounced him *Guilty*, and declared him deposed. When intimation was conveyed to him that a new election to the Papal authority was about to be opened, he answered, that he flung his excommunication at all concerned in such a proceeding, and *that* was sufficient to render the threatened proceeding nugatory. The Chevalier Artaud de Montor says, that he was legitimately Pope, and in this exercised an indisputable right! However this may be, John was deposed, and Leo VIII. elected in his place, A.D. 963.

The deposed sacerdotal monarch contrived to carry with him from Rome, the treasures of the church of St. Peter. With these he bribed the Romans to rise against Otho and his nominee. The insurrection however utterly failed, nor was a second attempt made till Otho himself had left Italy with a large number of troops. The restless young ex-Pope (he was but twenty-five years of age) then found friends among a class whom he had most outraged. The women of Rome however were forgiving, and they stirred up the Italians to take arms for the restoration of John. The success aimed at was achieved, but it was followed by acts of great cruelty. Leo himself escaped, but many of his friends, who were captured, were dreadfully mutilated, suffering the loss of their hands, tongue, nose, or fingers. According to Luitprand, the Bishop of Spire was whipped, by command of John, till he expired!

I do not presume to say which of the rivals was true Pope; but I may remark that each excommunicated the other and pronounced the acts of his opponent null and void. At length John died. The Chevalier de Montor does not say how the juvenile and (to him) legitimate Pontiff perished. Bower, on the other hand, is very circumstantial, too much so for the readers of these times. Summarily John's death may be described as having happened when he was asleep. The devil came to him, it is said, and dealt

him such a blow on the temple, that he straightway died. The ex-councillor of the Inquisition, at Maurata, suggests that the fiend may have been a husband seeking vengeance; and considering the three personages who were on the scene, as described by Bower, this is by no means a suggestion lacking reason for a foundation.

John being dead, the Sacred College, or the Roman people (for it is not clear which), elected one Benedict to the vacant dignity; but the deposed Leo VIII., who had clung fast by Otho, was brought back in triumph to Rome, and placed on the Pontifical throne. Benedict was then deposed and tried. He exhibited little dignity in his deposed condition. His sole answer to the accusations to which he was called upon to reply was, "I have acted improperly; but what could I do? Have mercy upon me!" He escaped cheaply, with banishment for life. That life did not last long, but it was creditably employed. The deposed Benedict resided at Hamburg, where he endeared the people to him by his virtues, his cheerful manners, and the resignation with which he bore his reverse of fortune. He had, perhaps, a narrow escape of losing his reputation; for the Romans, after the death of Leo, re-elected him to the high office, for once accepting which he had suffered exile. He died ere the news reached him. In his stead was elected the arrogant John XIII.

I will not trouble my readers with further details of the Pontiffs of this and an immediately subsequent period; the rather, that those who were deposed, were murdered, and therefore leave nothing to be said of them in their dethroned condition. It is not possible to pronounce which is Pope and which is Anti-Pope; and I pass them over, as well as those who died in undisturbed possession of their dignity, till I come to Benedict VIII., who died in the year 1024.

I should have small authority for citing Benedict, seeing that he was never deposed, living or dead, were it not that he chose to re-appear, subsequently to his death, when

John XIX. occupied the Pontifical throne, from which the Eighth Benedict had so recently descended. According to the tradition, the good Pope Benedict, despite his superhuman virtues, was condemned to the flames of Purgatory. He was very restless in this locality. Classical readers will remember that Pliny speaks of a certain Hermotimus who had power, wherever his body might be, to send his soul abroad, and visit any pleasant locality wherein he might delight to sport. So Benedict, while in Purgatory, sent forth a representative into the world, to rescue him from Purgatory. Benedict seemed to appear in the body to John, Bishop of Porto. The Bishop, in some trepidation, asked the gracious figure what it would of him. "Just this," said the ex-Pope: "I am dreadfully uneasy in Purgatory, and I shall have no relief till I am prayed out of that torment by Odilo, Abbot of Cluny. Go and tell him so!"

"Well!" remarked John of Porto, "Cluny is a long way from here. The way is difficult; the roads are not safe; the times are disquiet;—surely it would be easier for *you* to transport your gracious presence thither, than for me to toil in that direction, and perhaps never reach it."

The ex-Pope smiled, but insisted. He could not resist the reasoning, but he was not authorized to admit it. Accordingly the Bishop communicated the intelligence to the Abbot; and the pious Odilo went immediately on his knees, from which posture he did not arise, till intelligence was conveyed to him that the desired end had been happily accomplished!

The next Benedict, Ninth of the name, was a very different man from his namesake. He was a young gentleman of a noble family, and of the age of eighteen, when, by power of the paternal purse, he was raised to the more awful power of binding and loosing, opening or shutting the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is not necessary to speak of the abominations of this young Pope. Ultimately they excited,

and at the same time justified, the rebellion that was raised against him. An adverse faction elected a rival Pope; but the still young Benedict, after a reign of some dozen years, resolved to lay down his pastoral but sovereign staff, by the novel means of openly selling the dignity which belonged to it. This bargain was effected in the year 1046. The purchaser was that Gregory VI. who, with the vendor, and a so-called Pseudo-Pope, Sylvester,—who had been elected by the faction which had first flown to insurrection against Benedict,—was solemnly deposed by a Council. He is nevertheless registered among the regular Popes. Gregory withdrew to Germany, Sylvester quietly resumed his old duties of Bishop of Sabina, and Benedict was as uneasy under deprivation, as the Eighth of the name was under the torments of Purgatory. He was tolerably quiet, indeed, during the short reign of Clement II., but he exhibited wonderful activity on the decease of that sovereign Pontiff. At that period, the Emperor of Germany really appointed the Popes. The Council of Bishops did not fail to accept whomsoever he chose to name. While messengers were on the way to the Kaiser, to announce to him that the Papal throne was vacant, Benedict IX. suddenly re-appeared. He had such a force of well-armed friends at his back, that there was no resisting a Pontiff so admirably qualified for the post. During nearly a year, Benedict, who had once sold the dignity and pocketed the purchase-money, re-occupied the throne on which he had seated himself by violence. At the end of that time, however, the Imperially appointed Pope, Damasus II., entered Italy. Benedict made way for him with as much courtesy as an Irish Viceroy displays when he has to submit to circumstances which he cannot control. He quietly surrendered the Pontificate, and, if the solitary testimony of Cardinal Benno may be accepted, poisoned the holder of it within a month. Twenty-three days are named as the period of the rule of Damasus II. Benedict

did not profit by its abrupt termination, for Leo IX., soldier, saint, and stringent reformer, was elected both in Germany and Rome.

We come to no other deposed Pope till we reach the era of Hildebrand, Gregory VII., 1073. Up to this time the Emperors of Germany had desired to be, and in a great degree were, both Emperors and Popes. Hildebrand resolved to be, and was, both Pope and Emperor. That he died in exile is no proof of his failure. He not only made of the Pope the irresponsible spiritual sovereign of Christendom, but the earthly King of Kings. He asserted that no man could reverse *his* judgments, while he could reverse the sentence of any man. He was to be judged by no man. The Roman Pontiff, canonically elected, became, he said, undoubtedly holy "by the merits of St. Peter." He claimed a proprietary in all kingdoms, and affirmed that he had a right to absolve subjects from their allegiance to their King, if the Pope thought the sovereign unworthy of their fealty.

In vain Henry IV. of Germany struggled against these pretensions, and against him who arrogantly made them. Pope and King fulminated excommunicatory decrees, or proclamations of deposition against each other. Gregory more often triumphed than his antagonist, and Henry had frequently to implore pardon, though he was as often in open rebellion. The tide ran temporarily against Gregory, before his death; for Henry had entered Rome in triumph, and been crowned there by a Pontiff of his own creating. Gregory anathematized both from the place of his retirement at Salerno, where he died in the year 1085. De Montor tells nothing of his life there, save that he had been brought low because he had loved justice and hated iniquity. Bower alludes to the different accounts given by different writers. Sigebert, a contemporary writer, we are told, declares that Gregory, sincerely repenting in his last moments what he had done, absolved Henry, with his last breath, from the

excommunication, which the Pope had so often, and with so much solemnity, thundered out against him and all his followers. But the author of his life, who wrote soon after his death, assures us, that, being asked, when past all hopes of recovery, whether he could show before his departure, any indulgences to those whom he had excommunicated, he answered, "I absolve and bless all those who firmly believe that I have such a power, except Henry, whom they call *King*, the usurper of the Apostolic See, Guibert, and the chief persons who have supported and encouraged them in their wickedness, with their assistance or counsels." As he was dying he raised his eyes to heaven, and remarked, "Thither am I departing, and there will I speak in your behalf." The Bishops and Cardinals, who stood around him, he at once recommended to the protection and favour of the Almighty,—and proudly, rather than calmly, died.

There are many who are not slow to acknowledge that Mahomet effected a good work when he raised the Arabs from practices of the most degrading superstition to the worship of one only and ever-living God;—and yet who, in their zeal, denounce Hildebrand as an impious tyrant, who oppressed alike the Church and the State. Such persons are unjust to so great a reformer, at least, as Mahomet. When Gregory VII. was at the head of spiritual Christendom, society was disorganized—religious as well as civil society. Monarchs imposed their will for law; and society, being without law, disregarded the will, unless it was forced upon them. The Pontiffs, hitherto, had been as irrational as other sovereigns, and the priesthood was one from which St. Paul would have turned with abhorrence. The social evils thence resulting were many, and stupendous. Hildebrand resolved to find a remedy, and, in some respects, succeeded. He is, perhaps, undeserving of all the eulogy, as of all the censure, showered upon him. He is, however, to be taken in connection with his times. If he be judged from

that point of view, he may still be pronounced arrogant, ambitious, and unforgiving. But let us not forget that the wisest of philosophers was naturally of the worst of tempers, that the greatest of reformers was not the least ambitious of men, and that even St. Paul could express a hope that Heaven would not forget Alexander, the coppersmith, but duly reward him according to his works. However this may be, one thing is certain, that Gregory VII. was the first of the Popes who, if he deserved to be deposed, bore his deposition with dignity.

Treaties of peace failed to permanently establish friendship between Pope and Emperor. In the year 1111, we find Paschal II. and Henry V. of Germany at angry issue on the subject of investiture. The quarrel was long and bitter. At length, the chief opposing parties met in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. Paschal had led Henry to expect that a final and satisfactory arrangement would there be accomplished. The temporal monarch, however, only found his spiritual and sovereign brother more obstinate than ever. Suddenly, Henry ordered his soldiers to surround the Pope and Cardinals. Under this armed custody, these great dignitaries celebrated Mass. As the service was about to conclude, the Pontiff and his chief followers made an attempt to quietly steal out of the Church. Henry was on the alert, however. He commanded the troops to arrest the fugitives, and forthwith the holy brotherhood was carried off, without ceremony, to prison. A sanguinary contest ensued between the Romans and Germans. At length, Paschal, weary at this and at an imprisonment which had already lasted eight weeks, abandoned to Henry the right of nominating and investing the German bishops, in return for liberty for himself and Cardinals. Paschal gained nothing by the concession. He was so beset by the ultra Cardinals for his weakness, that he immediately revoked all he had agreed to. The enraged Henry again brought his troops to Rome,

but in the midst of the struggle which ensued, Paschal died.

Gelasius II. (1118), Pope, had even a less tranquil life than the much-troubled Paschal. The Sacred College elected him, and did not condescend to ask the Imperial approval. Henry exhibited his disapprobation in a very rough fashion. He was not contented to virtually depose the Pope by ordering the Bishops in his interest, to elect Bourdin (Gregory VIII.)—a command which they readily obeyed—but he treated Gelasius with extreme cruelty. As the Pontiff was engaged in celebrating the holy office, he was assaulted at the very altar by a force of mingled Germans and Italians. He was knocked down, brutally cudgelled, stripped of his episcopal robes, and dragged by the hair into the streets. The people, ultimately, rescued the holy Father from the custody of his cruel gaolers, and Gelasius was soon enthroned in Rome. He fled, however, from the city when Henry arrived in the vicinity, and descended the Tiber in a boat. When he reached Porto, at the mouth of the river, so heavy a storm arose, that Gelasius could not venture out to sea. The Germans, who were closely watching him, discharged showers of poisoned arrows at the little vessel, but without effect. In spite, too, of their desire to capture the Pontiff, he succeeded in eluding them. When night came, and the storm had increased with the darkness, he was rowed, with half-a-dozen Cardinals, to as convenient a landing-place as could be found, a short distance from Porto. The shallow water and the mud prevented the boat from getting close-in to dry land; but there was more than one there, ready to do service to the Servant of Servants. One of the Cardinals leaped over the side of the boat, and "making a back," took the fugitive Pope on his shoulders, and safely conveyed him ashore. He spent a brief time pleasantly at Gaeta, among the pious and unprincipled Normans, and then stole into Rome, after Henry had marched out. His appearance was

productive of a tremendous tumult, which was raging at its very highest, when the peace-loving Gelasius, leaving his friends to support his cause, made his escape from the city alone. The whole of that night the spiritual head of Christendom lay in the fields. The night's reflections brought nothing with them but despair. Gelasius, however, came to a sage conclusion. He withdrew to France, where he was splendidly entertained, but where he soon died, of pleurisy, after a troubled pontificate of no more than a year and four days.

The Imperialists, of course, only acknowledged Gregory VIII. as Pope; but the adverse faction elected Calixtus, and then arose a destructive struggle between the Normans, who had given shelter to the last-named Pontiff, in Apulia, and the Imperialists, who occupied Satri, with Gregory VIII. in the midst of them. The Normans carried the place by assault, and captured the unlucky Gregory. He was very summarily un-poped, and very ungenerously treated. The rude Normans hoisted the ex-Pontiff on to a camel; they placed him with his face to the tail, which was put into his hand, for a bridle. His persecutors then dipped a sheep-skin into a pool of blood, and flung it round his shoulders, for a scarlet mantle. In this guise, Gregory VIII. was carried in mock triumph, through sneering or sorrowing multitudes. He had, however, so few friends, that he narrowly escaped being massacred; and he perhaps esteemed as a favour, the command of Calixtus, that he should be committed to close imprisonment. His prison-houses were many, and the deposed Gregory never recovered his freedom. He remained a captive till the day of his death, bearing his captivity with that mingled restlessness and resignation natural to a Frenchman, who, while he would fain be free, makes the best he can of a condition of restraint.

We come to another errant Pope, in the person of Inno-

cent II. Sixteen Cardinals privately elected him in 1130. A greater number of the same dignitaries thereupon elected Anacletus, the grandson of a Jew, but himself a very orthodox Christian, for a Pope. The usual sanguinary struggle arose, and at last Innocent was compelled to withdraw into France. He visited Germany also, but his life was so exclusively ecclesiastical, spent in church duties only, that there is nothing remarkable to tell of him, except that when the French government and nobles had grown tired of contributing to his splendid maintenance, they struck upon a happy thought, and heavily taxed the Jews alone, for the dignified support of the banished head of Christianity! Innocent however died in the Vatican, (having recovered his throne after the death of Anacletus,) in 1143.

The Papal determination to hold and exercise an irresponsible temporal power, caused many a sanguinary affray between the people and their sacerdotal sovereign. Eugenius III. was twice driven from his seat by popular revolt. On one of these occasions, he is said to have performed a miracle, which, in such case, ought to have secured to him a universal allegiance. He had peremptorily ordered a certain Count to dismantle his castle. The Count refused; thereupon Eugenius levelled against it and its owner an anathema of such power, that the fortress disappeared altogether, and a lake of dark and stormy waters occupied its site!

The years from 1159 to 1181 are put down as those of the reign of Alexander III. During twenty-one of those years, however, there were successively four anti-Popes who ruled in Rome, and kept Alexander from his seat. These four intruders were the so-called Victor III., Paschal III., Calixtus III., and Innocent III. They were acknowledged by Germany, and wherever the Emperor of Germany had influence, but, with this exception, they had no adherents.

As the election of Victor was virtually the deposition of

Alexander, I may briefly notice what occurred on the occasion. Victor was elected by two Cardinals only. On the day of consecration, the majority of Cardinals ordered the duly-appointed officials to invest Alexander with the scarlet mantle, one of the symbols of Pontifical dignity. Victor however tore the mantle away, but it was as suddenly jerked from him by a Senator, who supported Alexander. Victor had provided for the emergency; he had brought with him a mantle of his own, and he ordered the chaplain, who carried it, to invest him with it immediately. The chaplain was slow, and his master impatient: the impetuous Victor snatched it from the attendant's hands, and flung it over his own shoulders. He had done this with such haste, that he did not observe the manner of doing it. He was surprised therefore to find himself, after this investure, the subject of loud and uncontrolled laughter on the part of all who were present,—friends as well as foes. The fact was, he had fastened the tail end of the mantle round his throat, while the hood which should have covered the head was dragging, basin-shaped, upon the ground. In such a trifle could a grave consistory find food for laughter!

I need not relate how the opposing parties excommunicated each other; it comes more within the scope of my object to tell how Alexander fared when he was compelled to leave Rome by his more powerful rival, Victor. He withdrew, for the purpose of taking refuge in France. On his way, at Amagni, he canonized our "gracious Edward the Confessor." The King of Sicily had sent four galleys to Palestrina, where Alexander embarked with his retinue. After a long and perilous voyage, during which the storm-tossed travellers touched at various ports, where they were received with abundant enthusiasm, they reached Maguelone, whence they proceeded to Montpellier. The Pontiff entered the city at the head of a gorgeous procession. He was mounted on a white horse; at his side was the Lord of Montpellier,

acting as his equerry; and a numerous train of nobility, splendidly mounted, armed, and attired, rode in his suite to do him honour. Frederick of Germany could not prevail upon Louis VII. to eject him from France. The Emperor denounced him as the enemy of God, who would exact immense sums from the French people, in order to pay his enormous debts. Alexander, after passing the winter in Aquitaine, proceeded in the beginning of Lent, 1163, to Paris. Louis VII. met him at two leagues from the capital. The King advanced from the crowd of nobles who half-encircled him, dismounted, walked to the side of Alexander's horse, and, kissing the Papal foot, turned and accompanied Alexander towards the gates of the city, holding his stirrup the while. Here the whole body of clergy greeted him, and preceded him on their way, with songs, to the church of Notre-Dame. The acclamations of the multitude saluted him as he passed, and he scattered blessings among them in return for every shout of welcome. Alexander consecrated the Golden Rose at Mid-Lent, and sent it with his benediction to the King. To prove that he was as much a Pope in France as at Rome, he presided at that famous Council of Tours, at which Thomas à Becket was present, and by which all people were "forbidden to harbour them (the Reformers) in their houses, to suffer them in their cities, to buy anything of them, or sell anything to them, that, being thus deprived of all the comforts of life, they may be compelled to repent of their errors and renounce them."

During two years, Alexander resided at Sens, in Champagne. The King had requested him to select his own place of residence; and Alexander chose Sens, "on account," says Bower, "of its pleasant situation, and the fertility of the neighbouring country." Here he maintained the style and manners of an ecclesiastical monarch till 1167, when he was invited to Rome on the death of Victor. Frederick strove hard to catch him on his passage, but Alexander

escaped him, and was heartily welcomed in the ancient capital. The Emperor however did not permit him to rest; and when the Imperial forces drew near Rome, in order to enforce obedience to their master's will, Alexander once more fled. He journeyed to Gaeta, in the costume of a pilgrim; but as soon as he had stepped across the frontier, he resumed the pontifical robes, which he had temporarily laid aside. He spent five tranquil years in this forced exile among the hospitable Normans. At the end of that period, Rome being free from Imperial troops, he returned to the capital, at the invitation of the inhabitants. He was not again called upon to quit it, for he arranged terms with Frederick, received the submission of Calixtus, and shut up the pseudo-Innocent III. in a monastery for life. In his reign, the Italians built and fortified the frontier town which, in his honour, they called Alexandria. It was intended as a bulwark against the Germans; but the latter gave it the name of "Alexandria of straw," and to this day it is known as "*Alessandria della Paglia.*"

The dissensions between Pope and Emperor, for mastery, continued for a long period to agitate the Church, and sometimes to depose for a time the Pope as temporal sovereign. Thus when Gregory IX. had assembled the clergy, in 1228, to pronounce solemn excommunication against the Ghibelline Frederick, then Emperor, the Frangipani, some of the nobility, and considerable numbers of the populace, rushed into the Church, fell upon Pope and Cardinals before Mass was concluded, handled them roughly, and drove them out of the Church. Gregory fled to Viterbo, and afterwards to Perugia; he soon however returned to Rome. From that capital Innocent IV. fled in 1243, and sought refuge in France, where he resided for a time in the monastery of Cluny. He died partly of grief, at the success of the Ghibelline Manfred in Naples. The friends of the same Manfred drove Alexander IV. from Rome in 1257. They hated

the Pope, because the latter favoured the French against Manfred, and they so terrified the Pontiff by hanging two of his relations, that, fearful as to what might happen next, Alexander transferred his court to Viterbo. In like way, and for the same reason, Urban IV. resided at Orvieto during nearly the whole time of his pontificate. When the devastating warfare between the Emperors and the Popes began to decline, Rome became the battle-ground of contending local factions. To what extent the "times were out of joint" by the bloody rivalries of these factions, may be seen, in the circumstance of Martin IV. being compelled to be consecrated and crowned at Orvieto, on account of the Hannibaldi and Ursini parties being then engaged in massacring each other in the capital. On the other hand, the Popes had not always the most faithful friend in the King of France. Boniface VIII., indeed, could hardly look for a friend in a monarch whom he had excommunicated. This he had done, or threatened to do, simply because King Philip would not allow that he was in everything—things temporal as well as spiritual—subject to the Pope. The latter was seized in his palace at Agnani, in 1303, by a band of conspirators, who are said to have been employed by the French King, and who despoiled palaces and churches, and kept the Pope a prisoner for three days, threatening him the while with impending death. A popular revolt rescued Boniface, and restored him to the exercise of all his rights.

The uncertainty of the times at length induced Clement V. to transfer his See to Avignon, in 1309. His successor, John XXII., followed his example, and paid no regard to the Imperial command, whereby the Popes were ordered to reside at Rome. For about seventy-two years the Holy See was settled at Avignon; but Gregory XI. restored it to Rome in 1377. After his death, and from 1378 to 1414, there were two Popes,—one at Rome, the other at Avignon. But no one pretends to determine which was the true man,—the

one elected by the Italian, or the one chosen by the French Cardinals.

None of them held undisturbed sway. Licentious were the lives of some; troubled and uneasy those of all. At length, in 1409, a Council deposed both the then existing competitors, Benedict XIII. and Gregory XII., and chose in their place Alexander VI. Alexander approved, and the other two condemned, the proceedings of the Council. Alexander was succeeded by John XXIII. There were now three Popes, instead of one. As a preparatory step towards effecting the peace of the Church, John was first induced to resign. He only created greater confusion by flying to a place of security and there revoking his resignation. After many intrigues, long flight, and hot pursuit, John was captured, and imprisoned in the fortress of Ratolfell, near Constance. He was allowed to retain none of his own servants, except a highly-valued cook. Other domestics were appointed for his service, by the Council, which now ruled the Church; and a number of great dignitaries were named to keep him company, but these stripped him of his pontifical ornaments and appendages, listened to his words, kept a sharp eye on all his actions, and reported all to the Council. Finally, he was deposed, on being, not convicted, but pronounced guilty of every vice and crime that ever entered into a penal code as worthy of punishment. He would have merited death ten times over, had he been guilty only of the half of what was alleged against him. As it was, he was only suspended from his pontifical office. When the decree of deposition was presented to him in his prison-chamber, he quietly perused it, approved of its conclusion, and expressed such perfect acquiescence, that the Council became suspicious of him, and, instead of setting him free, put him into closer confinement in the castle of Gottleben, where John Huss was then lying captive. Subsequently he was committed to the keeping of Louis, Duke of Bavaria.

The Duke kept him in the castle of Heidelberg, near Mannheim. The prisoner was treated with great respect, but yet was he subject to considerable annoyance. He was not permitted to retain any of his Italian servants. Germans were appointed in their stead; and as these could not comprehend the ex-Pope, nor he understand them, they could only communicate by signs, and then only imperfectly. In this way, he was detained till 1419. Meanwhile Gregory, who resigned with much grace, was permitted to live free and unmolested at Recanati, where he died, about two years after his resignation of the Pontificate. There then remained only the intrusive Benedict to get rid of. This was not so easy a matter. He avoided being brought to decisive terms, while John and Gregory were yet called Popes; and John Gerson, in allusion to Benedict's original name of *De Luna*, remarked pleasantly, "Never shall we have peace as long as *the Moon* endureth." At length, the intruder being brought to such a position that it became imperative upon him to speak definitively, he astonished every one by remarking that as the two pretenders had been deposed, there only remained one, true, Pope, and that *he* was the man! Ultimately he was deposed by a Council; but the obstinate Benedict denounced the proceedings, and proclaimed as a pretender and intruder, the new Pope, Martin V., recently elected, under a new regulation, and now (1417) universally recognized by all but Benedict and his little coterie at Peniscola.

De Luna could, by no means, be persuaded to surrender the Pontifical office. He usefully employed some part of his leisure in writing a treatise to prove that the Popes, or rather *he*, as Pope, was superior to any Council. A more useful work was his Essay entitled 'Comforts against all the Troubles and Adversities that can happen to a Man in this miserable life.' At Peniscola he still maintained the name and state of Benedict XIII., and troubled himself very little

at being treated at Rome, as defunct, and uncivilly designated as Peter of damned memory. A day or two before his death he created four Cardinals, and when he was sunk so low that he could no longer speak, he scrawled an injunction with faltering hand, whereby he commanded them, on pain of everlasting malediction, to elect a new Pontiff, as soon as he ceased to exist. When he died there were only two of the four Cardinals present. These displayed much alacrity in providing for themselves, before they obeyed the injunction of their late superior. They made seizure of De Luna's money, and appropriated to themselves all the gold and silver vessels and ornaments on which they could lay their hands, and even the vestments of the Pontiff and his ecclesiastical staff. For a few days, they continued to publish bulls and other documents in his name, and did not make announcement of his death, until it was no longer possible to keep it secret. Even then, they only privately communicated it to the late Pope's kinsman, Roderic de Luna. Martin V. was then enthroned at Rome; but, disregarding this fact, three of the Cardinals united in electing the so-called Clement VIII., for no better reason than that he was a rich man, who could maintain them all with dignity and comfort. The fourth Cardinal was absent at the time of the mock election, and as he profited nothing by it, he pronounced it null and void, and forming himself into an individual Sacred College, he unanimously elected an unknown individual of whom nothing more is known than that he was styled, for a brief period, Benedict XIV.

The great schism was ended in 1429, by the submission of Clement to Martin V. Clement yielded only on condition that he might create a Cardinal, before he laid down his Pontifical staff. To grant the condition was to acknowledge him as Pope. It was granted, nevertheless; and then Clement conferred the dignity of Cardinal on Francis Rovera, a man who looked upon Clement as Anti-Pope.

Martin V. reconciled it however to the conscience of the new Cardinal, and therewith concluded "the Great Schism."

The next contest which led to the temporary suspension of a Pope, was that between the Council and the Pontiffs. It was a struggle for power, in which the Popes ultimately triumphed. While it was progressing, in 1443, Eugenius IV. was compelled to fly from the capital. The city was invested by Philip, Duke of Milan, who proclaimed himself authorized by the Council of Basle to bring the Pope to reason. The citizens were so alarmed, that they prepared to give up the Pontiff to Philip. Eugenius, however, putting on the disguise of a monk, embarked in a boat, on the Tiber, and descended the river to Ostia, "amid showers of arrows, aimed at him by the Romans, from either side the river." He retired to Florence; but his speedy return to Rome was effected by a reconciliation of adverse parties.

Clement VII. was that illegitimate son of the House of Medici, who was raised to the Pontificate, in spite of the opposition of the powerful family of the Colonna. The Emperor Charles V. was at that time menacing Italy, and Clement entered into an alliance with the Venetians, French, and English, against him. The Pontiff, however, had no real ally but in the first; and these, against such odds as the Emperor could bring against them, were nearly powerless. The Pope therefore entered into a treaty with Charles; but the Constable de Bourbon, who had taken service under the Imperial banner, disregarded the treaty, assaulted the city, and was slain in the attack. Rome was sacked by a horde of Lutheran and Roman Catholic soldiers, and Clement was kept close prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo.

While thus a captive, the Lutheran and Roman Catholic soldiery uproariously deposed him. They met in one of the chapels of the Vatican. Many of them wore Cardinals' robes over their armour. They unanimously elected Luther himself to the Pontificate. The great father of the Refor-

mation would have been as disgusted as horrified, to have heard that he had been proclaimed Pope, and by such a constituency.

During seven months Clement was kept close prisoner in the Castle of St. Angelo. He spent them in tears and complainings; and very reluctantly consented, at last, to purchase his freedom, at the cost of 100,000 crowns. Five Cardinals, one Archbishop, and two Bishops were, at the same time, given up as hostages. Even then, Clement was kept under strict *surveillance*. Charles V. would have been proud to exhibit him in Madrid, as a prisoner, but he dreaded the effect of such a *spectacle* on the clergy. The Pope, in his own city, was watched by a Spanish police, as if he had been a suspected captain of banditti. The public sympathy was with him; and when he succeeded in making his escape, disguised as a merchant, to Orvieto, there were few who did not rejoice. When the public learnt that the eminent and right-reverend hostages had taken to flight through a chimney, there were none who did not laugh. This was followed by the immediate re-establishment of Clement in his authority, which for the remainder of his life was little disturbed.

THE THREE PII.

"Maluerunt didicisse quam discere."—QUINTILIAN.

CLEMENT VII. died in 1534. John Angel Braschi was elected Pope, under the name of Pius VI., in the year 1775. For nearly two centuries and a half there had not been a Pontiff who can be strictly said to have suffered deposition. There were many who had acted under constraint, but their names, persons, and authority were openly respected. Very different was the fate of Pius VI. Of all the Pontiffs mentioned as suffering loss of power or of freedom, *he* may be said to have least deserved so hard a destiny.

He was a native of Cesena, and was born in the year 1717. By birth, he was noble; by education, he was a scholar; and by due training, in successfully filling various offices of the highest importance before he reached the Pontifical throne, he was admirably qualified to perform the duties imposed upon him. His election was supported by France, and fruitlessly opposed by Spain. He had not been the advocate of the Jesuits, and therefore France was on his side. He had treated Jesuit fugitives with humanity, and Spain itself was constrained to admit that he was not an ungenerous enemy of the Society. He showed himself, at once, worthy priest, wise sovereign, and indefatigable magistrate. The entire administration centred in him. He reformed abuses, displaced idle officials, reprimanded careless administrators of justice, and heavily fined those officers who had the care of regulating the markets, and who forgot the

interests of the poor. He had the rare merit of making warm friends of all who had opposed his elevation, and the still rarer one of being able to distinguish not only what were the proper duties of an office, but to fix on the most proper man for their performance. He was the terror of evil-doers, and the hope of all good citizens. His powers and acuteness were well-defined in the popular proverb, which said of him, "He has teeth made for biting, and a nose for smelling." Every quarter of Rome soon testified as to what manner of man now wore the tiara. His excellent taste was displayed in his generous patronage of arts and sciences; his usefulness, to use a homely phrase, was still more apparent in his prosecution of great public works, which promised to substantially benefit as well as outwardly to beautify and ennoble the ancient city, and the States of which it was the capital. He succeeded in one great object, in which so many other Pontiffs had failed. He drained the Pontine Marshes; and thenceforward people began to be able to live, rather than to be daily dying, in that once fatal, and even now not very salubrious, district. Had he fallen upon quieter times, he would have restored the capital to such a condition as to have afforded some idea of the magnificence which it had worn in the days of the Antonines. He would have added another sort of splendour, more becoming a city which called itself the capital of Christendom. But this was not to be. His fame, nevertheless, is unspotted. Rome had never seen a steward so faithful, a lord so charitable, or a man of more majestic deportment, more winning or more graceful. As he passed along, crowds murmured admiration of his beauty, and every mouth whispered, or shouted, the suggestion of every heart, "He is as holy as he is handsome"—*Tanto è bello quanto è santo.*

He has not escaped censure, however; and he would have been superhuman, indeed, if he had been in all things blameless. He had two nephews; he made of one, a Duke

of the other, a Cardinal. To these young men, a rich old ecclesiastic, named Lepri, bequeathed the whole of his fortune, leaving thereby, his niece entirely disinherited. After the death of Lepri, his niece, Marianna Lepri, produced a second will, of later date than that held by the nephews of the Pope. It revoked the donations made in the first, and restored Marianna to all her rights. The second document was stigmatized as forged; but at every tribunal but one, it was pronounced valid, and every appeal went in favour of the niece. At length the Pope stepped in as mediator; and the result was, that Marianna consented to take half her uncle's fortune and a wealthy husband, and to yield the other half of her inheritance to the Duke and the Cardinal. The wisdom of Pius, in this matter, is certainly questionable; but it is unnecessary to examine into it any further. Let us pass to more serious questions.

Pius VI. lived at a time when the Church was more vigorously assailed from without, and was not better served from within, than at any other period. From arms, brute force, and popular rebellion, she had frequently suffered: there was now arrayed against her what was called "philosophy." Monarchs thought it sublime philosophy to deprive her of as much power as they could appropriate to themselves. Common men, of quick wits, attacked her in encyclopædias, pamphlets, solemn essays, and smart satires. Pius confronted both, and he was the worthiest champion of his host, and sometimes with success. He went in person to Vienna, and induced the obstinate Joseph to relax a little in his active measures against old Church principles. He was equally successful against the authors of very daring innovations in Tuscany and Naples, at Venice and Modena. Kings visited him in the capital, by way of homage to his merits; and Pius began to hope that peace was established, at the very moment that irretrievable ruin was most imminent.

In the questions that had arisen between secular sovereigns and the Pontiff, the people had taken a more than ordinary interest; and when rights were being disputed, they naturally began to think of their own. At length there arrived in France that "deluge" that had been so complacently foretold by Madame de Pompadour, as likely to happen *after* her time. The Church was the first victim; and on the ruins into which it was hurled, Reason erected her showy but unstable throne. Pius VI. deemed it his duty to raise his voice in both menace and monition, but with much more of warning and remonstrance than of threatenings and reproof. But nothing that he could either say or do proved of any service to the Church and the clergy in France. Both went down in the general revolutionary wreck, while the Papal Nuncio was forced to withdraw from Paris, and the effigy of his Holiness was burnt in the territory where once had ruled the Most Christian King, the eldest son of the Church!

From burning in effigy, a provoked but not discriminating people took to shedding blood. Again the clergy were among the first victims; of these, however, some escaped, and Pius VI. received, with compassionate charity, all who reached Rome, and asked for an asylum and bread. The charity thus extended, gave offence to few except the students of the French Academy in the capital. In 1793, these students kept joyous holiday on the day (the 13th of February) on which General Flotte arrived, attended by the ex-priest De Basville, and the future philosopher Cabaras, to affix to the gates of the French Academy the well-known symbols of the Goddess of Liberty.

A tumult ensued, between the Roman people and the French, which ended most unhappily. The struggle had been carried on by hard words, and then by hard stones; but no one was materially injured, till a zealous and orthodox barber, rushing at De Basville, drew a sharp razor across

his abdomen, and slew the apostle of liberty. The French Government accused the innocent Pope of having committed a deliberate act of murder. Pius made solemn protest of his blamelessness. The authorities at Paris threatened vengeance; but they soon had more serious questions to deal with, than the infliction of vengeance on a supreme Pontiff. The latter may indeed have hoped that the worst danger was over when the Directory had succeeded to the Convention. It was then however that the supreme hour of the Pontifical dignity began to strike. The young conqueror of Italy was on his way, at the head of legions that had scattered the boasting squadrons of Austria. To avoid the fatal consequences, Pius was ready to make any terms which did not compel him to annul every Papal brief and decree that he had issued since the outbreak of the Revolution. He submitted to pay a ruinous tribute, to provide necessaries for the French army, for which he had no funds, and to see his territory devastated and his museums stripped by the triumphant invaders. The truce of Tolentino, made in 1797, left Rome a prey to misery, desolation, and anarchy. The sacrifices nobly made by the Pope and nobility did not suffice to pay the promised contribution. The people, called upon to share in the general sacrifice, only turned from a falling authority, to acknowledge that of the Tricolor. Again there was insurrection, again blood was spilt. General Duphot was shot in a street fray, and the French Ambassador, Joseph Bonaparte, fled from Rome to Florence, as if he was pursued by assassins. Pius was confined to his bed by serious illness, but every representation was made in his name, in order to appease the French Government. It suited the latter to be implacable. They accused Pius of aiding the enemies of France, of being himself openly hostile, of having shed French blood, and failed in paying what was justly due. In order to enforce what was owing, and to punish what had been done, General Berthier, at

the head of a French army, encamped before the walls of Rome, on the 29th of January, 1798. Pius had ceased to reign.

Berthier, indeed, professed to come as his friend, and with the purpose only of punishing those who had killed Duphot. There were fair speeches, but very harsh deeds. Heavy taxes were laid on the people; French troops, in detachments, occupied Rome; and in a few weeks there was an organized popular tumult, at the end of which Berthier proclaimed that Roman Republic which lasted for nineteen months, and was, in no acceptation of the word, a commonwealth.

Haller, son of the celebrated Swiss physician, rudely announced to Pius, seated amid his Cardinals, the termination of his temporal power. The Pontiff raised his eyes, to express resignation, but uttered no word. He was only provoked to speech when Cardinal Cervoni presented him with a tricolor cockade, urged him to put it on, and assured him that if he would show himself in it to the people, he should have a pension which would enable him to live at his ease. "I know no ensign," said the octogenarian Pope, "but that of the Church. I need no pension; little is wanting by him who is about to expire on a bed of ashes."

Pius was but indifferently supported by his Cardinals. Nearly the whole of them, including Cardinal York ("Henry IX. of England"), fled. The Pope had to endure alone the gratuitous insults of his persecutors; and to stand by, while they examined his drawers and boxes. On one of these occasions, Haller pointed to a small but handsome chest, and asked what it contained. "It is only Spanish snuff," said Pius. It was the yearly tribute of the King of Spain. Haller was disappointed, for he was in search of treasure; but when the chest was opened, he smelt at the contents, pronounced the snuff good, and ordered it to be conveyed to his own quarters. "Oh!" exclaimed Pius, who had seen with

exemplary resignation the destruction of much that was valuable or venerable in Rome, "you will surely not deprive me of my snuff!" "I assuredly will," replied Haller, "it is good; it pleases me, and I appropriate it to my own use." In losing this much-loved solace Pius could have cried with vexation.

The reply of the Republican, Haller, was not courteous, but it affected the fallen Pontiff less than the popular lack of courtesy exhibited against him. The title of "Sextus" had always been considered an unfortunate one in Rome, and now there began to reappear on the walls of the city that Pasquinade which had been written by an enemy when Braschi was elected to the Pontificate.

> "Tarquinius Sextus, Sextus Nero, Sextus et Iste;
> In Sextis semper perdita Roma fuit."

The Pope was more annoyed by the wit of these lines than he was gratified by the number of pictures of the Virgin Mary, wherein the eyes of Our Lady began "winking," in order to hint that all would yet be well with the Father of the Faithful.

By the middle of February it had been determined that Pius should be removed, under arrest, to France. On the 18th, Haller chose the moment when the Pontiff was at dinner to announce to him the resolution of the French Republic. He entered the room rudely, kept his hat on his head, and, advancing to the Pontiff, announced the purpose on which he came, and demanded the instant surrender of the Papal treasures.

"We have already given up all we possessed," said Pius, "in order to purchase the truce of Tolentino."

"Not all," rejoined Haller; "you still wear two very rich rings: let me have *them*."

The Pope drew one from his finger. "I can give you," he said, "this one, for it is indeed my own. Take it. But

this other is the 'Ring of the Fisherman,' and must descend to my successor."

"It will first pass to me, Holy Father," said Haller, "and if you do not surrender it quietly, it will be taken from you by force."

To escape insult, the ring was given up; but as it was found to be, intrinsically, of no great value, it was, soon after, restored to the Pontiff. Haller however was leaving the room with the rings in his hand, when his eyes fell on a neat little box which stood on the table near the Pontiff's chair. "Jewels!" he exclaimed, as he stretched his arm towards it. "Take all! take all!" said Pius, with a calm smile of resignation. Haller opened the little box eagerly, and found it full to the brim—of square dry biscuits!

The French Commissary was enraged. He looked round. He saw among the Ecclesiastics who had crowded into the apartment, the Abbé Baldassari. The eyes of the two encountered. Haller went up to him, took him by the arm, and said, "You would really do a good work, and render a service to the Pope, if you could persuade him to voluntarily quit this palace and Rome." Baldassari suggested that the Pope might indeed beneficially proceed to Terracina, but the idea of leaving the Pontiff free on the Neapolitan territory caused Haller to use such coarse phrases, that Baldassari stopped his ears!

To this intimation, made by Haller to Pius himself, the latter replied, "I am bordering on fourscore years; I am broken down by old-age and the anxieties of the last two months, and I feel as if this moment were the last of my life. The fatigue of a long journey would be too much for me; my duty besides commands me to remain. I will die here."

"As for that," said Haller, "a man may die anywhere. But I can admit neither argument nor excuse. If you will not go of your own accord, you will have to do so under my compulsion. Take your choice!"

The Commissary quitted the room. Pius gazed around on his old but sad and silent servants, and then slowly entered his private apartment. After some time spent there, no doubt, in prayer, he re-appeared, serene and resolved. "God wills it," he remarked, "*His* will be done. I resign myself to his just decrees."

The night was chiefly spent in transacting ecclesiastical business. Before dawn, on the 20th, a carriage and an escort of soldiers were drawn up in front of the Pontifical palace. With very scant courtesy indeed, the Pope was hurried down the stairs, to undergo a forced journey to Sienna, at his own expense. At the foot of the staircase, there stood an individual who had been exiled from Rome, for his crimes, but who had been permitted to return from banishment. "Ah, tyrant," cried the ungrateful fellow, "your reign is finished!" "Had I been a tyrant," remarked Pius, "you would not have been now alive to call me so."

It was not yet daylight when he stood in the street. He wore his scarlet mantle, and the Papal hat. One hand rested on the stick with which he was accustomed to walk in the country, the other was supported on the arm of his chamberlain, Caraccioli. With the latter, and Marotti, his secretary, Pius entered the carriage that was to convey him from Rome, never to return.

He had to listen, for awhile, to the disputes of the officers who had him in charge, and who used strong terms in denouncing the accommodation provided for themselves. The word was given to start; but the soldiers of the escort, engaged in looking into the carriage where the Pope was seated, did not at first hear it. The command was given in rougher terms, and with unsavoury comments; and under such salute, the Sixth Pius bade farewell to his capital.

By a painful journey of five days the illustrious traveller reached Sienna, his destined residence for awhile. He had met on his way both homage and insults; entered convents

at night, where there was neither fire nor food to refresh the half-frozen and half-famished octogenarian, and passed one night, at Radicofani, in the chamber of an inn, so ill-provided for the well-being of wayfarers, that the Papal cloak and other portions of costume were thrust into the broken panes to keep out the cold. He entered his conventual quarters, at Sienna, in wretched health; nevertheless the French 'Moniteur' announced the event in these hilarious terms:—"The intelligence from Sienna is, that the Holy Father is exceedingly elastic in all his members, and perfectly satisfied with our wine of Chianti."

During the month he resided in the Convent of the Augustins, at Sienna, Pius, although no longer a temporal prince, exercised his spiritual authority. He secretly sent to his scattered Cardinals, in Naples and elsewhere, instructions regulating the immediate election of a successor, in case of his own death. He also raised the long defunct Andrea di Gallerani to the honours of canonization. Some of the descendants of Andrea waited on Pius, to thank him for the honour he had rendered to their ancestor. The octogenarian Pontiff remarked, very truly, that Andrea had become a Saint not through the Papal decree, but by force of his own virtues.

The removal of Pius from Sienna was caused by a remarkable circumstance. On the 28th May, 1798, the eve of the feast of Pentecost, he was alone in his modest chamber, on his knees, and reciting his Breviary. Suddenly, there was a violent report, the sounds of a great concussion, and as Pius looked round, he saw wide rents made in the four walls of his room. This was, in fact, the effect of the earthquake, which caused immense destruction in the city, and which was well-nigh fatal to the Convent of the Augustins. Monsieur de Montor, overdoing the miraculous, states that the chamber of the Pontiff was spared by the phenomenon. Novaez, whom he professes to follow, does not say so; and

Baldassari particularly details the event, but more at length, as I have told it. There would, indeed, have been no miracle in the apartment having been untouched; but the circumstance that, with walls so rent, the roof did not fall in, does partake of the wonderful. But this description, too, may have been overdone. All parties however agree that the Pontiff was the only individual who, amid the indescribable confusion, remained perfectly calm. He gave consolation and encouragement to many who were too confused to solace and cheer themselves.

It became necessary to remove him to the Carthusian Convent, near Florence. Here his imprisonment was more close; and his health gradually deteriorated. He was harassed by petty vexations, and by intelligence of the anarchy at Rome. He was moreover nearly destitute of pecuniary means. The liberality of wealthy Catholics, indeed, in part supplied his wants; and this supply was sometimes made in a delicate or in a humorous way. For instance, his Holiness was, on one occasion, in very pressing circumstances, when he received a sum of six thousand francs, wrapped up in paper, from an unknown donor, and labelled, "One dozen shirts." The Bey of Tunis forwarded to him an ancient silver sacramental cup, with the *fleurs-de-lys* engraved on it. The Pope took, with thanks, what had doubtless been stolen long before. The Corsair's booty had fallen into excellent hands at last. Sovereigns yet preserving some power, monarchs without sceptres, and ex-reigning families without homes, visited him too, when he could obtain permission to receive them.

In the autumn, the events of the war brought the French troops into Tuscany. In the succeeding spring, they were masters of Florence, and then intimation was made "to the Citizen Pope," that he must prepare for being transferred to Parma. On the 28th of March this, properly called, transfer was commenced. The Pontiff, too weak even to

stand, was carried to the carriage-door on a stretcher. This was effected without difficulty. It was not so easy to get the heavy but helpless old man into the vehicle. At length, two stout grooms entered the coach, grasped hold of him beneath the arms; others, holding him by the legs, pushed, as the two grooms pulled, him upwards. In this ignoble way he was hauled rather than helped in, and the French officers of his court turned aside, that he might not perceive that they were witnesses of his humiliation.

It would require too much space to detail the equally humiliating incidents of the route. Often, at night, it was said that the Pope could not possibly be removed on the morrow, but the reply was, "He must be moved, dead or alive!" When there was a question of again changing his residence, he was so ill that his demise was hourly expected. The doctor declared to the French Commissaries that neither friend nor foe would dare to remove the dying Pontiff, who desired to breathe his last sigh in Parma. One of the Commissaries approached the bed, pulled down the sheets, and rudely examined the body, to see if it bore the signs of infirmity described by the medical man. The Commissary was convinced that Pius was too weak to travel, and he offered, for 500 louis-d'ors, to procure a permission from Paris, for the further sojourn of the Pontiff at Parma. The sum was subscribed with difficulty; and five days later, Pius was ordered to proceed on his journey.

It was a journey which, after several temporary sojournings by the way, did not end till the unwilling travellers reached Valence, in Dauphiny. On the road, the august wayfarer's welcome depended very much upon the political and religious feelings of those he encountered. It was observed however that from the Protestants, and from women of every rank, he received the most respectful and even tender homage. At Grenoble, the Pontifical quarters were at an inn. The travellers were surprised to find there such an abun-

dance of good things, and such a wonderful attendance on the part of the neatest-looking female servants they had ever beheld. It was soon explained: the ladies of the city had disguised themselves. They brought provisions to the house, for which they would accept no payment, and they performed, in turn, every service which faithful domestics could render to a good master, or tender woman to suffering man. A little feminine indiscretion spoiled it all. A lady, dressed as a waiting-maid, and fulfilling her office admirably, was one day changing the plates at the Pontifical table, where the French Commissaries sat with the Pope. The conversation became so interesting however that she fairly forgot her office. She listened, smiled, murmured, wept, broke into the discourse, and altogether evinced such ecstasy and enthusiasm, that the superior French officer ordered her out of the room, and "the Pope's chamber-maids" were summarily disbanded.

Pius was at this time suffering more than usual from his passage over the Alps, which he had nevertheless borne without a murmur. He thence travelled to Valence, very much like a criminal, for he was most closely guarded, and one part of the journey was performed in a sort of open cart. He reached his destination on the 14th of July; and when he entered the Citadel, he was informed that he was a prisoner of State, a citizen of a Republic, and at the mercy of the Directory of France. That mercy kept him captive in a gloomy fortress. From the ramparts, sentinels looked across the plains to watch against surprisal; in the small garden within the walls, an old man, paralyzed in arms and legs, utterly helpless, and hourly dying, might be seen at rare intervals, lying in a four-wheeled chair, drawn about by an attendant. He had only strength to sigh over the condition into which the Church had fallen, and then he would ask to be conveyed to the apartment which was at once chapel, dining-room, and bedroom. The Go-

vernment had provided only the four walls for his use; but it had been furnished, more than comfortably, by the zeal of several ladies, at the head of whom, as chief in contriving as well as contributing, was Madame de Championnet.

As the sounds of war rolled nearer towards the frontier, the Directory became desirous of removing the Pope further from the locality. They hoped he might live long enough to be quietly forgotten, and that with him the line of Pontiffs would come to an end. They now announced their resolution to transport him to Dijon, at his own expense. But paralysis had already reached the stomach, and the hand of death was upon Pius VI. Early in August he had, at the request of the commandant of the garrison, shown himself to the people. It was hoped that his health was improving; for on his being carried to the balcony, in his Pontifical robes, he looked over the kneeling crowd, and uttered with a loud voice, the appropriate words in one sense, and the very inappropriate in another—*Ecce homo!* "Behold the man!" From that day however he gradually grew worse. His patience was great under trial, and he died like a knight in harness. He had himself attired in his Pontifical robes, and held upright on his seat, while he recited his confession of faith. He then went through every ceremony enjoined by his Church for the solace of the dying; he prayed for a restoration of power to Rome, forgave his enemies, invoked a blessing upon France, and, on the 29th of August, 1799, he breathed his last, without a struggle. He was then nearly eighty-two years of age, and in the twenty-fifth year of his Pontificate, having reigned longer than any Pope since the days of St. Peter. He was the first Pontiff who, for many ages, had died in exile. The French Government had stirred the Romans to that tumult which had ended in the death of Duphot, in order that they might punish the Pope as the chief aggressor. They in fact slowly put him to death, but they did not thereby

suppress the Papacy. Pius VI., in his captivity, looked after the sovereignty of the Church, and he was so well served by zealous officials, that though the sovereignty was shaken, it was only temporarily weakened. The Popes, indeed, present to us the spectacle of being the only monarchs who can in any way exercise the duties of government from which their enemies declared them to be deposed. The Cardinal in attendance upon the dying Pius VI. saw this truth clearly enough. "I have but one regret," said the Pontiff; "it is, that I die out of *my own country*." "Holy Father," replied the Cardinal, "the Pope of Rome is *never* out of his own country!"

Pius VI. had received harsh treatment at the hands of the Republic. Pius VII. did not fare better at the hands of the Empire. There is perhaps no more truthful account of the temporary deposition of Pius VII. than that afforded by Cardinal Pacca. His Eminence was Prime Minister to the Pontiff when the French army took possession of Rome in 1808. He was a singularly enlightened and liberal man—for a Cardinal. Though reverencing the Romish Church and the Roman Court, the best he can say for the Pontifical government is, that it is a masterpiece, not of Divine, but of human policy. When he entered upon the administration of that policy, he found the Papal power like the sick lion in the fable, every ass had his heel raised at it. He acknowledges that it had been weakened by the faults of vicious Popes, and he anticipates the obvious objections that the elections of all Popes are Divinely directed, by dogmatically pronouncing that all the wicked wearers of the tiara usurped the triple crown by sacrilegious means. He labours hard to display his own master in the light of a hero, but as constantly betrays disbelief of his own assertions. He points out that when Popes, in the olden times, got into trouble, their first care was to place their persons in safety. Pius VII., on the contrary, magnanimously risked

his life and liberty, by remaining in Rome. To be sure, the Cardinal adds that it was perfectly impossible to get him away; and he allows that if Pius had made his escape, the Pontiff could have, in no degree, mended his fortunes. As it was, the Papacy fell; but Pacca consoles himself with the idea that many a greater institution had fallen before it.

When Napoleon felt France firm under his feet and obedient to his nod, he restored the full worship of the Gallican Church. Pius crowned him for his good services. Thereon arose a feud between the Pontiff and the Emperor. The former refused to sanction the Imperial nominations to bishoprics;—whereupon the French occupied Rome. The mild Pontiff became blind with fury, and it required all the Cardinal's discretion to guide the footsteps and control the temper of that great functionary. The timid master and the faithful servant shut themselves up for months, in the Quirinal Palace. There they prepared measures to deter Napoleon from annexing the States of the Church to the French Empire;—or to punish him, in the event of his resorting to so undesired an extremity. The measures were devised in something of the spirit of Forcible Feeble, and the Pope asked the Cardinal what was next to be done. "We will excommunicate the Emperor," said Pacca. "In such case," remarked the Abbé Duci, "the Emperor will certainly execute the Pope!" "There would then be one martyr the more for the Papal record to be proud of," was the comment of the Cardinal. "But Napoleon," added the Abbé, "will also hang the Minister who counselled the act of excommunication." "That is no canonical reason for withholding the advice," said the dauntless pro-secretary. But this difference of opinion perplexed and terrified Pius VII. "Let us wait," said the procrastinating Pontiff, until we are driven to our last resource. We will not *speak Latin*

till we are fairly forced to it." Deliberations like these were interrupted on the 10th of June, 1809, by the brazen throats of the French artillery, announcing in unwelcome thunder, that Italy had sunk into a mere province of Gaul. Pius and the Cardinal gazed at each other, and they simultaneously uttered the hallowed declaration of the Redeemer, "IT IS FINISHED!"

In wanton defiance, forth issued the excommunication. The poor Pope, as he flung it forth, with his arm upheld by the Cardinal, bewailed with a very unpapal sort of bewilderment, that the expressions in it were *rather* strong! The Emperor, with victory seated on his helm, was far away, triumphing on the shores of the Danube. *Procul a Jove, procul a fulmine.* He dragged the Papal Jupiter down to the earth, and smashed his thunderbolts.

When the French army entered Rome, its leaders simply announced that they were merely passing on their way to invade Naples. They had, however, other work on their way. On the 6th of July, 1809, the Quirinal was forced at daybreak, with little difficulty, and General Radet sounded a *réveillé* in the old halls, which brought the Pope and his little Court from their beds in haste, and loose attire;—yet without much sacrifice of dignity. The two parties looked for a moment at each other, in perfect silence. At length, the French General made a half-apology for what he had done; he then added an announcement, that the temporal sovereignty of the Pope was at an end; and he concluded by observing, that if his Holiness would know more, he might learn all he desired by applying to General Miollis, French Governor of Rome.

In reliance on this information, Pius and the Cardinal entered a carriage, the doors of which were immediately made fast. General Radet mounted the box, and the horses galloped off, with the two astounded captives. When the latter discovered the deception that had been put upon

them, they were momentarily affected. They were in heavy state-dresses, without provision of any sort for their future comfort, and they had not half-a-crown between them. The Pope congratulated himself and the Cardinal that they had, at least, left behind them the Bull of Excommunication, against which, as they thought, neither King nor Kaiser could long maintain an effectual struggle.

It was sunrise as the carriage rolled through the Porta del Popolo, and took its way, with its illustrious burden, towards Tuscany. The heat became insufferable towards noon, particularly as the two prisoners were accoutred in their official robes, and the blinds were closed, to prevent recognition on the part of a sympathizing people. At Viterbo, the Pope hungered. "In a miserable room that contained only one old broken chair, the only one in the house probably, the Pope, seating himself at a table covered with an extremely dirty tablecloth, ate an egg and a slice of ham. Towards the evening, the Pope was thirsty, and as we were not then in the neighbourhood of any house, the quartermaster Cadini filled a bottle from a stream that ran at the roadside, and brought it to the Holy Father, who drank and was refreshed exceedingly." While changing horses at Bolsena, a friar stood by the carriage, unconscious whom it contained, and entered into a very unreserved conversation with General Radet on the subject of an epistolary correspondence that had passed between them. The Pope listened, and remarked that the friar was a "scamp." "*Che frate briccone!*" said he, as the carriage proceeded on its journey. The day's travelling terminated at Radicofani, where the captives arrived a little before midnight, benumbed with cold, without a single change of linen to relieve them of that which was now almost frozen to their backs, and dispirited more from fatigue than from lack of courage. The Cardinal remarks, with a cheerful complacency, that in the full and imposing habit of his rank, he

helped the maid-servant of the little inn to make the Papal bed. It was a sorry couch; but on it the Pope flung himself, attired as he was, and the Cardinal followed his example, in a room adjoining.

The following morning, the travellers resumed their journey, continuing it, day after day, through a now excited and menacing population, and with one overturn, in which the Pope's seat was ominously broken to pieces. They reached Grenoble on the 22nd of July. After a sojourn there of ten days, the Pontiff was privately carried off in the middle of the night, and before daybreak, on the 1st of August, the Cardinal found himself a State-prisoner, travelling alone, towards the dreary fortress of Fenestrelle, in Piedmont. He reached his destination on Sunday, the 6th of August, and entered his prison, not without emotion. In his miserable cell he sat alone. No confessor was permitted to approach him; pen and ink were forbidden; and not the slightest comfort was to be procured, except by paying for it. The only thing given to him was a book. To his horror, it was a volume of Voltaire! He looked at it with indignation, and then read it through! With time came better treatment, and the Cardinal was furnished with a Bible, religious books, a few amusing volumes, and occasional newspapers. The fortress had hitherto been made a place of detention for prisoners of the lowest class and the greatest wickedness. But soon after the Cardinal's arrival, the prisoners consisted chiefly of priests, suspected of caring less for the interests of Napoleon than for those of the Pope. Among them was a worthy Lombard incumbent, who "talked of nothing but the fat condition of his capons, and the excellent wine left in his habitation." There was also a rural priest from the diocese of Forliz, whom the Cardinal describes as "worthy" too, but "corpulent" also.

The captivity of the Cardinal in this fortress lasted three years and a half. During this time he suffered many hard-

ships; but he found solace, not to say merriment, in devising means for carrying on the rites and ceremonies of the Church, in his prison, although such matters had been strictly prohibited by superior order.

Meanwhile, Pius was transferred from Grenoble to Valence. At the latter place, says Father Macpherson, whose narrative now supplies the necessary materials for awhile, "the Holy Father was obliged to seek repose on one of the worst beds that can be imagined." At noon of the following day, the Pontiff entered Avignon. The people of the old Papal city were so convulsed between delight and indignation, that they had wellnigh rescued the Pontiff. His escort had some difficulty in passing through the city, pistol in hand. One man, of mild aspect and civil demeanour, approached Father Macpherson, and asked, "If it were true that the Pope had formally excommunicated the Emperor Bonaparte?" On my laconic answer, says Macpherson, that I could not satisfy him, because it was death to speak; "That is enough for me," he exclaimed "that's quite enough,—I understand;" and, so saying, hurried away to the thickest of the crowd.

By a *détour* from Avignon, the Pope and his attendants were now conveyed to Nice. On the frontier of Savoy, Pius was met by another fallen sovereign, the Queen of Etruria. Over the long bridge which crosses the Varo, the Pontiff and the crownless Queen passed on foot, and countless multitudes lined the road to Nice, and asked for blessings, which were bountifully scattered.

During the sojourn of a few days at Nice, the dethroned Queen was not again allowed to see the Pope. It was a hardship for both; but each had borne, and had yet to bear, greater. From Nice the captives were transferred to Savona. They were lodged, for the first time, as became the dignity of their master, namely in the Bishop's palace. Count Saematoris of Turin, one of the Imperial Masters of Cere-

monies, came to attach himself to the service of the Pontiff. His Holiness's table was placed at the unlimited disposal of the Count's cooks. Coaches, horses, liveries, everything was spared that could contribute to his external magnificence. All the domestics were allowed to demand, to the extent of 100 louis per month, for the appointment of each individual. Observing that the Pope had nothing but a brass lamp and a common inkstand, he presented him immediately with a superb silver lustre, and a highly-wrought writing apparatus of silver; but the Pope, who could not be imposed upon by theatrical appearances, and well knew his own condition to be that of a prisoner, firmly refused everything that was offered on his own account, and prohibited his domestics from accepting anything further than absolute necessaries.

As the liberality of the Government was spurned, the authorities reduced the allowance of each person, from the Pontiff downward, to five paoli a day. All aid from without was also stopped. The Ecclesiastical Court found itself so straitened, that the Pope applied, through his attendants, for some more satisfactory arrangement, and this was readily acceded to the humbled Pontiff by the French authorities.

The Pontifical patience was nearly exhausted, when news reached Savona of the independent way in which Napoleon was then administering the affairs of the Gallican Church On the other hand, the Imperial suspicion was aroused by reports that Pius, although in durance, contrived to convey his sovereign orders to the Church in France and elsewhere. Hence numerous and unexpected visits on the part of the police to his desk and papers; and the consequent confiscation of all means to carry on correspondence. "The Emperor sent a courier to the Prefect with a despatch, to be presented by him into the hands of the Pope, in person. . . . The Holy Father, however, refused to open it." The Pre-

fect renewed his entreaties that he would read the letter. The Pope still persisting in his refusal, the Prefect at last caused the letter to be opened, and read it himself in the Pope's presence; in doing which, even *he* was confounded by the invectives and the abusive language with which his Holiness was loaded in it. It treated him as nothing less than absolutely weak and imbecile; and talked of calling together, at Paris, a Council of all the Bishops in the Empire, to decree his solemn *décadence* from the Papacy. "At the foot of this crucifix," said the Pope, "I lay the letter. I leave it to Him to avenge my cause, the cause which is no longer mine, but is thus made His own." So far Father Macpherson.

Napoleon however was resolved to exact the *Concordat* from the Pontiff, and the latter was now unceremoniously hurried from Savona to Fontainebleau. Such scant courtesy was exhibited towards the fallen sovereign, that not only was he made to travel day and night, but the Holy Father was not permitted to get out of his carriage, "which—during the short period every evening, while the attendants and servants of the illustrious prisoner were taking refreshment at the inn—was *regularly, with the Pope inside, dragged into the coach-house.*"

At length Fontainebleau was reached, and there the splendid misery of the Pontiff may be said to have increased. He was treated with mingled ceremony and neglect,—was permitted a little liberty, and then condemned to much restraint. But Napoleon subdued him to the Imperial will; and when Pacca subsequently joined him at the rural palace, the good man was aghast to find that the Pope had placed the Church in subservience to the State, as personified in Napoleon. Of the sort of life passed by the captive Pontiff, Savary gives us a graphic, rather than an agreeable or lofty description.

Savary says, "The Holy Father was very penurious, not-

withstanding all his wants were amply provided for. He used to count over, with great care, some dozen pieces of gold which he had in his desk. He kept a strict account of his wardrobe, from his Pontifical robes to his shirts, stockings, and the most trifling article of his dress. He never looked into a book during the whole day, but employed himself in a way which would not be credited, had it not been notorious. He patched and stitched up any accidental rent in his gowns, sewed buttons on his small-clothes, and washed the front of his robes to clear them of the stains of snuff, which he took to excess. A large dose of illusion certainly fell to the share of those who could believe in the infallibility of a being in whom the weakness of human nature was so strongly exemplified."

If this be a true description of Pius VII. at this period, his spirit was no longer that of a few years before. When he visited Paris in 1804, Napoleon was extremely anxious to induce the Pope to take up his residence in the French capital. One of the Chamberlains of the Pontiff has described an interview which took place between the two illustrious individuals which is worth repeating. It is quoted in Birch's translation of Eybert's 'Characteristic Traits and Domestic Life of Frederick William III.,' and is to this effect:—Napoleon "awaited the arrival of the Holy Father in the Chamber of Audience, and with an iron instrument bored and stabbed the chairs and tables, as he was wont when excited. At last the Holy Father entered, calmly and with much solemnity; with due respect, the Emperor offered him a magnificent chair, whereupon he seated himself. The then recently anointed Emperor, in a confidential and agreeable manner, stated to the Holy Father his wishes, begging and advising him to transfer the Papal Chair from Rome to Paris, and inhabit one of the Imperial palaces, that so, in community with himself, the whole earth might be governed from the world's metropolis; that his revenue should be

doubled; moreover, he should have a brilliant bodyguard appointed, and share with him in all worldly dominion, power, and glory, as *confrater*. Pope Pius VII. heard this high-flown speech and promises with the utmost serenity, and, when finished, merely uttered the word '*Comediante!*' 'What!' cried the enraged Emperor, starting from his chair, 'I, a comedian? Priest, our friendship is ended.' Snorting and pacing the room, he seized on a beautiful bit of mosaic-work, representing St. Peter's Church in Rome, which stood on the table, and dashing it on the floor, thundered out, 'Dost see?—Even so will I break thee, thy Chair, thy Church, and thy rule. The day of wrath (*dies iræ*) is o'er thee.' The Holy Father, with the same serenity as before, replied by a single word, '*Tragediante!*'—at the same time, with perfect coolness and dignity, he left the room."

It was not till February, 1813, that Cardinal Pacca, after a captivity of three years and a half, was permitted to join Pius at Fontainebleau. When the two met, the Cardinal looked with strained vision on the pale, emaciated, hollow-eyed old Pope, who, "with the glare of a man grown stupid," advanced a few steps to meet him, and welcomed the thoroughly astounded Cardinal, with the remark, "I did not expect you *so soon!*"

The poor Pope, indeed, was in a state of pitiable perplexity; but his lamentations were changed into temporary glee, when Pacca pronounced that there was a remedy for the existing evil. The evil was, that the Pontiff had signed away his supremacy over the Church in France to an Emperor whom he had excommunicated, and he was now in a condition of continual repentance for the act. He mourned his great error, and showered a childish and querulous blame upon the Cardinals and Bishops who had, he said, dragged him to the table and *forced* him to subscribe to the Imperially-dictated concessions. In describing this matter, the

Cardinal naturally suspects that "infallibility" is in peril; but he gets out of the difficulty with dexterity. He tells us that when the Pope betrayed his Church, and gave up some of its best privileges to gratify a "crowned usurper," whom he had solemnly devoted to the very nethermost Gehenna, his Holiness erred, simply because he was treating of a mundane affair. Had the Pontiff been called upon to pronounce on a question of faith, the Cardinal assures us that it was perfectly and absolutely impossible that the Pope could err in the most infinitesimal degree. The Supreme Vicar upon earth might not have sense enough to find his way through a wood, but he certainly held the clue whereby to unravel the most impenetrable mysteries that veil the throne of thrones!

The Concordat was definitively signed. It substantially transferred the temporalities, and some of the spiritualities, of the Church to Napoleon. The Cardinal enters into very long details, which, if not history, will be found of very excellent use to those who write history. Their use lies in their honest truth. The Cardinal, not without a blush, paints his master the Pope, as he was,—always of the opinion of the last comer; alternately yielding and obstinate; dignified, when answering Napoleon from a distance; childishly ecstatic when the two were together, and the Pontiff received an embrace from the bear whom he had in vain tried to muzzle. The Concordat however was no sooner signed, than hundreds of persons who had hitherto looked upon Pius VII. as an oppressed saint, tore his portrait down from their bedsides, and destroyed it, amid expressions of contemptuous wrath. This vexed the harassed spirit of the bewildered Pope. The Cardinal plainly told him that his signature was invalid; for although he was infallible, he had no right to subscribe to the injury of the Church over which he presided. The vacillating Pontiff resolved to retract. One droll excuse alleged for him by the

puzzled Cardinal is, that when he so signed away his dignity and power, he hoped that for a time, *the act would remain unknown!*

It was a matter of some difficulty to conclude the retractation. Pius VII. was helpless; he feared to put anything down in writing, as during his absence at Mass, the French attendants in the palace invariably opened his drawers, desk, and trunks in search of letters. The few Cardinals in his suite could do little when they met at table, where there presided the most disagreeable of Amphitryons. This was a certain Colonel Lagorse, director of the mounted Gendarmerie, and, in plain phrase, gaoler over the Pope and Cardinals. This rough dragoon had been a monk, but he had exchanged the cloister for the camp; and as he sat armed and belted at the Cardinal's table, his unsavoury phrases as much astounded the venerable circle as those of the naughty *Vert-vert* scandalized the *nonnettes* of Nantes.

However, in spite of the lynx-eyes, fine ears, and rough speech of the Colonel, the Cardinal contrived to get the act of retractation drawn up, signed by the Pope, and forwarded to the Emperor. The latter took no notice of it: he issued a decree, stating, that by consent of the Pontiff, the Concordat was now a part of the law of the French Empire. There was a significant addition to the decree, in the arrest of those Cardinals who had been most active in inducing the Pontiff to break his engagement.

Pius VII. was now reduced to a very limited society. He became more than ever like "old Double." Endless were the jokes made by the lively French bishops at the long and tedious nothings which the Pope would repeat, touching the quiet days when he was Bishop of Tivoli or of Imola. Savary's account of the Pontiff's way of life at Fontainebleau, makes Cardinal Pacca very indignant. The latter stigmatizes the account as impertinent and audacious; he even says that it is ridiculous; but he does not say that it is

untrue. As for the Pope residing in a palace where there was a superb library, without ever taking down a book from its shelves, he remarks thereon, that "the accuser, who cast such a censure on Pius VII., was evidently not aware, that for a pious, religious man, a crucifix, and a picture of the blessed Virgin Mary, are alone an ample library, sufficient to employ him by night and by day for years successively." The pious Cardinal forgets, that when he himself was shut up in the fortress of Fenestrelle, his intellectual appetite condescended to make even Voltaire more palatable than no literary food at all.

The Pontiff, in fact, sat, as Pacca admirably pictures him, "with his hands in his girdle," until they were taken out for him. In the summer of 1813, hearing that a Ministerial Congress had assembled at Prague, Pius signed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, in which he implored his aid to re-establish the rights of the Holy See. The Congress however was dissolved before the Emperor received the letter. But in the meantime, there was a loosening of the Imperial *fasces* of France. The Government, foreseeing coming events with tolerable accuracy, despatched now a lady, now a prelate, to the Pope, for the purpose of inducing him to enter into a new treaty. The Pontiff, emboldened by the perils which beset Napoleon, refused to enter into any negotiations anywhere but at Rome. The French Government, by no means anxious that the Allies should crown their great triumph of overthrowing an empire by giving freedom to a Pope, suddenly despatched the latter on the 23rd of July, 1814, to his capital.

His return was one long ovation, with an odour of incense from beginning to end. As a restored sovereign he disappears from these imperfect pages. There only remains to be told of him that when he entered the Quirinal he at once repaired to his own private room. In his absence, it had been redecorated by order of the French Government, and

in the very highest French taste. On every panel there was a bevy of nymphs in very transparent costume, and not much even of that. "Well!" said the restored Pontiff, smiling good-humouredly the while, "we will have some of these lively ladies changed into Madonnas, and then each party will have acted *à modo suo!*"

Once since the restoration of Pius VII. has the world seen a temporarily-deposed Pontiff. In 1848, the iniquity of the Papal administration, and the fashion set by Paris, threatened the establishment of a new Roman Republic. Pius IX. was a prisoner in his own palace, where the French Ambassador resided, in order to give him the protection of the French flag. This was a double thraldom, from which the Pontiff was relieved, chiefly by the ingenuity of the Bavarian Minister, De Spaur, and his wife, an English lady. One day in November, 1848, the Bavarian Minister left the Quirinal, followed to his carriage by a livery-servant, who took his place by the side of the coachman. On arriving at the Bavarian Embassy, the footman, who was no other than the illustrious Pontiff, changed his dress for that of one of the ambassadorial chaplains, and was speedily and safely conveyed across the frontier into the territory of Naples, which had afforded an asylum to the fugitive Hildebrand.

The Pope did not very long remain the guest of the King of Naples. The Roman Republic was indeed established, but, lo!—

> "The Frank Republic on its banner waves,
> And marches forth to tell the Pontiff's slaves,
> That new-born freedom shall not find a home
> Within the precincts of St. Peter's dome."

So sang Quillinan: but there may be something better in store for Italy, than a stiletto-republic. A Papal abdication has been suggested, and it is one of a novel and not unreasonable character. There is in France a certain Abbé Michon; he is a zealous and orthodox churchman, but he can

read the signs of the times; and, discerning their threatening aspect, he has published a pamphlet in which he advocates the expediency of relieving the Pontiff from the burden of temporal power, and establishing his Holiness at Jerusalem, as the spiritual Prince of Catholic Christendom. The Abbé rightly thinks that the Pope would win more respect on his new throne than he does now, upheld by foreign bayonets, which only stand between him and inevitable revolution. The Abbé looks to great opposition on the part of the Cardinals; but he thinks these of little importance compared with the great end in view. Such a revolution of the Church, wisely regulated, would undoubtedly tend towards establishing that Christian unity which has, for so many centuries, ceased to exist. With a sagacious spiritual chief at Jerusalem, who thoroughly comprehended his position, the world might yet realize the sublime spectacle of one fold under one shepherd. But the obstinacy of the scattered flock, as well as the pretensions of the pastor, may render this desirable consummation for ever impossible. One thing however is certain, the removal of the Pope to Jerusalem would help Italy to freedom; and then

> "Again the buried genius of old Rome
> Would from the dust uprear his reverend head,
> Roused by the shout of millions."

LIST OF POPES WITH TEMPORAL POWER.

A. D.		A. D.	
752.	Stephen II.	824.	Eugenius II.
757.	Paul I.	827.	Valentinus.
768.	Stephen III.	828.	Gregory IV.
772.	Adrian I.	844.	Sergius II.
795.	Leo III.	847.	Leo IV.
816.	Stephen IV.		(Pope Joan.)
817.	Paschal I.	855.	Benedict III.

A.D.
858. Nicholas I.
867. Adrian II.
872. John VIII.
882. Martin II.
884. Adrian III.
885. Stephen V.
891. Formosus.
896. Boniface VI., deposed.
897. Romanus, Antipope.
——. Stephen VI., strangled.
898. Theodorus II.
898. John IX.
900. Benedict IV.
903. Leo V., deposed.
904. Sergius III.
911. Anastasius III.
913. Lando.
914. John X., resigned, and was smothered.
928. Leo VI.
929. Stephen VII.
931. John XI., died in prison.
936. Leo VII.
939. Stephen VIII.
942. Martin III.
946. Agapetus II.
956. John XII., deposed; murdered.
963. Leo VIII. supported successfully by the Emperor against
963. Benedict V.

A.D.
965. John XIII.
972. Benedict VI., murdered in prison.
974. Boniface VII.
974. Domnus II.
975. Benedict VII.
983. John XIV.
984. John XV.
985. John XVI.
996. Gregory V.
999. Sylvester II.
1003. John XVII.
1003. John XVIII.
1009. Sergius IV.
1012. Benedict VIII.
1024. John XIX.
1033. Benedict IX., by purchase; expelled.
1044. Gregory VI., abdicated.
1046. Clement II.
1047. Benedict IX., again deposed.
1048. Damasus II.
1048. Leo IX.
1055. Victor II.
1057. Stephen IX.
1058. Benedict X., expelled.
1058. Nicholas II.
1061. Alexander II.
1073. Gregory VII., Hildebrand.
1086. Victor III.
1088. Urban II.

Russia.

THE CZARS.

"La tyrannie Russe est la plus dure, car elle s'exercice au nom des droits les plus sacrés."—ANONYME.

IT is now a thousand years since Ruric, the Scandinavian chief, assisted by a piratical force, invaded the eastern shores of the Baltic, and laid the foundations of a dominion, which his successors held for something like seven centuries. Before two hundred years had elapsed from the conquest of Ruric, the Russians had made no less than three attempts to plunder Constantinople. The policy of the chiefs of that first period is followed by the Czars of the fifth. The former erected a statue on the square of Taurus, on the base of which there miraculously appeared a written prophecy, that the Russ would one day sit in the seat of the Greek Emperor.

This mendacious system is still pursued. Nicholas sanctioned the falsehood by which declaration was made that the Virgin Mary hovered over the Russian army proceeding southwards, and that the Panagia thereby testified that the Muscovite march, in the direction of Constantinople, was blessed by her approval.

All the early expeditions made against the last-named city were by sea. Despite the ferocity with which they were maintained, the commercial relations of the Greek Empire and the Russian State were but slightly affected; and conse-

quently, the civilization of the Russ was not materially impeded.

Ruric was succeded by his son Igor, whose wife and successor, Olga, went to Constantinople to be baptized. This religious circumstance did not prevent her son Sviatoslav from attempting to destroy the holy city. He was so roughly treated, however, by John Zimisces, that he humbly thanked the latter for a safe-conduct back to his dominions.

The late Czar Nicholas had the effrontery to cite this occurrence as a proof of the friendly union which was begun in early times between the Russ and the Greek! Under Vladimir, the son of Sviatoslav, all Russia was converted to a very equivocal sort of Christianity. Thousands plunged at once into various rivers, and, on emerging, were pronounced converted! With Sviatoslav terminates the list of the Chiefs of the first period, A.D. 1015.

Vladimir divided his dominions among his ten sons. An internecine war of succession followed. During two centuries and a half, the land knew not peace. At the very highest of the confusion the Tartars, under the command of Batou Khan, the grandson of the great Zinghiz, ravaged the country, made vassals of the Russians, and established a sovereignty. It is from this horde of Tartars that the Russians of the present day are descended. The Tartar sovereignty, and the opposition to it, fill up the second and third periods of Russian history.

This sovereignty became intolerable, from its tyranny. Ivan suceeeded in establishing himself at Moscow, in 1325; but he and his successors had to struggle daily with the forces of the great Tartar chiefs, who were not thoroughly subdued till 1462, when the great Ivan (III.) mounted the Ducal throne, opened the fifth period, and, after a reign of what is called "glory," left a large inheritance, which ultimately fell to Ivan (IV.) Vasilievitch, the "Terrible,"—one

of the most savage, yet one of the most enlightened monarchs that ever reigned. A.D. 1533.

This intellectual monster had not cut his teeth when he succeeded to his sire's greatness. His mother, Helena, acted as regent. In comparison with her, Messalina was an angel of purity. The boy was trained to ferocity, to maim animals, and to ride over people in the streets. Ivan was only in his teens when he had one of his attendants worried to death by dogs in the public highway. The Gluiski family encouraged the young sovereign in these acts. They taught him that God had excepted him from responsibility in respect to the commandment, "Thou shalt do no murder!" They inculcated that, in a great prince, assassination was a virtue.

Ivan robbed his people, not only by oppressive taxation, but by vulgar open plunder. Complaint brought death. In his frolicsome moods, Ivan compelled parents to slay their children, and children one another. Where there was a survivor, the amiable monarch, if he was not too weary, would slay him himself, and would laugh at this conclusion to so excellent a joke. His devotion was ostentatious, and he was ever exemplarily devout when he was most stupidly drunk. One of his playful traits was the letting slip wild bears among the affrighted citizens in the streets; and he would calmly recite his prayers, while he looked on at the slaughter. He compensated for any little irregularity in the matter, by flinging a few coins to the wounded, after he rose from his knees.

Southey, quoting Giles Fletcher, says that "Ivan Basilowitz" sent to the city of Moscow "to provide for him a measure-full of fleas, for a medicine. They answered, it was impossible; and if they could get them, yet they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon the city of 7000 roubles."

When Ivan suffered from depression, his professional

jesters were summoned to amuse him. They must have addressed themselves to this task with delighful buoyancy, for a bad joke was sure to be strangled in the throat of the utterer. The noblest were not safe. Ivan once threw, over Prince Gorsdorf, who had failed in an attempt to be witty, a tureen of scalding-hot soup; and as the Prince endeavoured to escape, the Czar plunged a knife into his side. The unhappy noble fell dead; and Ivan, remarking that he had "carried the joke far enough," bade the physician attend to him. "It is only God and your Majesty," said the medical man, "who can restore the Prince to life. He is quite gone." The Czar was a little affected at the event, but he took a pleasant way of forgetting it. It chanced that a favourite noble came, at this moment, in sight, and approaching, he bowed in reverence before the Czar. The latter, delighted, took hold of him by the ear, just as Napoleon used to do with his arch-favourites. The French Emperor, however, was accustomed to leave the ear he pinched, upon the head of its owner. Not so Ivan, who, using his knife, cut off the member, and flung it into the face of his ancient friend. The noble received the same with many acknowledgments of his master's condescension.

This Czar was the husband of seven wives—at once. This was the only circumstance in his character which the Greek Church affected to blame. His offer to espouse our Virgin-Queen Elizabeth must have made that gracious lady merry. Ivan himself soon ceased to be so. In a fit of fury, he smote his own son dead, by blows from an iron bar! God and outraged nature no longer spared this most hideous monster. He became gloomy, but hardly less cruel. Partial madness succeeded to gloom; and death, at last, to both.

This savage was one of the ablest of men and of rulers. He introduced printing into Russia, gave it a code of laws, encouraged religious toleration, and promoted civilization by patronizing the fine arts, with a liberality perhaps

never known out of his dominions. But his intemperance made him cruel, and indulgence in wine and savageness rendered him insane. His son, Feodor Ivanovitch, was poisoned; and thus ended the last of the male line of Ruric, 1598.

Boris, the brother-in-law of Feodor, succeeded, and fell by poison administered by himself. His disastrous reign was followed by the more disastrous one of his son, Feodor II., who was speedily strangled, and his place taken by a monk who called himself Demetrius. The Demetrius whose identity was thus usurped, was the brother of Feodor I., who was said to have been slain by Boris. Whether the monk was the real or false Demetrius, has never been satisfactorily determined. However this may be, he met the fate he had inflicted on his predecessor. Under the reign of his successor, Vasili, Russia was a prey to insurrection and famine. To make confusion worse confounded, the Poles swept over the country, destroyed everything before them, reigned over ruin, and displayed such execrable tyranny, that the nation rose, drove them out, and chose for its Czar, Michael Romanoff, the first sovereign of the present dynasty.

This dynasty occupies the throne of Russia by right of popular election, alone. The first sovereign of that dynasty, Michael, created his father Patriarch of the Greek Church in Russia. He chose for his wife, the daughter of a man who was ploughing in the fields when intelligence reached him that he was father-in-law of the Czar (1613).

Michael Romanoff, by his pacific and prudent policy, secured the prosperity of his dominions, After a reign of thirty-two years, he left the throne to Alexis. When Alexis died, he left, by his first wife, Feodor, Ivan, and Sophia; by his second, Peter and Natalia. Feodor (III.) succeeded his father, but he soon died, after naming his young half-brother Peter as his successor. The imbecile Ivan nominally reigned

with the latter; and their sister Sophia, with her favourite, Prince Galitzin, ruled all.

Peter could endure no brother near the throne like Ivan; still less a superior, like Sophia. The first was quietly got rid of; the latter stood more obstinately in her half-brother's way, supported by the Strelitzes, or guards, who had made of her, virtually, an Empress. Ultimately, however, Peter subdued all his opponents. He compelled Sophia to shave her head and retire to a monastery; and he destroyed the arrogant soldiery by whom her cause had been espoused. When such of the Strelitzes who had not been assassinated, were being judicially executed, they were called by name, one after the other, to the block. At length the turn came of a youthful soldier named Orel. He boldly advanced, and as the heads of his dead comrades impeded his way to the block, he put them aside with his feet, saying, "Make room, comrades, I am coming to join you." His boldness won for him his life; and Peter, ennobling his name of Orel (Eagle) by an additional syllable, subsequently bestowed on him the dignity which is now worn by his descendant, Count Orloff.

Peter the Great reigned alone from the year 1689 to 1725. He was the founder of St. Petersburg; he raised the country to a position it had never hitherto attained, and he was the first of the Czars who assumed the title of Emperor. His consort, the great Catherine, reigned two years after his death; and at her decease, the throne was occupied by Peter II., the grandson of Peter the Great. After a brief reign of nearly three years, the early death of Peter II. left the throne open to Anne, the younger daughter of the last-named Ivan. The names of Anne and Biron, Duke of Courland, are inseparable. Her acts were, in a great measure, the result of his influence. Her reign was marked by her intrigues in Poland, her successful wars against Turkey and Tartary, and her injustifiable invasion of the Crimea.

Anne adopted the daughter of her sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. This adopted child married Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and their son was the unfortunate Ivan VI. On the deposition of Ivan (1740), Elizabeth, daughter of Peter the Great, seized on the crown, which she wore during twenty-one years. In 1762 she was succeeded by Peter III., son of Anne (daughter of Peter the Great) and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp. The deposition and murder of Peter III. will be found noticed in a subsequent page. These acts raised her who committed them, Catherine (II.), the consort of Peter, to the throne; a position which she occupied for the long period of thirty-four years. She left an enlarged dominion to her son Paul, A.D. 1796. At the end of five years, the murdered Paul was succeeded by his son Alexander, who dealt very tenderly with the assassins of his father. At the end of twenty-four years, Alexander having died, and his next brother, Constantine, having resigned, the Czar Nicholas was raised to the throne. The reign of Nicholas extended to thirty years; at the end of which period, the Czar died, broken-hearted at the failure of all his attempts to subdue Turkey, or to vanquish the allies of a state which Nicholas thought he held at his mercy. In 1855, Alexander II. was proclaimed Czar, and in September, 1856, he was crowned, amid circumstances of much barbaric pomp, at Moscow. Alexander II. is the sixteenth sovereign of the House of Romanoff.

IVAN VI.

"There is a majesty which awakens our reverence more than that of the crown,—the majesty of woe."—EMILIE CARLÉN.

WHEN Biron, Duke of Courland, was the reigning favourite in the Court of the Czarina Anne, his ambition prompted him to aspire to be the successor of his mistress! The latter had adopted the daughter of her sister, the Duchess of Mecklenburg. The young lady's name was Catherine; but, on becoming the adopted daughter of the Czarina, she changed her baptismal appellation, and assumed that of her new "mother." Thenceforth, at Court, she was called the Princess Anne.

In 1733, the authoress of "Letters from a Lady who resided some years in Russia, to her Friends in England," speaks of the then youthful Princess as a child, "not very handsome, and has such natural bashfulness, that no judgment can be formed what she will be." The Princess was only twelve years old at the period of her adoption. In 1731, the whole nation had already taken an oath to acknowledge her as the successor of the reigning Czarina; and even then, the youthful heiress-apparent was named as the destined bride of Ulric, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel.

On days of public ceremony, the youthful Princess, and the Princess Elizabeth, her great after-enemy, occupied thrones on either side of that on which the Czarina was seated. The young Prince Ulric had been brought to Russia, in order that he might be educated with the Princess,

who was to be his bride, and in the hope that the early intimacy would ripen into a sincere attachment. His lot was considered one of the most brilliant upon earth. "Fortune," says Manstein, "was opening her arms to place him on the pinnacle of happiness; but time showed that he arrived only for his own misfortune and that of others."

Ulric was a fair, effeminate-looking lad, on whom his youthful spouse-elect looked with a feeling very much akin to contempt. He was somewhat stiff and awkward of carriage,—a defect that was the result of timidity and awe at the lofty position to which he had been called by the Czarina.

The idea of his marriage with the "Lady Anne" was highly distasteful to Biron. The latter was the grandson of a groom named Van Büren,—a name which he "Frenchified," when he saw the path of nobility opening to him. His views were now of the most aspiring. "Last week," says the lady letter-writer, in 1739, "the ambitious Duke of Courland waited on the Princess, and told her, he came from her Majesty, to tell her she must marry either the Prince of Brunswick, or his (Biron's) son, the Prince of Courland. She said, her Majesty's commands she should always obey, though in this, she owned, with reluctance, for she had rather be shot than marry either; but that if she must marry one, she chose the Prince of Brunswick. You will guess the Duke was mortified."

A world of formality ensued, and preparatory ceremonies were gone through, which had very much the aspect of a "ballet." The betrothal was especially dramatic. On the 30th of July, 1739, when the Czarina was seated on the throne in the great gallery, "the Prince came in to thank her for giving him the Princess. He was dressed in a white satin suit of clothes, embroidered with gold; his own fair hair, which is very long, curled, and all loose; and I could not help thinking he looked like a victim. Then the

Grand Marshal and the Prince Czerkaskoi led in the Princess, who stepped just before her Majesty; and she told her that she had given her consent to the Prince, that he should have her for his wife. On this, the Princess clasped her hands round her aunt's (the Czarina's) neck, and burst into tears. Her Majesty stood some time with a grave composure, but at length melted into tears also. At last, the Ambassador took hold of the Empress, and the Great Marshal of the Princess. Her Majesty composed herself, and took a ring from the Princess, another from the Prince, and changing them, presented hers to him, and his to her. She then tied his picture round her niece's arm, kissed them both, and wished them joy. The Princess Elizabeth came then to salute the bride, and embraced her in an agony of tears; but the Empress pulled her away, and the Princess retired, to make way for the others to kiss her hand, she all the while weeping; the Prince supported her, and really looked a little silly at all this passion of tears. Her Majesty soon withdrew, and the company went home to prepare for the wedding next day."

The wedding was not accomplished without a vast amount of cumbersome ceremony. The bride "was dressed in a stiffened gown of silver stuff, embroidered with silver, the stomacher all diamonds, and a little coronet of diamonds, and a great many between the curls of her hair, which is black, so that the jewels looked well in it." The whole matter, —processions, matrimonial service, and processions again,— consumed eleven hours, from nine in the morning, till eight at night, when a nuptial banquet was served, at which there were many so worn out with fatigue as to be scarcely able to sit upright. A ball followed the banquet, from which the jaded revellers wended homeward in the broad sunlight of a July morning. "On the following Saturday, the Empress and all the company dined at the new married couple's apartments, where was the ceremony of their *waiting at table*,

which it is usual for the bride and bridegroom in that country to do; and thus ended this grand wedding."

On this wedding Biron looked with the most intense disgust; nor was this feeling mitigated when the Princess Anne became mother of a Prince,—the unhappy Ivan. The intrigues of the indefatigable noble were not however altogether unsuccessful. It was in consequence of these that Ivan was declared next heir to the throne; and Biron was nominated to the office of Regent, in the event of the Czarina Anne dying before the little Prince had attained his majority. It was further stated that, failing Ivan, or Ivan's brother, Biron was to exercise the power of proposing a new Czar, for the sanction of the States. On the 17th of October, 1740, the Czarina Anne died. It was in her reign that a corps of Muscovite troops was seen, for the first time, on the banks of the Rhine. They appeared there, as allies of Austria against France. The dying Czarina solemnly nominated Ivan VI. as her successor. The boy was then two months old. The Czarina also fixed the majority of the young Czar at eighteen years of age.

Within three weeks from the accession of the unconscious baby Ivan VI., the active mother of the little sovereign, arrested and sent into exile, not only Biron, but several members of his family. His friend Field-Marshal Münnich carried him off from his bed, and Münnich helped the mother of Ivan to assume the vacant office of Regent.

Anne of Brunswick, and her husband Ulric, were constantly at issue on the system of policy to be adopted. Münnich supported "her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess;" Ostermann was the head of the party who sustained the policy of the grand Duke. In addition to these two factions, there was a third, that of Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of Peter the Great. This last party looked upon Elizabeth as the rightful sovereign of Russia. That Princess was too indolent to put forward her own claims; and Anne, jealous

as she was, of all interference with her authority, was too amiable to suspect her kinswoman of disloyalty, and too self-confident to believe that her son's throne was endangered.

Something more than a year had thus passed, when the birth-day of Elizabeth, the 18th of December, 1741, came round. Anne sent her a pair of costly bracelets. The child-Czar, Ivan, dropped into her lap a gold snuff-box with the Imperial Eagle. At this very time, her friends were projecting the deposition of the innocent Sovereign and the elevation of Elizabeth in his place. The project was not impeded by the dissensions which reigned around the Regent; Anne was cold towards Münnich,—for the sufficient reason that though, by accomplishing the fall of Biron, he had helped her to reign, she could not but hate a traitor guilty of such treachery.

There was a French party also working zealously to pull down both Anne and her son. The party met at the French Ambassador's. The very soul of this faction was a certain Hanoverian, Lestocq, who was, for the nonce, physician to Elizabeth. The latter also received visits from persons who could only be acceptable to that princess as political instruments: they were not of a quality to warrant for them a welcome either as lovers or friends. Ulric was uneasy on hearing of these visits, and talked of shutting up Elizabeth in a monastery. "She would not be the first Russian princess," said the Duke, "who has been so treated, after being proved guilty." The English Ambassador then resident in Russia says, upon this threat, "Of all things in the world, this would not please her; and it might be also a dangerous expedient, for she has not one bit of nun's flesh about her, and she is extremely well-beloved and very popular."

The popularity of Elizabeth saved her from being put into confinement. The intellect, penetration, amiability, and humanity of Anne, on the other hand, in nowise tended to place her son in greater security. Besides, her own reserved manners rendered her unpopular.

A suggestion was made to arrest Lestocq; but, despotic as the Government was, this step appeared too hazardous. A truly Russian idea got possession of the mind of Ostermann: he proposed that Lestocq should be made so drunk at dinner as to cause him to betray his confidential secrets. But this plan also proved abortive. The best system would have been to have rendered Elizabeth contented, by furnishing her with ample revenues. Like Christina, she held that the greatest pleasure to be derived from money was in spending it upon pleasure. She was kept ill-provided; and Lestocq not only improved the opportunity thus offered to him, but spoke indiscreetly in Russian society. His words were, of course, reported at Court, but the Regent Anne refused to disbelieve in the treachery of the daughter of Peter the Great. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Breslau, in Silesia, in which information was given of the organization of a plot to dethrone the youthful Czar, that Anne became convinced of the peril which surrounded her. *After* conviction, came doubt; and then, in a burst of foolish enthusiasm and confidence, she placed the letter before Elizabeth herself. That little-scrupulous lady shed tears, looked up to Heaven, and, with that alacrity for mendacity which has been so common in the Russian Sovereigns, she protested that the details of the letter were wretched calumny.

The fact is, that every detail was true, but Elizabeth affected to believe that the season had not yet arrived for the accomplishment of the design. Lestocq was, doubtless, aware of the interview which had taken place between the two ladies, on the 23rd of November, 1741. Within twenty-four hours, the "body-physician" of Elizabeth entered her apartment, with professional confidence. He placed in her hand a card. On one side was represented a female figure, wearing an Imperial crown. On the other, was the same figure, the face covered with a conventual veil, and surrounded by instruments of torture. Elizabeth looked at the double

illustration, and then at Lestocq. "Madam," said the conspirator, "you have but to make your choice,—a crown or a nunnery."

The Princess, who had, the day before, called the angels to witness the pure loyalty of her conduct and intentions, was not long in coming to a decision. At one o'clock in the morning of the 25th of November, she left her apartments, accompanied by three individuals, of whom Lestocq was one. They proceeded to a neighbouring barracks, where their coming was expected. Three hundred Grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, and grenades in their pouches, awaited *them* and their orders. Elizabeth, throwing off her indolence, placed herself at their head, and led them to the Imperial palace. There, too, everything denoted that they came not unexpected. They had no difficulty in rendering themselves masters of all the outlets. This done, Elizabeth and a chosen few repaired to the sleeping apartments of the Imperial family. The little Czar and his little sister were asleep in their respective "cribs;" their parents were equally unconscious, in their own bed-chamber. Elizabeth aroused the whole party, consigned them to arrest, and, with a person designated as "the favourite Julia Mengden," ordered the illustrious prisoners to be conveyed to her own house.

Meanwhile, all the chief adherents of the fallen family were also secured. Elizabeth returned to her own residence to look upon the more illustrious captives; and these heard her proclaimed "Empress" by the soldiery, horse and foot, assembled in the street, and who hailed with shouts the announcement made to them that the members of the nobility, within the house, had resolved that the throne was vacant, and that it should be occupied by Elizabeth.

The change was complete. The French Ambassador, who had secretly brought it about, became virtually the Prime-Minister of Russia. Lestocq was raised to the rank of Privy Councillor, which put him on an equality with a General-in-

Chief. The new Czarina also conferred on him a pension of 7000 roubles a year; and she presented him with her picture, set in jewels, of the value of 20,000 roubles. He wore it about his neck, attached to a blue ribbon,—till he went the way of all men in Russia, who have too peculiar claims in the gratitude of the Sovereign,—namely, to Siberia.

Before we follow the unfortunate principals in this drama, some notice is due to the subordinates. A commission, over which Elizabeth herself secretly presided,—at which she was present, but invisible,—sent Münnich, Ostermann, and five others to the scaffold. The last-named was the first who was placed on the platform, seated in a chair. He stood, however, dignified by his grey whiskers and his long beard and his noble bearing, while his alleged crimes were read over at great length, and the sentence which condemned him to suffer the penalty of death. He then reseated himself. The soldiers immediately dragged him from his seat, towards one of the blocks, by each of which was an axe. The executioner approached the kneeling old man, made bare his head, unbuttoned his shirt-collar, tore open the neck of his night-gown, and then bade him place his head on the block. When Ostermann had calmly obeyed the order, an officer stooped and informed him that her Majesty had commuted the capital punishment for that of perpetual exile. The old man made a nod with his head, as if he approved of that fact, yet was a little indifferent, and rising, said, "Very well, then be so good as to give me my wig and cap again!" These he quietly fitted to his head, lately in such peril, and then carefully pulled together his night-gown, fastened his shirt-collar, and went away, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. A similar process was observed towards the other alleged criminals.

The deposed Czar and his family were despatched to the fortress of Riga, and there kept in close confinement. In that portion of the 'State-Papers,' published by Von Raumer, having reference to this matter, we find it recorded that "a

subaltern officer was sent after the deposed Czar and his parents, to give one of the Grand Duchess's chamber-maids the knout, without saying why, and immediately returned."

It is said that when the young Ivan heard the acclamations which hailed the enthronement of his successor, he clapped his infantine hands, and crowed for joy. Elizabeth looked on him with a feeling of compassion, and exclaimed, "Poor child! thou little knowest thou art joining in the noise that is raised at thy undoing." Her compassion did not prevent her from sending this 'poor child' into rigorous captivity, in which he remained during the rest of his unhappy life.

A year and a half were spent by the wretched, although united, family in the fortress of Riga. They fared miserably, but underwent the hardships to which they were exposed—and these embraced insufficiency of food and clothing—with dignity. The Grand Duchess, Anne, was grievously ill, in addition to other miseries; but her spirit was so far from broken that, ill as she was, impatient too as her husband was at his confinement, and detrimental as the close imprisonment was to her children, she refused an offer to transfer all the captives to more pleasant exile in Germany, on condition of her renouncing all right to the crown. This refusal was followed by an aggravation of their suffering. They were transported to Dünamünde, and on their way they were plundered of their valuable effects by the Guards, under whose escort they were conveyed from one dungeon to another. The brutality of the soldiers who watched over them at Dünamünde was so unmanly and continual, as to prove that it had the sanction of the highest authority. The impatience of Ulric, too, increased the general misery. He reproached his wife with having concealed from him the letter from Breslau, but for which act of folly their son might have been upon the throne. She endeavoured to reconcile him to his lot, and the caresses of the deposed Czar were added to win a smile from him. The condition of the prisoners at Düna-

münde was ameliorated before they changed that scene of captivity for another; and there was born that charming Princess Catherine, whose death may be in the memory of many persons now living.

The next change, from Dünamünde to Ranienburg, was an agreeable one. They were still captives, but they were under the guardianship of a man who was not a mere gaoler,—an officer named Korf. This humane governor did his utmost to render the lives of his captives as tolerable as life can be, without liberty. In doing this, however, he went beyond his instructions. When it was known at St. Petersburg that Korf had a heart that could feel for his prisoners, he was removed. This was bad enough, but worse attended it. The Grand Duchess and her family were suddenly transported to the little town of Cholmogori, situated on an island of the Dvina, about fifty miles south of Archangel. The mother at least would have been indifferent to this transportation, but Ivan did not accompany her. Mother and child were separated, because the boy, now in his sixth year, alleviated the wretchedness of captivity, by his artless conversation and amiable ways; and because he was beginning to be old enough to receive from his mother instructions which Elizabeth considered could well be dispensed with.

The poor little prisoner, thus abandoned, was not entirely without friends. A good monk, with a stout heart beneath his gaberdine, and a clear head under his cowl, actually succeeded in escaping from the fortress with the too happy boy,—and much to the consternation of his keepers. The fugitives even got as far as Smolensk, but there they were captured. The brave monk's fate was swift and secret. The trembling little ex-Czar was flung into the fortress of Schlüsselburg,—and, for ever!

The treatment to which he was subjected was, in the extreme, horrible. This poor child was shut up in total dark-

ness; the seclusion was so complete, that this victim of "holy Russia" was unconscious of the changes of day and night. His consciousness of other changes was also imperfect. He was altogether neglected. He was buried alive; and terror of the dreadful loneliness rendered him partially imbecile. Twice only, it is said, he saw the daylight during his protracted captivity. On each occasion he was taken in a close carriage to St. Petersburg, for Elizabeth to look at him and contemplate her work. He probably knew nothing of where he was, nor before whom he stood or lay. The personage who spoke to him, and endeavoured to make him speak in return, was in male attire. Elizabeth was fond of this disguise, and she would have been well pleased had England sent her the Order of the Garter, that she might have worn it, after the fashion of the Knights Companions.

"In St. Petersburg," says Du Swart, as cited by Von Raumer, "Ivan III. was placed in a good house, belonging to a widow of the Secretary of the Secret Police. He is closely watched. The Empress had him brought to the Winter Palace, and saw him. She was dressed in man's clothes." It has been said that Elizabeth saw him but once; and that there was some question as to whether Ivan or his parents should be declared next in succession to the throne. This last matter, however, is more than doubtful. If the question was ever entertained, it was soon dismissed, and Ivan was again plunged into the foul air, the darkness, and the terrors of his dungeon. Here the pale prisoner had no other amusement, as years came on, but in passing his fingers through his long beard, which grew prematurely. This was his sole pleasure and occupation.

The hopes of the friends of Ivan,—if he had friends, and *they* had hopes,—of a succession to the throne, were annihilated when Peter, grandson of Peter I., and son of the Russian Princess Anne and the Duke of Holstein-Gottorp, was declared Grand Duke of Russia, and heir-presumptive to the Empire.

By this Peter, after his accession to the throne, the unhappy captive of Schlüsselburg was once visited. The material condition of the prisoner had then improved. Peter III. was accompanied by Baron Korf, and one or two other confidential persons; and the visit was made in great secrecy. Peter wore the costume of a subaltern. The visitors found the captive in an orderly room, plain but clean. Ivan was very simply dressed, but his clothes were also clean, as was his person. Peter asked him who he was; and he readily answered that he was the Czar Ivan. On being questioned as to how he knew *that*, his reply was that he had been told so by his parents, and also by the soldiers who guarded him. The poor prisoner remembered his parents, spoke of them with considerable feeling and animation, and deplored their hard and unmerited fate, as well as his own. Ivan also recalled to mind that there was, at one period of their common imprisonment, a humane officer who held them in custody. He was asked if he thought he should know that officer again. To this query, he returned a reply in the negative; he added however that he very well remembered the officer's name, and that it was Korf. The latter was so affected at hearing these details, that he was obliged to retire for a moment, lest he should be betrayed by his emotion.

Peter III. also evinced some sympathy for the sufferings of Ivan. He ordered a small separate house to be built and furnished for his use; and, by his command, the comforts of the poor prisoner were materially increased.

This dissolute but well-intentioned Czar might have continued to occupy the throne of Ivan undisturbed, but for two circumstances. He robbed the Church as well as secular Corporations, and he manifested symptoms of an inclination to depose and divorce his wife, the celebrated Catherine II., and to marry his mistress. When this concatenation of circumstances presented itself, it was broken through by the very vigorous proceeding of the Czarina.

Her chief instruments were Orloff and Potemkin. These headed a conspiracy against Peter, of which there were many members, and among them the Archbishop of Novgorod. In July, 1762, Peter was at Oranienbaum, with a dissolute company. Catherine was at Peterhoff, which she left at the instigation of Orloff, hurried to the capital, made appeal to the soldiery, was received with acclamations, and was crowned Czarina, by the Right-reverend Archbishop.

Within a few days, the undecisive Peter fell into her power, and was thrown, after signing an act of abdication, into the fortress of Rostopol. He only requested that he might have the company of a favourite Negro, his Bible, and a fiddle. From such a prison to a grave was a natural consequence. Catherine felt uneasy at the consciousness of a reaction having taken place in Peter's favour. Decisive action was speedily adopted. Alexander Orloff and others repaired to Peter, gave him reason to hope that his freedom was at hand, proposed a carouse in honour of the event, and poisoned the Czar in a glass of brandy. Death however tarried too long for their impatience, and Orloff strangled or suffocated the unhappy sovereign.

Announcement of the death was made to Catherine as she was at table. She affected to be much overcome. On the 20th of July, the following notification was made to the foreign Ambassadors:—"The Imperial Ministry of Russia think themselves obliged to inform the foreign Ministers, that the *ci-devant* Emperor, having had a violent colic, with which he was frequently incommoded, died yesterday!"

In August, 1762, Walpole writes to Lord Strafford, "We throw away a whole summer in writing Britons and North-Britons; the Russians change sovereigns faster than Mr. Wilkes can choose a motto for his paper. What years were spent here in controversy on the abdication of King James and the legitimacy of the Pretender! Commend me to the Czarina! They doubted—that is, her husband did—whether

her children were of genuine blood-royal. She appealed to the Preobrajenski Guards,—excellent casuists; and to prove Duke Paul heir to the crown, assumed it herself. The proof was compendious and unanswerable."

In a letter to Mann, of the same month, Walpole notices a report that Peter III. had named Ivan as his successor. Catherine had the courage to allow the body of her murdered husband to lie in state in the church of St. Alexander Nevski. The marks of a violent death were visible to every spectator; but the throne of the Czarina was not affected by it. She issued a manifesto, which, as Walpole remarked, "made one shudder. This modern Athaliah, who has the modesty not to name her murdered *husband*, in that light, calls him *her neighbour!* and, as if all the world were savages, like Russians, pretends that he died suddenly of a distemper that never was expeditious, mocks Heaven with pretensions to charity and piety, and heaps the additional inhumanity on the man she has dethroned and assassinated, of imputing his death to a judgment from Providence. In short, it is the language of usurpation and blood, counselled and apologized for by clergymen! It is Brunehault and an archbishop!" It is the system of mendacity and blasphemy which is still in favour at St. Petersburg, as "the system of Catherine."

Two years later, another murder was added to the register of crime. The existence of Ivan was a source of annoyance to the Czarina. It is in some degree uncertain whether the conspiracy of Mirovitch had the sanction or co-operation of Catherine or not. It was so organized as to carry with it an air of being approved. Mirovitch, on the 4th of July, 1764, accompanied by some sixty soldiers, forcibly entered the fortress of Schlüsselburg, and, after some opposition, made their way towards the chamber of Ivan. In that apartment, two officers resided with the captive. Mirovitch was well aware that these officers had received orders to slay Ivan, in case of any attempt made to rescue him. While

Mirovitch and his followers were endeavouring to batter in the door of the chamber, the two officers proceeded to perform their mission of slaughter. They fell upon their most hapless victim with their sabres, furiously shrieking the while. The wretched Ivan fought for his life with as much energy as if it had been worth contending for. He at first implored for mercy, but, finding this refused, he struggled fiercely, although unarmed. His hand was gashed again and again, by his attempts to seize the sabre of one of his antagonists; but he succeeded in his object at last, although not till his body was covered with wounds. While one antagonist was contending with him for the sword which Ivan had now broken in two, the other stabbed the bleeding prisoner from behind. He immediately fell, and then he was hurriedly despatched with a few bayonet-thrusts. The door was then thrown open, and Mirovitch, expressing disappointment, surrendered himself a prisoner. On the following day, the corpse of the most innocent of deposed monarchs was publicly exposed, attired in a sailor's dress. It excited a universal sympathy and silent indignation. Mirovitch was tried for treason, but he behaved with such indifference at the trial as to appear certain of a verdict, as a matter of course. He was found guilty, but he went to the scaffold with the careless gait of a man who feels that he is only going through an empty formality, and that safety is at the end of it. Nevertheless he was executed; nor was it likely that Catherine would spare such a tool or confederate.

"It is well for me I am not a Russian," is the comment of Walpole, in August, 1764, to Lord Hertford; "I should certainly be knouted. The murder of the young Czar Ivan has sluiced again all my abhorrence of the Czarina. What a devil in a diadem! I wonder they can spare such a principal performer from Hell!"—"I have almost wept for poor Ivan," remarks the same writer, in a letter to Mann; "I shall soon begin to believe that Richard III. murdered as

many folks as his Lancastrian historians say he did. I expect that this Fury will poison her son next, lest Semiramis should have the bloody honour of being more unnatural!"

A few words will serve to describe the fate of the family of Ivan. After their removal to Cholmogori, the ex-regent, Anne, gave birth to a son, Peter, in 1745; and she died, after giving birth to another son, Alexis, in 1746. The prisoners resided in an isolated and well-secured dwelling. They were strictly guarded, and their seclusion, except on rare occasions of a drive, or a walk in the adjacent gardens, was complete. They had no books, save a few tracts. What instruction the father could impart to the children was done verbally. If any of the captives fell ill, they were obliged to send fifty miles, for permission to consult a physician! Hard indeed was the fate of these high-born and innocent victims!

After a lapse of a score of years, Catherine offered to send Ulric, in freedom, to Germany, on condition of his leaving his children behind him, in Russia. The father refused to purchase liberty at such a cost. He lived on in confinement, surrounded by his legitimate and illegitimate children, till the year 1776, when he died, after thirty-five years of imprisonment, and at the age of sixty-two. During the succeeding three years, his surviving children were treated with great barbarity. The Courts of Vienna, Berlin, and Brunswick, in vain implored the clemency of Catherine. She remained unmoved till the Privy Councillor, Melgoonoff, presented to her a letter written by the Princess Elizabeth. The humane bearer supported the prayer of the letter with a warmth which merited the success by which it was attended.

Melgoonoff announced to the bewildered prisoners that they were free, well provided for, and that a frigate awaited them at Archangel, to transport them to Norway. They were so terrified at the idea of visiting distant lands, that

they requested permission to remain during life at Cholmogori, but in a condition of freedom.

Their terror however was easily overcome; and they joyfully pursued their way, of some length, and by more than one voyage, to Horsens, in Jutland, their assigned residence. There was an ostentatious prodigality in all that was provided for them. This was not a consequence of compassion: this course was adopted in order to persuade the world that the prisoners had never been subjected to cruel treatment. Even now, they had one great source of sorrow, in the fact that the illegitimate children of Ulric were compelled to remain behind in Russia.

The little Court maintained by the Princes and Princesses, who had spent nearly forty years in captivity, was modest, becoming, and dignified. They sought not society, for their course of life had unfitted them for mingling much with an intellectual brotherhood. They did not long remain together. The Princess Elizabeth, overwhelmed with grief at her continual separation from her half-sisters, sank into a decline, and died, two years after she had taken up her residence in this part of Denmark. Prince Alexis died in 1787, to the universal regret of a town where his virtues had procured for him the highest respect. This tribute, indeed, was deservedly rendered to the entire family, the last member of which, the Princess Catherine, survived till the year 1807. These children of misfortune all lie within one tomb, in the church at Horsens; where a plain black monument bears the record of the merits and misfortunes of the family of the unhappy and innocent Czar, Ivan VI.

SOVEREIGNS OF RUSSIA.

From Ruric (862) to Jurie, or George I. (1155), who built Moscow, there were seventeen Dukes of Kiev. To these follow sixteen Grand Dukes of Vladimir, ending with Jurie, or George III., in 1325. The succeeding sovereigns, nine in number, bore the title of Grand Dukes of Moscow. In 1517 commences the list of

CZARS OF MUSCOVY.

A.D.

1547. Ivan (IV.) Vasilievitch.
1584. Feodor I., poisoned.
1598. Boris.
1606. Feodor II.
1606. Demetrius the Impostor.
1608. Vasili Shuiski.
INTERREGNUM.
1613. Michael Feodorovitch, of the House of Romanoff.
1645. Alexis.
1676. Feodor III.
1682. Ivan, Peter I. } brothers of Feodor.
1789. Peter alone. He took the title of Emperor in 1708.
1725. Catherine I.
1727. Peter II., grandson of Peter I.
1730. Anne, daughter of Ivan V.
1740. IVAN VI., deposed.
1741. Elizabeth.
1762. PETER III., deposed and murdered.
1762. Catherine II.
1796. Paul, murdered.
1801. Alexander, 1825. Nicholas } sons of Paul.
1855. Alexander II., son of Nicholas.

Sardinia.

"Alas for Kings, if state and throne,
If splendour and monarchal pride,
Were all that royal minds could own,
Or crowns and fawning courts provide."

R. MONTGOMERY.

THE Kingdom of Sardinia is only one hundred and thirty-eight years old. It dates from the year 1718, when the Duke Victor Amadeus assumed the royal title and dignity. At the accession of the present monarch, Victor Emanuel II., in 1849, eight kings had preceded him; and of these, just one-half had abdicated. The island from which the little kingdom takes its name, has been the abiding-place, successively, of Phœnicians and Greeks, before the Christian era; of Romans, both before and after; and, since then, of Moors and Spaniards. The latter finally established Christianity there in the fourteenth century, when Alphonso IV., of Arragon, became master of the island. After a Spanish sovereignty of nearly four centuries, it fell before an English naval force in 1708; was recovered nine years later; and in 1720 was ceded by Spain to Victor Amadeus, in exchange for Sicily. Sicily had been ceded to Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, in 1713, by the Treaty of Utrecht. After a tenure of seven years, this exchange was gladly made by the Duke, who, in the meantime, had assumed the regal dignity.

Savoy itself, after being a Roman province, being subjected by the Alemanni, possessed by the Franks, and shar-

ing in the revolutions of Switzerland till 1040, was in that year conferred, by the Emperor Conrad, on Hubert, Earl of Savoy. About four hundred years later, the Emperor Sigismund made of the Earldom a Duchy. At the end of three centuries more, the Duke became a King.

The first King resigned his crown to his son, in 1730. He repented of the act, attempted to recover what he had given up, was captured, and died in prison, in 1732. From that period to 1796, three successive Kings kept their Court at Turin. The Sardinian dominions were then overrun by French Republican troops, and Charles Emanuel II. resigned his crown to his brother Victor Emanuel I., in 1802. Three years later, the kingdom was united to Napoleon's kingdom of Italy, but was restored, with Genoa annexed, to Victor Emanuel, in 1814. He wore the crown till 1821, when he resigned in favour of Charles Felix. He died in 1824. Charles Felix was succeeded by his nephew, Charles Albert, in 1831. The last-named monarch placed himself at the head of the cause of Italian regeneration, and defeated the Austrians at Goito and Peschiera, in 1848. The victory of the Austrians at Novara, in the subsequent year, led to the abdication of Charles Albert, March 23, 1849. The ex-King retired to Oporto, where, worn out with fatigues and disappointment, he died in July of the same year.

VICTOR AMADEUS I.

RESIGNATION AND REPENTANCE.

"Greatness hath his cankers. Worms and moths
Breed out of too much humour in the things
Which after they consume."—BEN JONSON.

THE first King of Sardinia, the second of the Dukes of Savoy, of the name of Victor Amadeus, was one of the most remarkable men in an age when men of mark abounded. He was a great hero who could never be trusted. His career of heroism and duplicity commenced early. In 1680, when he was fifteen years of age, and Sovereign Duke, he agreed, at the instigation of his mother (Jeanne Marie de Nemours), to marry a Princess of Portugal, who brought in her hand a promise, at least, of the crown of that country. The people of Savoy, however, were terror-stricken at the idea of their native land becoming a Lusitanian viceroyalty; and the young Duke, convinced by their reasoning, issued an order for the arrest of his mother. He had no sooner signed the order, when he proceeded to inform the Dowager-Duchess of what he had done. He immediately signed another, for the arrest of the nobles who had counselled him to reject the Portuguese Princess and to imprison his mother; and, having performed this unexpected feat, he broke off the match, and, before he was out off his teens, married Anne, daughter of Philip, Duke of Orléans, the brother of Louis XIV.

Although he thus became the nephew of the *Grand Monarque* and prosecuted the Vaudois with terrible ferocity, he and the King of France were mutually jealous. Victor was uneasy at the presence of a French army perilously near his frontiers; and Louis was disquieted by the discovery that Victor was secretly negotiating with those enemies of France, William III. of England, and the Duke of Bavaria.

Louis despatched Catinat and 1800 men into Savoy, to demand of the Duke the delivery of certain fortresses, as pledges of his friendship towards France. Victor (in 1690) immediately entered into an alliance with England, Spain, Holland, and the German Empire. War ensued. The best captains of the time took part in it. Among the English allies, were Russel, by sea, and Galloway by land. Campaign followed campaign, with varying fortune; but it may be said of Victor Amadeus, that he was never more hopeful than when he had been thoroughly routed. There are many anecdotes of the war which temptingly present themselves, but which must be passed over, and as many touching the intrigues which at last accomplished a peace. The latter fact can alone be recorded. The treaty was signed in 1696, and the usual satire on the uses of war followed. Victor recovered all his lost towns, and a magnificent compensation. Louis took from Victor only his daughter, Marie Adelaide, who became the wife of the Duke of Burgundy, the son of the Dauphin, and who was the only individual in France who could offend the King with impunity.

After this event, the Duke of Savoy openly joined his forces with those of France. When the Spanish throne became vacant in 1700, and Austria and France disputed the prize, Victor took the side of the stronger party, and gave his second daughter, Maria Louisa, to the young Philip V., whom France placed on the Spanish throne. In the war of the succession, "Monsieur de Savoie," as Louis XIV. used insolently to call him, was once engaged in a particular

contest, from which he issued sorely mauled and shaken. This result had been foretold him by an astrologer, and from that day forward, Victor Amadeus believed in the ruling of the stars.

The Duke again grew uneasy at the power and vicinity of one neighbour—France; entered into an alliance with another—Germany; England and Holland were with him; and of course France took prompt measures to destroy the coalition. Catinat, Villeroi, Vendôme, and Berwick were on the French side; but Eugene was on the other; and although for a time the destruction of the Duchy seemed inevitable, a victory was gained in the eleventh hour, which recovered all that was lost. The recovery was not immediate, and it was retarded by the treachery of Austria. It came nevertheless, and therewith a desire on all sides, not least on that of England, for peace. The treaty of Utrecht added to the possessions of Savoy the Island of Sicily, with the title of King, now surrendered by Spain, "in the interests of peace."

The new King disobliged his old subjects, by leaving Turin for Palermo (in 1713), and he had little felicity among his new liegemen. His endeavour to render them ecclesiastically free of Rome, destroyed his and their tranquillity. His happiness was further affected by the death of his son, by smallpox. The astrologers had foretold that the Prince would recover, and poor King Victor reproached the physicians for killing a youth whom the stars had decreed should survive!

From 1713 to 1718, there were perpetual intrigues on the part of Spain to recover Sicily,—on that of Germany to have it surrendered to the Empire, and annexed to the Kingdom of Italy. Finally, came the treaty of 1720, by which Sardinia (lately captured by the Spaniards) was restored to the Emperor of Germany, who surrendered it to Victor in exchange for Sicily. This treaty restored King Victor Amadeus to Turin. During ten years, the King of Sardinia

was the most popular, most active, and most beneficent of monarchs. In 1730, he astounded his subjects, however, by the expression of his desire to resign his crown.

Victor had reaped a harvest of glory, but he sat beneath the shadow of many sorrows. He was weary of greatness, and he longed for, or fancied he longed for, the easy hours of privacy. His Queen had died in 1728, but Victor consoled himself by espousing the widowed Countess Sebastiani. For this derogation, the romantic apology is offered, that he had loved the lady in her youth, and now, with half a hundred years on her brow, the old King, who was then sixty-four, took her to wife, and created her Marchioness of Spigno.

Neither tears, which are invariably shed in history, nor entreaties, could move the King from his design. The ceremony of abdication was, however, one of great pomp. On September 3rd, 1730, in the hall of the Castle of Rivoli, Victor Amadeus assembled around him the male Princes of his family, the Ministers, and the nobles of his realm. With some solemnity, and with dignified self-possession, he requested all to listen attentively. He needed time, he said, for reflection, between the troubles he had incurred as a sovereign, and the tribunal at which he should have to stand as a man. Much more was said to the same purpose, before the act was read, by which he made over the crown to his ungainly son, Charles Emanuel. When this was done, he descended from his seat, conducted his son to the throne, and was the first to render him homage, by hailing him as King, and kissing his hand. He stood by while this service was rendered by all present, and then addressed Charles Emanuel in terms of admirable wisdom and warm affection. At the conclusion, the ex-monarch, now only Count of Tenda, requested the new King to introduce him to his Royal Consort. Hand in hand, they proceeded to the apartment of the Queen (Polyxena of Hesse). As they entered, there entered also, by another door, the lady who had been

lady-in-waiting to the late Queen, and who was now her successor as the wife of Victor Amadeus. The last-named personage took her by the hand, and leading her to the Queen, said:—"Madam, I present here to your Majesty, a lady, who has been pleased to sacrifice the remainder of her days to me, and to pass them in my company. Should she survive me, I warmly commend her, her sons, brothers, and entire family, to your protection." The Countess of Tenda bent her knee to the Queen, but the latter raised her, kissed her affectionately, and presented her to the new King, who received her with similar demonstrations of kindness.

On the following day, Charles Emanuel escorted his father and the Countess on the way to Chambéry, which the latter had chosen for their residence. Victor carried with him gold and jewels to the amount of four millions of francs, and he had reserved to himself and wife an annuity of fifty thousand crowns. From the couple thus endowed, the new King and his company parted with evidences of honest, hearty feeling on both sides. On being received by the authorities at Chambéry, Victor said to the latter: "Gentlemen, I come among you as a simple citizen, will you bid me welcome under that name?"

He lived in a truly simple and citizen-like style. He refused to entertain an aide-de-camp, or to have a sentinel at his door. One carriage and a single pair of horses formed all his equipage. A *valet*, four other men-servants, and a couple of cook-maids, formed the whole of his household. The Countess of Tenda began to think that she had been a far greater lady when she was in waiting on the deceased Queen.

Charles Emanuel frequently visited his father, the "simple citizen." Sometimes it was to take counsel of him; at others, out of filial affection. On one occasion, we hear of a fire taking place in the castle, and the two Kings having to leap for life, from their respective beds. On another occasion, Charles Emanuel gave rise to infinite speculation, by

suddenly leaving the castle soon after his arrival there. The old King had clearly imparted some secret to his son, which drove the latter to Turin, to consult with his Ministers.

It will, perhaps, be more easy to discover the source of the disturbed mind of the new King, by remaining at Chambéry, rather than following Charles Emanuel to Turin. The Count and Countess of Tenda assuredly were the least happy of recently married couples. The Countess was indeed liberally provided for. Her husband had conferred on her, lands to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand crowns, and had secured to her a dowry of "twenty thousand a year." She was, nevertheless, not content. She longed to be a Queen; and she resolved to allow no tranquillity to the aged Victor, until he had resumed his royal authority and conferred on her—what he had not ventured to do before his abdication—a crown. On this subject, there were many and loud controversies. The Countess insisted on the return of the ex-King to Turin. The latter resisted as long as he was able, but he at last gave way. The General who had drubbed Catinat was overthrown by an ex-lady-in-waiting!

The last of these conversations had been overheard by a young priest. He was accidentally in the way, and was somehow hidden from the interlocutors. Of set purpose, however, did Michon (as he was named) set forward to the capital, to inform the King on the throne of the coming of him who was intent upon pushing him from it.

The messenger found Charles at Evian. The message drove the King headlong upon Turin. If there be mortal sights at which the angels weep, there was now one at which they might legitimately have smiled. Old Victor Amadeus, wife-driven, was posting over Mont Cenis, on his way to Turin; his son was galloping by the Pass of the Little St. Bernard, in order to be at the goal before him. The race was won by the son. Victor only entered Rivoli as the artillery of the capital announced the arrival there of Charles Emanuel.

When the two met on the following morning, Victor was

the only one who looked ashamed. He had faced a cannonading from Vendôme, but he could not stand against a son who had just ground of offence against a father. The latter confined himself to pleading ill-health and abusing the air of Savoy. "Your Majesty," said the son, "shall enjoy change of air in my castle of Moncalieri."

At Moncalieri, however, the pseudo-invalid and his wife were more restless and unhappy than ever. They could neither recover their health nor compass their ends. Stratagem had not served them; they resolved to see the effect of a bold stroke of statesmanship,—a *coup d'état* on a small scale.

In the night of the 25th of September, 1731, the ex-King sent for the chief minister, the Marquis del Borgo, and demanded from him the surrender of the deed of abdication. The Marquis affected to be ready to obey, withdrew, and gave immediate notice of what had happened, to the King. The latter, aroused from his sleep, woke up in a fit of unwise generosity. He professed to be prepared to obey his father's desires,—*if* his Ministry and Council approved of his design. There was more prudence than generosity in this, after all!

It is a strange fact that the Ministers were thrown into inexplicable perplexity by this communication. When they assembled around the bedside of Charles Emanuel, they did not presume to oppose his alacrity in rendering obedience to his father's will. There was not a spark of patriotic energy in any of them, save one. Had it not been for the Archbishop Gattinara, Victor would have been back on the throne, and the Countess of Tenda would have been a crowned Queen. The prelate denounced the idea of repealing the Act of Abdication, and counselled the prompt arrest of Victor and his consort.

It was time, for the ex-King had nearly had the start of them. They were yet hesitating on the subject of arresting

the once heroic King of Sardinia, when a note was presented to Charles Emanuel, from the Baron of St. Remy, commandant of the citadel. By this, Charles was informed that Victor had appeared, on horseback, before the citadel of Turin, and had demanded the keys of that fortress. On the respectful but determined refusal of the commandant, "the old King, in a towering passion, had turned his horse's head back to Moncalieri!"

Charles Emanuel burst into tears, but he ordered his father to prison. The order, signed with an unsteady hand, was delivered reluctantly to the Marquis of Ormea. The Marquis, with foot and horse, surrounded the castle of Moncalieri, in the middle of the following night. To four colonels was assigned the honour of arresting the ex-King.

The only difficulty was in getting Victor to awake and comprehend the fact. The colonels reached the royal bedroom without hindrance. The Countess, or Marchioness, for she was called by either title, awoke at the first footstep in her room, but all her screaming could not arouse a heavy sleeper like her husband. This soporific tendency was not the result of heavy drinking. Victor was not like that Duke of Savoy who carried on such orgies in his Castle of Ripaille as to give a new phrase to the French language;—in which *faire Ripaille* stands for all sorts of bacchanalian indulgences. The profound sleep was natural to Victor, who lay unconscious and loudly snoring. The gallant colonels adjured the lady to be silent, but she only leaped from the bed and screamed the louder. Wearied by her obstinacy and clamour, they at length rolled her up in a portion of the bed-covering, and carried her off! She was rigorously examined by the authorities, and then despatched to a nunnery at Carignano.

Meanwhile the somnolent Victor had been sufficiently aroused to be conscious of something extraordinary being in course of transacting, but he could not tell what. It was with great difficulty, after much shaking and irreverent pull-

ing, that they had succeeded in inducing him to open his eyes. He lay on his back for a few moments, with his eyes wide open, but without speculation in them. They then slowly dropped, and he addressed himself again to sleep. Four vigilant colonels were not thus to be defeated by one sleepy man; and returning to the charge, they succeeded in getting the ex-King to sit upright, in which position he only yawned continually, and betrayed symptoms of falling asleep again. He observed however that Colonel Solero had got possession of his sword, which he had left on a table in the chamber. This moved him to demand their purpose, which, when told, speedily awoke him. He burst into a paroxysm of fury, declined to listen to them, and refused to stir from the couch. With as little ceremony as had been observed with his consort, they rolled him up too, in what was left of the bed-clothes, and conveyed him away.

All the peril of the feat was however yet to come. As his bearers carried Victor away, they had to pass the troops. These had been accustomed to hear and heed his voice at the head of his battalions, and that voice could not now appeal to them without reaching their hearts. Symptoms of open mutiny became manifest in both cavalry and infantry; but the Colonel, Count of Perosa, commanded silence, on pain of death, and a roll of the drums drowned the voice of the helpless Victor. He was borne along to a carriage in attendance. He would allow no guardian to enter with him, on the plea of respectful companionship; and alone, locked in, and strictly watched, the hero of many a fight was hurried to the Castle of Rivoli.

He who once had ordered the imprisonment of his own mother, was now the captive of his own son. He endured a harsh captivity, and that with an insane impatience. His fury was that of a madman only, and so also was his strength. With one blow from his uplifted arm, the old and enraged prisoner cracked a marble table which stood in his room, and

which was long exhibited as a sample of his power of stroke. He was debarred from correspondence with his wife, who was in close confinement at Ceva. His servants were taken from him; and altogether his condition was so pitiable that the principal Kings of Europe interceded on behalf of one who at least *had been* their fellow, and often their superior. For a time, this mediation was disregarded, and Charles Emanuel published a manifesto in explanation and defence of the course he had taken. Subsequently however the fury of the enraged King gradually subsided. It was succeeded by a profound melancholy. He was now treated with respect, but the vigilance of his guards never slackened. He who in dire straits had contrived in former days to make them only stepping-stones, not merely to safety but to glory, might still be feigning with some selfish end in view. But the melancholy of the prisoner increased; his health began rapidly to give way, and when at length his wife, the cause of his condition, was allowed to share his captivity and alleviate his misery, the boon, though acceptable, came almost too late to be of service. Nevertheless he found some solace in her company, and in that of his books, till mind and body seemed irretrievably failing. Ere that end came, he expressed a desire to be personally reconciled with the son who had given him captivity for a crown. A priest conveyed the message to Charles Emanuel, who prepared to obey his father's last will. But policy arrested affection; and either by the counsel of his ministers, or the entreaties of his consort, the son declined to visit his father,—yet sent to him messages of affectionate greeting. The message brought tears to the eyes of the dying parent, who was removed to Moncalieri in the last months of his captivity, and there died, on the last day of October, 1732, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. In the words of Justin, applied to Artaxerxes, Victor Amadeus was "rex quam pater felicior" —more happy as a monarch than as a father.

THREE CROWNLESS KINGS.

"Nihil rerum mortalium tam instabile ac fluxum quam fama potentiæ non suâ vi nixæ."—TACITUS.

VICTOR AMADEUS II. was unable to resist a conqueror too powerful for the armies of greater monarchies than his. The then young Bonaparte, in 1796, setting out on his career of victory, divided the hosts of Austria and Piedmont, who refused peace with the French Republic, and defeated both. Long before the end of the year, the old King of Sardinia had surrendered nearly all his important fortresses into the hands of the French,—an act of humiliation which was followed by his own death, by apoplexy.

His son, Charles Emanuel, took up and wore his father's 'crown of thorns.' He was a weak, nervous, superstitious prince, but he was by no means deficient in intellect. At his accession, he was treated with outward respect by the French; but that treatment ceased as soon as France, by concluding an armistice with Austria, saw in the isolated King an easy victim. After the peace of Campoformio had been concluded with the Austrians, the French Republic made quick work with Piedmont.

The latter country, impoverished by war, was now torn by insurrections fostered by France. The bloody reprisals made wherever the Royal Government was successful only strengthened the hands of the enemy. The King became a mere puppet at the disposal of Guinguené, the French Ambassador, who led, or rather compelled, Charles Emanuel to con-

cession after concession, till the enemy insisted upon the surrender of the fortress of Turin to French troops, as a testimony of the King's goodwill towards France. On the 3rd of July, 1798, the French troops occupied the citadel, and the sovereign was a prisoner in his own palace. Whenever he went abroad French soldiers escorted him. "They spared him," says Gallenga, "no insult nor contumely. The garrison from the citadel serenaded him with Jacobin airs and ribald songs. Journals, pamphlets, obscene prints, squibs, and pasquinades,—all was studied to wound the King's feelings and provoke the indignation of his people. They longed for a popular disturbance, and had wellnigh obtained their intent. On the 16th September, a masquerade issued from the citadel, exhibiting grotesque caricatures of the King, his family, and court. The Piedmontese troops and people fell enraged upon the offensive mummers, killed several of them, and a general slaughter was only prevented by General Minard, who ordered the French officers guilty of that unseemly frolic, as well as all the troops of the garrison, to withdraw into the citadel."

By unfounded accusations of a conspiracy to massacre the French, by repeated demands on the King for a supply of his troops against the enemies of the French Republic, and by directing the cannon of his own citadel against his own palace, Charles Emanuel was driven, in self-defence, to write an exculpation of his conduct. Grouchy, who commanded in the citadel, threatened to bombard the royal residence and city, if the exculpation were published. Thus degraded, the King, on the 9th of December, 1798, signed the act, whereby he surrendered the whole of his continental territories into the hands of the French.

"He then," says Gallenga, "instantly quitted his capital, by torch-light, in a snow-storm, refusing to take with him the crown jewels, or to strip the royal residence of its precious ornaments. He left those valuable objects under the pro-

tection of seals, to which the French and other democrats paid but little respect."

The precipitate departure of the deposed King was, perhaps, not altogether his own act. Talleyrand, then Foreign Minister in France, was aware that the Jacobins were desirous of parading the captive King in triumph through the French capital. To prevent this disgrace, the Minister wrote secretly to Grouchy and Clauzel to hasten the departure of the royal prisoners. Clauzel however would not allow the King's brother, the gallant Duke of Aosta, to escape, under a less valuable bribe than a picture by Gerard Dow. The royal family were flying into Parma when orders reached Turin, from Joubert, to secure their persons and convey them to France.

After some delay in Italy, Charles Emanuel, deserted by his attendants and even by his confessor,—all of whom dreaded the confiscation of their property by the French, if they followed his fortunes,—arrived at Cagliari, in the island of Sardinia, in February, 1799. His first act on landing was a solemn protest against "the violence which had hurled him from the throne."

From this period to 1814, Piedmont was included within the map of the French dominions. In 1802 Charles Emanuel resigned his island crown to his brother Victor Emanuel I. From the period of the arrival of the former in the island, down to that of the return of Victor Emanuel to Piedmont, in 1814, the history of the monarchy is called, by Gallenga, "a mere blank; not so much," he says, "because the royal family lived in obscure exile in the island of Sardinia or elsewhere, as because the very state and country of Piedmont were eclipsed."

The causes of what may be termed the second, and now the voluntary, abdication of Charles Emanuel, were weariness and disappointment. The Peace of Amiens did not restore him to his continental dominions, and he made over his in-

sular territory, as before stated, to his brother. He spent seventeen years in retirement. Like some of the Anglo-Saxon Kings of the olden times, the uncrowned monarch meekly betook himself to Rome. During thirteen years he lived in the once Holy City, in "easy obscurity and religious retirement. In 1815, soon after his brother, to the profound surprise of Charles Emanuel, was carried triumphantly to the throne from which the latter had been hurled, the ex-King closed the door between himself and the world altogether. In the year just named, he entered as a novice in a Jesuit convent; where, after a four years' sojourning, marked by calm resignation, he died in 1819;—being then a little more than sixty-seven years of age."

Now, as soon as Victor Emanuel appeared in Turin, he announced that the years of his absence had been those of a long dream; and now that men were all awake again, everything must fall into the routine which had been of long establishment before they had fallen asleep. But the people had not come into contact with the new French system for nothing, and they were in despair at seeing the clock put back, as it was said, to the regulation pace of the old *régime*. The King however would so have it. The old laws were restored, the people were put aside, all that had been enacted in the interval was declared illegal. Dire confusion and irreparable wrong were the inevitable consequences. But still, Victor Emanuel "would have it." He was as obstinate as the pig-tail Elector of Hesse, and as resolute in bringing back all the old fashions. The absurdity went so far, that he meditated illegitimatizing all the children born and baptized in his dominions under the "Godless French rule;" and he only refrained from an attempt to destroy the grand road of Napoleon, "la Route du Mont Cenis," because it was impossible to render the wretched *old* road practicable. To address to him a "petition" was to ensure its rejection: the word was a new-fangled French word; Victor would look at

nothing but a "supplication." Even then, it was likely to be rejected, if the letter *r* had its tail turned up in the vile French style, instead of down, as was the orthodox Italian fashion. Nor was all safe even then: if the *supplicator* did not speak through his nose, he was in peril of being set down as an enemy to both his King and his God!

For several years the discontent increased. Louis XVIII. had given a constitutional charter to his subjects. Victor derided his royal cousin as not being half a King, since he thus stooped to favour the democracy. His own people, however, began to desire a constitution also. There was an Italian question growing up, and an anti-Austrian feeling, in which latter indeed Victor himself shared, for Sardinia had seldom gravely suffered but through Austrian treachery. He was not indisposed to be at the head of an Italian movement, and his subjects trusted they had seized on the propitious moment, when in March, 1821, soldiers and civilians united in shouting, "The Spanish Constitution and the King of Piedmont for ever!"

The amalgamation terrified the once bold Duke of Aosta. He was pledged, he said, to the Sovereigns at Laybach, to have nothing to do with constitutions. Nothing could move him from this position. Sooner than put his signature to any constitutional charter whatever, he declared he would lay down his crown. He spoke seriously, and acted accordingly. On the 13th of March, 1821, he abdicated in favour of his brother, Charles Felix, whose character may be read in his assertion, that if a man became a King, it was not in order that he should be bored with business. He leant upon Austria as his sole support, cared little or nothing for kingly duties, and was only happy at an Italian ballet, or within his palace, surrounded by old courtiers amusing him with ancient jokes.

Victor Emanuel died in retirement, at Moncalieri, four years after his abdication, January 10, 1824. He was at

least a consistent Prince, with whom to grant a constitution was an error, but to withhold it when promised, as Charles X. of France did, was a crime.

Charles Felix reigned from 1821 to 1831. He was little regarded when living, and is forgotten now that he is dead. He was the last of three brothers who successively wore the crown of Sardinia; and, as in France, when such a circumstance has happened (from the time of the Capets), a change in the line of succession ensued.

Charles Albert, the late ex-King of Sardinia, was celebrated in his early days, under the title of Prince de Carignano. He was a descendant of the old Dukes of Savoy, and was an infant when Piedmont became annexed to France. His childhood was passed in Savoy, his boyhood partly with a Protestant minister in Geneva, partly in Paris. In the latter capital, he took military service as an officer of dragoons; and he was early celebrated for the liberality of his principles, or rather of his impulses.

These impulses were fostered by Austrian agents, whose mission it was to endanger the succession of the Prince de Carignano to the throne. He was accordingly driven into association with the Carbonari; but he purchased forgiveness by betraying his associates. He was not yet allowed to return to his native country; but, having joined the Angoulême expedition to restore Ferdinand VII. to his throne, and having lost a boot in the ditch at Trocadero, where he met some of his old revolutionary comrades face to face,—his return home was at length sanctioned. He now sought excitement in dissipation; and when physical exhaustion had rendered him incapable of pursuing this destructive course, he turned to the practice of the most severe religious asceticism. From the period of his own accession to the throne, he seems to have been beset by an irresistible desire of wearing the crown of Lombardy, if not that of a united Italy. When the terrible year 1848 brought Austria into

a difficulty, and gave power to the democracy in Piedmont, which Charles Albert could not resist, the flattering prospect appeared nearer than ever, and Sardinia was soon at sanguinary issue with the Empire. What was at first a subject of caprice became at last a matter of inevitable necessity. The first campaign was discouraging enough to the King's hopes; but even if he had learned discretion, the power behind him would not permit him to rest, and the war was at once resumed and concluded. On March 25, 1849, the French Minister at Turin wrote to his Government:—"The army has been forced back to the mountains of Biela and Borga Manero. The Austrians occupy Novara, Vercelli, and Trino. The King has abdicated and fled. The Duke of Savoy has not yet written to Turin. The Government has requested Mr. Abercrombie and me to apply for an armistice to cover Turin. We have placed ourselves at its disposal. Turin is tranquil, and everything is disposed to remain so."

Two days subsequently, the French Consul at Nice wrote to his Government:—"Charles Albert, after abdicating in favour of the Duke of Savoy, passed through Nice on the 26th at eleven in the morning, on his way to France. The Piedmontese army has been beaten at Novara, *but its honour is safe.*" The broken-hearted King himself did not think so, if it be true that his last words, on turning from the field on which all his hopes lay wrecked, were, "All is lost, *even* honour!"

There is but one incident of his brief career between the throne and the grave, which is worth narrating, and for that we are indebted to a correspondent whose communication was first printed in the 'Athenæum.' "I will conclude my letter (he says) by a morsel by way of a *bonne-bouche*, of genuine and authentic royal biography. My informant is the *fille-de-chambre* at my inn, in the Hôtel de l'Europe; a source of information, if not very exalted, equal probably in point of

dignity to that of much gossip which reaches ordinary mortals anent their rulers. It so chanced that my predecessor in No. 4 at the Hôtel de l'Europe, was poor Charles Albert, passing by Toulouse, in his sad journey from the fatal field of Novara, to his retirement in Portugal. He arrived in an ordinary carriage, with a valet and courier only, and nobody guessed who he was. He was put into the first bed-room that happened to be vacant, and might have quitted Toulouse in as strict *incognito* as he entered it, had not my friend the chambermaid received from the hands of the *valet* a silver warming-pan for the purpose of warming the royal sheets. On the lid of this magnificent, but tell-tale pan, were emblazoned the royal arms of Sardinia. The maid showed the pan to her master, and 'the cat was let out of the bag.' Hence, monarchs may learn that when they travel *incog.*, they should leave at home the state warming-pan with the other trappings of royalty. *Au reste*, if any inquiring mind should speculate on the possible reasons which induced the King of Sardinia to travel with so strange a piece of furniture, all that I can do towards elucidating the matter, is to remind the reader that warming-pans are not generally met with in Italian inns, their functions being performed by placing between the sheets a simple apparatus of a pot of burning charcoal, suspended in a little wooden frame, an operation which the Italian chambermaids call, by a metaphor more expressive than reverent, 'putting a priest in the bed.'"

Charles Albert retired to Oporto only to die. The year of his abdication was the year of his death. He surrendered his crown in March, and his life in July. His son gave him a royal entombment among his ancestors at Superga.

Of the four sovereigns of Sardinia who died crownless, one alone, Victor Amadeus I., descended from the throne voluntarily,—and *he* repented of listening to his will. Foreign invasion drove Charles Emanuel from his continental

possessions; and while the resolution of Victor Emanuel, not to gratify his people with a constitution, cost him his crown, the attempt of Charles Albert to establish a constitutional sovereignty in Italy, was followed by a similar result.

Neither of the Kings of Sardinia would have found himself reduced to the necessity of laying down his sceptre, had he, at starting on his career, remembered the injunction of Euripides, that "a King should remember three things:—that he governs *men*, that he is bound to govern them according to law, and that he will not govern them for ever." Had they remembered this, they would not have died with "Sardinia tinctura" on their cheeks,—blushing with shame at their failures and their fall.

KINGS OF SARDINIA OR PIEDMONT.

1718. Victor Amadeus I. (the II. as Duke of Savoy), abdicated in 1730.
1730. Charles Emanuel I.
1773. Victor Amadeus II.
1796. Charles Emanuel II., abdicated.
1802. Victor Emanuel I.
1805–1814. Piedmont possessed by France.
1814. Victor Emanuel returns from the Island of Sardinia, —abdicated.
1821. Charles Felix.
1831. Charles Albert, abdicated.
1849. Victor Emanuel II.

Scandinavia.

DENMARK.

"Impune quæ libet facere, id est regem esse!"—SALLUST.

In sketching the royal roll of Danish sovereigns, although mention may be fittingly made that the first of them was named Dan, who gave a name to the country, and that O'Dan, Odin, or Wodin ruled, or is said to have ruled, a great part of the north of Europe, from his capital in the Mark of Dan, it will not be necessary or profitable to state further than that, for several centuries, the barbarous chiefs of the north were the vanquishers of various neighbours whose territories they devastated or occupied, and whose people turned pale at the very thought of a piratical fleet coming towards them from the wild shores of Denmark.

Saxo Grammaticus tells the early story of Scandinavia, whose limits are not generally known, with the credulity of a monk and the erudition of a scholar. That portion of it which is comprised in modern Denmark, was in its greatest glory under "Knute," who built his throne in England, and held his seat with safety and dignity.

Till Queen Margaret united the three crowns of Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, on her own brow, in the fourteenth century, there is little of unconfused detail in the history of those kingdoms. The nephew and successor of Margaret, ERIC IX., suffered deposition for his incapacity, folly, and tyranny, and passed several years in a strictly private sta-

tion in Pomerania. He was followed by Christopher III., who raised the political power of both the clergy and the people. In the middle of the fifteenth century, the first of the present reigning house, Christian I., of Oldenburg, ascended the throne, received Holstein, that recent source of contention between Germany and Denmark, from the German Emperor Frederick, and gave Orkney and Shetland to Scotland, as a dowry, with his daughter Margaret, spouse of the Scottish James III. Then followed John the Wise, and to him succeeded CHRISTIAN II., whose want of wisdom was only exceeded by his want of humanity, and whose stupendous crimes at length raised his people in rebellion against him, by whom he was deposed in 1513.

The other sovereigns who ruled in the sixteenth century, were the Pacific Frederick, the virtuous and Protestant Christian III., the statesmanlike Frederick II., and the brave, able and magnanimous Christian IV., who for sixty years was the defender of the Reformed religion, and the pillar and glory of Denmark.

The first sovereign of Denmark in the seventeenth century (Frederick III.) did not ascend the throne till nearly the middle of that century (1648). He had fierce enemies in the Swedes, but obsequious subjects in the clergy and people, who made voluntary surrender to him of their liberties, with the alacrity of those Cappadocians of old, who told the Romans, by whom they were offered the freedom of citizens, that they would neither accept liberty for themselves, nor willingly endure it in others.

The surrender above alluded to was made only to enable the King to crush the aspiring class of the nobility, and it was successful in its object. This success however enabled the next monarch, Christian V., to be more ambitious than the nobles, and to establish a policy against neighbouring nations, in which justice was the last thing regarded. The anonymous author of 'An Account of Den-

mark, as it was in the year 1692,' regrets that the Kings of Denmark were so often governed by French counsels. "At the time," says the author, "when Mr. Algernon Sydney was ambassador at that court, M. Terlon, the French ambassador, had the confidence to tear out of the 'Book of Mottoes,' in the King's library, this verse, which Mr. Sydney (according to the liberty allowed to all noble strangers) had written in it:—

"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis,
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

Though M. Terlon understood not a word of Latin, he was told by others the meaning of that sentence, which he considered as a libel upon the French Government, and upon such as was then a-setting up in Denmark by French assistance or example. It was indeed once the fashion in Denmark to speak of England as the "Regnum Diabolorum."

The last King of this century, Frederick V., paid the penalty of the lawless policy of his predecessors. Charles XII., of Sweden, humbled him, his capital was destroyed by fire, and he left an almost ruined kingdom, to be restored, as indeed it nearly was, by Christian VI. (1730), who as well merited the title of Father of his Country, as his predecessor, the third King of his own name. The next sovereign, Frederick V. (1746), exceeded them both perhaps in faultlessness of character. This was so well appreciated that when his son, Christian VII., was crowned (1766), the spectators cried aloud, "May he live as long as his father, and may he reign as wisely as he!" Vainly was the latter part of this wish uttered. Christian was a debauched and worthless sovereign, who, having little understanding of his own, was the more easily influenced by evil persons who excelled him, however little, in this respect. His mother, Louisa, daughter of our George II., died when he was young; and his father subsequently married a daughter of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel. This step-mother of Christian

VII. was his evil genius. He had espoused Caroline Matilda, the sister of George III., King of England; and the imprudent favour shown by this latter lady for the famous Struensee, physician and prime-minister, was so skilfully employed by the Queen-dowager, that she wrought upon her son to send Struensee to death, to shut up the young Queen in the fortress of Cronenburg, and to place political power in the grasp of her who had selfishly caused a miserable amount of woe, for her own especial advantage.

Christian VII. became insane in 1784, and remained so till his death in 1808. During the intervening period, a Regency was established in the person of the Crown-Prince Frederick. At the date last-mentioned, Frederick VI. ascended the throne, and occupied it for the additional period of thirty-one years. In 1839, he was succeeded by his son, Christian VIII., and *he*, in 1848, by *his* son, Frederick VII. —the reigning monarch. Since the year 1513, Denmark has been ruled by an alternate succession of Christians and Fredericks; no monarch of any other name has worn the crown of Denmark since the death of John,—nearly three centuries and a half ago.

ERIC IX.—CHRISTIAN II.

"O fragilis damnosa superbia sceptri!
O furor, ô nimium dominandi innata cupido!"—MAPHŒUS.

ALTHOUGH Margaret of Valdemar wore on her brow the united crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, she made a great distinction between her Danish and Swedish subjects. She was accordingly held in opposite degrees of estimation by the people of the two countries. The Danes accounted her holy, and deemed her worthy of canonization. The Swedes believed that there was no pit in hell deep or dark enough to accord with her demerits. "Fundissimo digna inferno" is the phrase of Eric Olaus.

Under her sceptre, Danes alone held authority in Sweden; and the natives of the latter country were driven to exasperation by a heavy tax with a clumsy name. The "Rumfro Skalt"—a cruel poll-tax—drove them to poverty and frenzy.

But the little-finger of her nephew Eric was heavier on the poor Swedes than the loins of Margaret. This result arose rather from the indifference than the natural cruelty of Eric. The responsibility with him, however, was the same. His Danish lieutenants acted in his name. The atrocities they committed, especially those upon women, do not admit of detail. To record the fact must suffice. This oppression drove the people to rebellion. A sanguinary struggle ensued, and Eric was at length compelled to accept the terms imposed upon him by the Council and people of Swe-

den. All the fortresses of the latter kingdom, except three, were to be placed in the hands of native commandants. Native officials were also to be appointed to exercise certain restored, old-fashioned Swedish offices. Among these persons was the noted Charles Knutson. He was appointed to the office of "Marshal of the Kingdom;" and he waited on the Danish King to receive his instructions. Eric, who knew of his unbounded ambition, looked at him intently, and replied, "My advice to you is, not to stretch your feet beyond your bear-skin." Eric was remarkable for the Laconic fashion of his sentences. On one occasion, when he had acceded to many demands, and the Swedes still urged him to further concessions: "Hold there, good Sirs," cried the monarch, "I am not going to be *Ja-Herré* (Yes-King) to everything you propose."

The Danes grew almost as weary of their King, as the Swedes; and Eric found his condition insupportable among either people. When the former renounced their allegiance, he retired to Gothland. He had long before repudiated his English wife, Philippa, daughter of our Henry IV. Eric had married this exemplary, able, and courageous princess, in 1406. His brutality drove her into a convent; and this un-queened Queen died at Vadstena in 1439.

Eric had in his company, in Gothland, a lady of more beauty than principle. The life he led there was especially to his taste: by day, he was the chief of pirates, and after the booty was brought home, the feasting and attendant extravagancies commenced. The Swedes succeeded in throwing off his yoke in 1439: this was the result of united popular movement. The deposed King survived his abdication, or deposition,—for the loss of his crown is spoken of as the result of either,—twenty years. Half this period was passed in Gothland; and when he was driven from this refuge, he fled to Rügenwalde, in Pomerania. There he died, A.D. 1459, "aged seventy-six years, in obscurity and contempt."

Exactly a hundred years later, and at little more than the same age, died another unsceptred monarch of the north. The "Kings of the Union," as the sovereigns who ruled over the united kingdoms were called, continued to rule amid harassing disputes and sanguinary rebellions. The contest, as between Sweden and Denmark, would have been more speedily, and not less satisfactorily, decided, but for the selfish conduct of the heads of the Church in Sweden. These threw the whole weight of their influence and authority on the side, native or foreign, which promised most prodigally, to support their privileges. The patriots of Sweden who ejected the Danes were principally among the people at large; there were a few, but not many, in the Church.

In 1520, the triumph of Denmark over Sweden seemed secure. Christian II. had, after an heroic struggle for independence, been proclaimed King of Sweden also. On the 1st of November, he summoned the Swedish nobility to meet him at Stockholm, to celebrate his coronation.

The hands of Swedish bishops and archbishops were united to place the crown of Sweden on the head of Christian II. of Denmark. The oaths by which the latter bound himself to protect the rights and liberties of the Swedes, were many, and of great solemnity. Christian swore to them with as much gravity as if it had been his intention to respect them. Not a Swedish noble, however, was allowed to take the slightest part in the ceremony. Christian ungraciously excused himself, by remarking that they had not helped him to the crown he wore; but that if they proved themselves loyal, he would put his trust in them, at a future opportunity.

"These are unquiet fellows," said Christian, subsequently, in council; "what may best be done with them, to secure tranquillity?" After some consultation, a resolution was formed to give a religious aspect to the quarrel,—in which

Christian was to take the religious side. His adherent, Archbishop Trollé, had been roughly handled by the patriot Swedes. Christian resolved to put to death all who had taken part against the Prelate. As a temporal King, he would not raise a finger against the Swedish nobles: he had sworn to forget and forgive everything. But here was an offence against the spiritual head of the Church. The offenders would therefore be punished, not as rebels against the King, but as disobedient children against the well-being of their ghostly father.

Within a week, these heretics, as they were called, were doomed to die. All Stockholm was summoned by sound of trumpet, to witness the execution; and cannon was placed in every street, to suppress any disloyal remarks that might be elicited by the scene and its circumstances.

Some of the noblest among the Swedes fell on this fatal day. Two Bishops and twelve secular nobles were among the first who were executed. Their crime was no other than patriotism, which had led them to be at issue with the heads of the Clergy, whose love of country was less than theirs. The brother-in-law of the great Gustavus, Joachim Brahé, was of the number.

But this was not all. There was as good blood spilt as that of the good priests and aristocracy. Town Councillors, well-to-do burghers and citizens, with less fortunes, but equal love for liberty, were massacred by the headsman, in the presence of Christian II. About a hundred of the noblest were beheaded. Bnt the massacre went on for three days. Such of the spectators of the horrible scene as shed tears, or otherwise manifested their sympathy, were dragged from the trembling crowd, and butchered. "Some," says an anonymous author of the Life of Gustavus Vasa,—"these chiefly the servants and retainers of the great nobles—were dragged from their horses as they rode into the town, and hanged in such numbers, that girths and stirrup-leathers

must supply the lack of halters. The gutters ran red with blood, and the miserable survivors stepped over them with superstitious care, lest a stain upon their dress should seem to mark them out as the next sacrifice. For three days, the bodies remained upon the market-place. They were then carried out and burnt in the south suburb, on the site of the present Church of St. Catherine." When the King, in short, had slain all whom he feared or suspected, he published a proclamation, in which he exhibited the profoundest religious sentiment, and pledged himself, henceforward, to "govern the country mildly and peaceably, after the law of St. Eric."

The Blood-Bath, as this massacre was called by the Swedes, produced more effect upon them than the exceedingly religious tone of Christian's proclamations. If Gustavus was reduced to thresh in a barn, he had arms left to wield other weapons. The Dalesmen were soon in arms for the salvation of their country. They were hardy fellows, who lived upon bark-bread, made of the inner rind of the birch-tree, mixed with rye-meal. They were content, too, to have no other beverage for awhile, but what they derived from springs and rivulets. The first brush with the Danes, terrified the latter. "A people," said the philosophical Danish commander, to his troops, "who can exist upon wood and water, the Devil himself could not conquer, much less any other. Let us go hence!"

An order to execute another massacre did not further the cause of the pious-spoken but assassin-like Christian. The insurrection progressed; and when Christian received despatches, which announced that its progress tended to overthrow Danish supremacy in Sweden, the King tore the documents, and hung the messenger by torch-light. Within nine months from the period of the Blood-Bath, Christian had ceased to be King in Sweden.

Meanwhile, the Danes themselves were beginning to grow

weary of him. He had offended the pride of the Church by ordering that when an Archbishop travelled, he should not have in his train above thirty followers; nor a Bishop, above ten. For meek, apostolic men this might have been considered sufficient for either dignity or comfort. The Danish Nobility distrusted him, because he had begun to court the Commons. He forbade the nobles to sell their serfs and traffic in the persons of Christians, as if these were no better than brute beasts. The serf, too, was allowed to run away if he could, in the case of his being habitually ill-treated by his master. Kindness to the Commons was not natural to Christian, and the exercise of it deceived nobody. The King summoned his nobles to Council, in order to discuss measures for the recovery of Sweden. They excused their non-attendance, on the ground of the severity of the weather, roughness of the roads, and tempestuousness of the seas. The summons was renewed. A whisper got abroad, that they who obeyed it would experience a repetition of the Blood-Bath of Stockholm. The summons was for Aarhus. The nobles met at Viborg. There, on the 20th of January, 1523, they drew up a deed, by which Christian II. was declared to have forfeited the throne which his uncle Frederick, Duke of Holstein, was invited to ascend.

Having signed this deed, the nobles did not know what to do with it.

Their perplexity was natural; but a man was found, not bold enough indeed to actually "bell the cat," but to further its being done. Magnus Munk, of Jutland, repaired to Aarhus, where Christian was to meet his nobility. Monarch and noble entered the locality together; Christian invited Magnus to dine with him, and Magnus, after a dinner according to the fashion of the times, saw the monarch to bed. Still, Magnus showed more discretion than valour. He thrust not the document openly into the King's hand, but slipped it furtively into one of the royal gloves, and then

betook himself, in hot speed, back to his confederates. The paper was found by a page, who respectfully placed it beneath the King's eyes. If the nobles had been frightened, Christian was more timid still.

He addressed to them an impassioned document. He appealed to Emperors and Princes, to judge what he had done. With regard to the little matter of the massacre at Stockholm, it could easily be atoned for. He would cover the country, he said, with churches and monasteries: nay, he would undergo any penance the Pope might propose,—and what could man do more? Was more required of him? Did they ask for fresh oaths and securities? He was prepared to grant them to any amount! To anything was he ready to subscribe, if the nobles forming the Council of the State would only recall their unpleasant resolution.

Finding him abject, they declared themselves inflexible. Christian, now convinced that this inflexibility was not to be overcome, at once looked to his own safety. He selected a score of his best and fastest-sailing ships. On board these, he placed a vast amount of property, state-papers, gold and silver, which were the results of years of accumulation. He went on board with his Queen, his son, his two daughters, and his favourite Sigbrit;—"the last packed away in a chest," says Celsius, with the other treasures. On the 20th of April, 1523, he steered for the Netherlands, where, we are told, on the authority of Tegel, Holberg, and Celsius, "he vainly endeavoured to draw Henry VIII., of England, into a treaty to recover his dominions, offering Iceland as a security for the outlay."

The new Kings of Denmark and Sweden (Frederick and Gustavus Vasa) declared Christian to be their common enemy. But there were yet many Danish fortresses on island and continent held by Christian's lieutenants. His most resolute adherent was an officer named Norby, who occupied Gothland, ruled there like a King, and maintained

himself by piracy. He was indiscriminate in his attacks: as long as a rich vessel was before him, he cared little as to the flag under which it sailed. But he had a predilection for attacking the vessels of the Lübeckers. These had been hostile to Denmark, and he declared that it was "health and delight to him to overhaul their bales, and rummage in their spice-bags." His booty was conveyed to Visby, which became the magnificent storehouse of captured merchandise. "The empty ships he sent back to the merchants, wishing them a happy return, with fresh and fuller cargoes!"

Norby subsequently placed himself at the head of an expedition which had for its object the restoration of Christian. That ex-monarch wrote a letter in support of the most zealous of his captains, and in furtherance of his own views; it was dated, Lyre, 23rd April, 1525, and was highly characteristic of the religious hypocrisy of the writer, who professed in it "an especial love for the common people, whom he had always protected, and thereby had given mortal offence to the great Lords, temporal and spiritual, who cared for a poor peasant, their equal in the sight of God and Jesus Christ, no more than a dog, often exchanging them, head for head, and putting one to death with as little remorse as the other. They knew that his father and himself had taken up many a poor man and made him rich; but those who had eaten his bread and been made Lords by him, had sought his life, so that he had been compelled to fly his country, and seek help elsewhere. The Emperor (Charles V.) having conquered the French King (Francis I.) and taken him prisoner, would soon, he expected, give him aid to punish such ingratitude. The Emperor had promised to come, if possible, in person; if not, to send a large army, to reinstate him in his dominions. He (Christian) warned them of these expectations, that the guilty might repent of their rebellion. In the meantime, and until he should come himself to punish all his enemies, and to pardon all who

should submit to and aid Norby, he gave that officer full powers to complete the work which he had begun."

The expedition however signally failed, although it lacked neither numbers, money, spirit, nor discretion. Norby himself, escaping from a united attack at sea, by Frederick and Gustavus, repaired to Moscow, was detained three years in Russia, and was finally killed in the army of Charles V., at the siege of Florence, in 1530. His zeal and fidelity, Christian was unable to find in any other of the supporters of his cause.

In the year following the death of Norby, Christian made one grand attempt, in person, to recover the single crown of Sweden, if he could not regain the others. He had been instigated thereto by some Swedish nobles, who had fallen under the displeasure of Gustavus, and who sought to avenge themselves. They had assured the ex-King that not a man in Sweden would oppose him; and they sought to impress upon the Dalesmen that he was no longer the merciless King of old days, but a sovereign whose heart was full of tenderness. The Dalesmen bethought themselves of the Swedish Blood-Bath, and would not listen to the seductive persuasion.

In October, 1531, with eleven out of twenty-five ships, with which Christian had sailed from Holland, he arrived at Christiania, in Norway. He announced himself as the extirpator of heretics, and he was cordially received by the Bishops, of the old faith especially.

He did not move forward over the Swedish frontier till the spring of 1532; and then, in Bohusland, he saw himself opposed by 3000 Swedish troops. "You told me," said he, turning to Turi Johnson, "that I should not find a man in Sweden to oppose me; are these women then? Such representations may be to my loss, but they will not be to your advantage." The following morning, the headless trunk of Turi, the High Steward, was found in the streets of Kongelf.

The military talent of Christian gained for him some successes, but he was eventually compelled to fall back on Christiania, with the loss of a great portion of his army, and under the impossibility of procuring provisions for the troops who remained. On the other hand, the forces of Gustavus and Frederick entirely destroyed his fleet; and in this condition, he found himself compelled to surrender.

The stout commander of the enemy was a Bishop-elect of Odensee, named Gyldenstjerna. The negotiations between these parties commenced on the 12th of May, and were protracted for seven weeks. At the end of that period, a treaty was mutually signed, by which it was agreed that hostilities should cease, and that Christian, with two hundred attendants, should repair, under a safe-conduct, to Denmark, and there adjust all differences with his uncle, the actual King. Should this adjustment not take place, Christian was to be set at liberty, either in Germany or Norway.

The first step of the ex-monarch was to write, as he well knew how to write, a highly religious letter to his uncle Frederick, to whom he said he was returning like the Prodigal Son to the father whom he had offended. But the arrival of the royal writer in Copenhagen Roads, threw Frederick into the utmost perplexity. The latter had enjoined Gyldenstjerna to agree to nothing but an unconditional surrender. This injunction did not reach the martial Bishop-elect till towards the close of the negotiations. He continued, therefore, to act by the written letter of the original powers entrusted to him, and extricated himself very cleverly from his delicate position, by bringing the principals together, and leaving on them the responsibility of all further proceedings. Frederick was not sorry to have his dangerous nephew in his possession, but then the latter was guarded by his safe-conduct. Now, to give him his liberty, would be to set free the most pertinacious adversary that King or uncle could possess. The King, the Nobility, the

Prelates, all the honourable men of the Council, cudgelled their brains, in order to discover how they might commit an act of barefaced rascality without losing any of their reputation as men of honour. It was found to be the easiest thing possible. The treaty between the Bishop-elect and the monarch deposed, did not bear the King's seal. It had been signed after the full powers of Gyldenstjerna had been revoked; and besides, added the promising Prelate, Christian has violated the treaty himself, by sending to the Emperor the act whereby the Norwegian bishops had recognized his authority, and acknowledged his son as his successor.

Putting all these matters together, it was found that an act of treachery towards the captured King would have in it nothing that could injuriously affect the characters of those who committed it. Orders were accordingly issued to transfer the royal prisoner to the strong fortress of Sönderborg, in Holstein;—Christian was not to be made acquainted with the order till it was carried out. What was next required was a deputation of honourable men who would repair to the ex-King with a falsehood on their lips. After a decent delay of five days, four State Councillors were found, who had the courage to visit Christian on board his ship, where they informed him that the King his uncle was at Flensberg, awaiting his arrival. They would accompany him thither, they said, and present him to their Sovereign.

The prow of the vessel was turned towards the sea, and Christian was in high spirits at the prospect of an adjustment of his difficulties. Suddenly he perceived that the ship was passing, instead of entering, Flensberg Firth; and he burst into the most unmanly fits of weeping at the deception which had been put upon him. His sorrow was disregarded. As Mallet says, Christian II. experienced that a King who has forfeited the general esteem, remains without resource as soon as he ceases to inspire fear. With scanty

ceremony, the ex-King was deposited in the Blue Tower of the fortress. His companions were a deformed dwarf, and four young noblemen, his attendants. At first, there was no more than ordinary severity in his imprisonment; but, impatient of restraint, he endeavoured to obtain succour from his relations in Germany. When this was discovered, his attendants were dismissed, and he and the poor dwarf were shut up in a dungeon in the eastern tower. One small window alone served to convey to them some idea of difference between day and night; and so completely were they isolated from the world, that provisions and fuel were conveyed to them through a hole in the wall.

The eyes of Christian grew accustomed even to such gloom as that in which he was now plunged. A drawing of Copenhagen Castle was roughly executed by him on the walls, which bore other sketches by the same hand; and "by marks on a marble table, which stood in the middle of the apartment, he kept a register of the circuits round it, which made up his daily exercise."

During twelve years there was an unmitigated severity of imprisonment. The poor dwarf grew naturally weary of it, and was liberated on a plea of sickness. An old soldier took the place of the dwarf, and Christian became so much attached to him as to feel an acute increase of misery when he became deprived of *him* also.

The condition of the dethroned monarch was in some degree improved under Christian III., son of Frederick, in 1544, when, at Imperial intercession, he was permitted to enter the town occasionally, and even to go out shooting. Five years later, a still greater and a welcome change was effected. He was then transferred to Callundborg, "where eight noblemen, and eighty other attendants, formed at once his household and his guard." He was allowed many indulgences; was supplied by Christian III., the establisher of the Lutheran religion in Denmark, with money, and

occasionally with the prisoner's favourite beverage, foreign ale. This however was not always procurable, and the King of Denmark then excused himself to his captive for not having forwarded some of this ale to him. Of the indulgences granted to him, he was never deprived but of one: that however was the much-prized indulgence of shooting,—which he forfeited by an attempt to elude his guards, who were sharing in the sport.

This forfeiture increased a melancholy which sometimes approached to insanity, and to which he was subject during the closing years of his long captivity. The chief cause of this depression was traced to his intemperate use of Italian wine. The death of Christian III., on New-Year's day, 1559, was a severe blow to Christian II., and it increased his mental gloom. It would have been more fatal to him than it was, had his own life been prolonged. A fortnight afterwards an order reached the castle from Frederick II., son of the lately deceased monarch, to the effect that the ex-King should be subjected, in future, to close confinement. It is hardly possible to imagine than an old deposed monarch, who had been six-and-thirty years in captivity, and who was nearly fourscore years of age, could be an object of alarm to any sceptred sovereign. The new King nevertheless seems to have been jealous of the old and helpless captive. Frederick's rigour towards him was gratuitous. When the cruel order reached Callundborg, Christian II. was dying. He breathed his last sigh on the 24th of January, 1559. Shortly afterwards the gates opened, and the body of Christian passed free. It was conveyed to Odensee, where it was buried in the Church of the Franciscans, by the side of his father, John;—that father whom the unhappy son resembled in nothing but his vices.

Thus lived and so died the King who is variously described as the "Nero of the North," and a "living saint;" as "a man in advance of his time," aud the "most short-

sighted of mortals;" a "monster of iniquity," and a "humanito-political martyr." He was, in truth, a man without fixed principles, careless of truth, merciless of disposition, a Lutheran today, a Catholic tomorrow, utterly without sympathy for others, yet weeping bitter tears over sufferings of his own. His liberality was like that of James II., when the latter advocated toleration for Dissenters, only with a view of so strengthening Romanism as to be able to crush all other persuasions. When Christian became the friend of the Commons, it was because he hated and feared the nobles. When he declared that if he ever should refuse to listen to the suggestions of the Danish Senate, that body would be authorized in pronouncing his deposition, he did not intend that the members should have the power to back their own authority: the words on his royal lips were not in accordance with the thoughts of his heart. For no human life, save his own, had he the slightest regard. Three dozen years of captivity could not expiate the Blood-Bath; and he most unquestionably merited a doom,—which they who condemned him to it had no shadow of right to inflict.

KINGS OF DENMARK.

The Danish annalists give a list of fifty-six Kings, to the period when Margaret, the Semiramis of the North, united on her head the three crowns of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, 1387. Of the first twenty-five, to the reign of Harold, 813, little is known; of the remaining thirty-one, there are reliable accounts, which do not require notice here. The subjoined is a list of their successors.

A.D.

1387. Margaret.

1397. ——— with Eric IX. (XIII. of Sweden).

A.D.

1412. Eric IX. alone; resigned both crowns.
1440. Christopher III. of Sweden.
1448. Christian I., elected King of the three kingdoms.
1481. John.
1513. Christian II., dethroned for his tyranny, 1523; died in prison, 1559. Sweden independent.
1523. Frederick of Holstein.
1534. Christian III.
1559. Frederick II.
1588. Christian IV., head of the Protestant League.
1648. Frederick III. made the crown hereditary.
1670. Christian V.
1699. Frederick IV.
1730. Christian VI.
1746. Frederick V.
1766. Christian VII. married Caroline Matilda, sister of George III.
1784. Regency, in consequence of the insanity of Christian.
1808. Frederick VI., the Regent, succeeded to the throne.
1839. Christian VIII.
1848. Frederick VII., born in 1808.

SWEDEN.

"Good Kings are mourn'd for after life, but ill;
And such as govern'd only by their will,
And not their reason, unlamented fall."—MASSINGER.

THE most indulgent readers would resist any attempt to trace to them the fortunes of the various dethroned Kings who fell from greatness in Scandinavia (Sweden, Denmark, and Norway), between the period of Magog, great-grandson of Noah, and the establishment of Christianity.

Even when Christianity became in Sweden an established fact, in the ninth century, order in the succession was by no means its accompanying good. There was occasionally a nominal King, but the lay barons and the dignified clergy were the real sovereigns. Between the dissensions of these several parties, and the bloody invasions of the Danes, who profited by such dissensions, the people were crushed as between the upper and nether millstone. It was not till 1276, when Magnus Ladalus not only made himself King, but cansed his power to be respected, that the nobles and clerics found that they had got their master, and the people as joyfully hailed him—the right man in the right place. The greatest of men, however, are seldom followed by a progeny worthy of them; and great was the confusion in Sweden, for many a long year after the death of Magnus, until, in 1394, the Semiramis of the North, Margaret, Queen of Denmark and Norway, the Swedes, in very despair, elected her as their sovereign, and thus, by the Treaty of Calmar, did one woman reign over three kingdoms. The Treaty enjoined that the

successors of Margaret should be elected by each of the three kingdoms, in turn; and should alternately reside in each. The confusion which ensued was natural, but it is indescribable also, at least in my contracted limits. Denmark sought to hold her sister crowns in subjection; and when the Danish Christian II. attempted to establish himself absolute King over Sweden, and massacred those who were opposed to him, the people of the latter country began to consider how they might best select a native monarch of their own.

To the general reader, and more especially to the youthful reader, Gustavus Ericson (called *Vasa*, from the fasces, or wheatsheaf, as some describe it, on his shield) presents himself with a very melodramatic aspect. In our outlines of history, he is the chief and popular actor in a stirring little drama, full of shifting scenes and varied incidents. Peril tracks his footsteps; he moves about, now in disguise, anon heavily dealing his irresistible strokes in open field. At one moment, he is on the stormy main; at another, lying hid in the silent recesses of the earth. His great object is to rescue his country from great and sanguinary oppression. He addresses himself to the achievement, with fearful odds to contend against. At length triumph crowns his work, and the curtain descends upon King Gustavus, seated on the throne of Sweden, and gracefully bowing to the chorus of Dalecarlian miners, who helped to put him there.

His subsequent career as King was less heroic; and Gustavus, the young warrior, after hewing his way to the throne, and promising more liberty than he ever intended to allow, sinks into a middle-aged gentleman with a sharp eye to his own interests. He was, moreover, sadly perplexed with his family affairs, somewhat infirm of temper, and with more of King Stork about him than his old friends and allies of Dalecarlia had expected to find or were willing to tolerate.

From his birth he had been looked upon as set apart for

great work; for he came into the world with a caul like a helmet, and a red cross upon his breast. He drew his little sword upon his Danish school-master, for daring to sneer at Sweden; and having been taken in an armed attempt to dissolve the union of the countries, he was shut up in the castle of Eric Bauer, with nothing better to live upon than salt junk, sour ale, black bread, and rancid herrings.

The Church of Rome committed a fatal blunder when she excommunicated the Swedes who had taken up arms against Denmark. The act made Lutherans and freemen of the Swedes; but it did not render them tolerant. During several years, a Romish priest could not show himself in the land without peril of being subjected to most atrocious mutilation. He could hardly complain, however: it was but a retributive Nemesis that descended on him.

The "Blood-Bath" in which Christian of Denmark drowned the noblest of the Swedes, was the fountain from which sprang liberty for Sweden. When this was accomplished, Gustavus became undisputed King. In 1531, he espoused the Princess Catherine of Saxony; and in December of the same year, all the Court was in delight at the prospect of the birth of an heir to the throne. For three long days and nights the Queen lay between life and death. The courtiers were praying for a speedy end to her trial, when the physicians startled them by exclaiming, "Pray, rather, that the child may not yet be born; for if that were to happen during the present hour, the child will be to the whole kingdom a child of sorrow." And five minutes after, the child of evil augury first saw the light.

After an uneasy wedded-life of four years' duration, Queen Catherine "died rather suddenly," and Gustavus speedily remarried with a Swedish lady, the submissive Queen Margaret, who loved nothing better than to superintend her large dairy-farm at Gripsholm, where she looked sharply after the two-and-twenty pretty dairymaids who churned the

butter. This Queen died in 1551, leaving five sons and as many daughters, the fruit of her union with Gustavus Vasa. The widowed King found comfort in once more wedding,—this time with Catherine, the niece of his late wife.

Eric, the son of the first marriage, was for ever quarrelling with the children of the second, particularly with John and Charles. He was as hot-headed as, but of a more brutal temperament than, his father, who was, indeed, something of a stepfather to him. Both father and son loved music, and were well endowed with learning. They were however in continual antagonism. When Eric proposed a marriage with our Queen Elizabeth, Gustavus sneered at a Lutheran Prince espousing a Calvinistic Princess—as he called her. Eric made the trial, but he did not prosper in it. When the Swedish Ambassador applied in his behalf, Elizabeth characteristically remarked, that, to the best of her remembrance, she had never heard of the Ambassador's master before that time, and that she so well liked both the messenger and message as, "I shall most humbly pray God upon my knees, that from henceforth I may never hear of one or the other." This was but a "lady's answer," and some wooing followed, though nothing came of it.

The elected King Gustavus obtained from the States a recognition of Eric as King. He did this almost against his will; and he gave such power and fortune to the brothers John and Charles, that Eric himself complained that his father was heaping up misery for his successor. Gustavus perhaps had some misgivings too on this point, for as the dissensions among his children increased, he once remarked, with a sigh, "The time will come when the Swedes would gladly pluck me from the grave, if it were in their power." The stern old monarch died on Michaelmas-day, 1650, and Eric, his son, reigned in his stead.

He stood alone,—beyond his family circle, the members of which hardly recognized him, even as a half-brother. Of

John, he was chiefly jealous. This jealousy had been life-long: as was said by Messenius, "he quarrelled with him first for playthings, then for fiefs, and finally for the whole realm of Sweden." The old King used to speak of Eric as his "Absalom;" but many of the faults of him who was now about to grasp a sceptre and to lose it speedily, may be traced to evil training on one of evil passions. He was the worst qualified man in Sweden to be her monarch; and in a very brief time, indeed, was he a monarch without a sceptre.

Previously to narrating the romantic story of Eric, it may be well to complete the outline of Swedish history down to the present day.

The reigns of John III., Sigismund, and Charles IX., brought the sixteenth century to a close. They occupied the period of fierce religious disputes; and Sigismund's attachment to Popery cost him a crown which he in vain endeavoured to regain, after his deposition.

The unlucky Charles was succeeded by his more glorious son, Gustavus Adolphus, 1611–1635. He was beset, at once, by many enemies, and triumphed over all. His ambition alarmed both Russia and Austria. His very reverses called forth in him such strategic ability, that he was chosen as the champion of German Protestantism against the oppression of Austria. He exercised his office with unparalleled success; captured cities which had been pronounced impregnable, vanquished generals whom flattery had pronounced invincible, defeated the "unconquerable" Tilly, and was deemed worthy of being confronted by the greatest of Austrian leaders, the magnificent Wallenstein. He fell, a conqueror, at Lützen. His death saved Austria from the annihilation which the victory threatened to inflict upon that country, whose Government still exultingly exhibits the bloody suit of buff worn by the great man whose name Austria hates, but whose memory she dare not but respect; and whose fall is not without suspicion of having been effected by treachery.

His eccentric daughter, Christina, a child six years of age when her father died, after winning the admiration and the scorn of mankind, by her talents and follies, excited the wonder of all nations by her voluntary abdication (1654) in favour of her cousin, afterwards Charles X. The three Charleses who, in succession, followed Christina, may be said to have lived with their swords in their hands, and their kingdom to have suffered from a chronic state of war. At the death of the last of them, Charles XII.,—the most able, the bravest, the maddest, and the most unfortunate (1718),—Sweden was exhausted of blood and treasure; and Ulrica, the sister of Charles, with her husband the Prince of Hesse, was content to hold the crown by the suffrages of the people, and to reign under the guidance of the wisest among them.

But the wisest from among the people, the Senate, had as little wisdom as the maddest of Kings. The reign of Frederick of Holstein (1751–1771) was a luckless one for sovereign and people, and that of Gustavus III. (1771–1792) not less so. The 'Caps' sought to circumscribe his authority. The 'Hats' supported him in his endeavours to overturn the constitution which he had sworn to uphold. By a *coup d'état* he rendered himself despotic monarch of his kingdom; but as this revolution inflicted more loss on the tyrannical aristocracy than on any other class, a pistol-shot from Ankarstrom, the champion of the nobility, fired at a masked ball, ended the career and life of Gustavus III., in 1792.

The fourth GUSTAVUS was an "incapable" King. He saw Finland yielded to Russia, and would have seen the Russians partitioning Sweden, had not the Swedes themselves been more national than their sovereign, and compelled him to lay down the sceptre which he was unworthy to wield (1809). This revolution gave to the people a new constitution and a new King, Charles XIII., previously Duke of Sudermania. The nomination of the amiable Prince of Augustenburg as "Crown Prince" was made, in order to secure

a quiet succession; but the appointed heir died suddenly, and an ex-private soldier of France, Baptiste Bernadotte, then Prince of Ponte Corvo, was selected as heir-presumptive to a crown, which he wore, not without dignity, as King Charles John, and which he transmitted to his son Oscar, the present sovereign.

There only remains to be added, that Norway remained united to Denmark till the political arrangements of the year 1814 destroyed the ancient connection, and, under pretence of giving freedom to Norway, annexed it, preserving however all ancient privileges, to Sweden. Norway is loyal to its new sovereign; but the sympathies which she manifested for the success of Denmark against Germany, in the old Holstein quarrel, proved that she had not ceased to remember affectionately her old connection with the Dane.

It may be added here that the policy of a Swedish King, as laid down by a learned prelate, is not one very difficult to follow. Old Bishop Sorenius, when taking leave of the King of Sweden, after the Revolution of 1772, observed to him, that if he wished to preserve the love of the people, there were two subjects with which he would do well never to meddle,—namely, *religion and brandy*. The following Chapter will perhaps show that there were other subjects of which he should be cautious, if he would preserve his throne.

THE STORY OF ERIC XIV.

"*Alph.* Great princes have,
Like meaner men, their weakness.
Hip. And may use it without control or check.
Cont. 'Tis fit they should.
Their privilege were less else than their subjects'."
'*Duke of Florence.*'

ERIC THE FOURTEENTH, eldest son of Gustavus Vasa, was crowned at Upsal early in the summer of 1561. On the 12th of July all Stockholm was early afoot, awaiting less to welcome him than to witness the spectacle of his triumphant entry into the capital. All the outward sounds and signs of rejoicing were there,—booming cannon, pealing bells, gaily-dressed people, and delightedly-wondering children. But therewith it is recorded that the faces of the burghers were not wreathed in smiles. The children indeed laughed loudly, and thought of nothing, not even of themselves. The young people, who wended along in couples, thought of nothing *but* themselves. The middle-aged and elder burghers wore more serious aspects as they passed onwards, or stood about in groups. These, with hearts ready to leap for the heir of Gustavus, had much misgiving as to his worthiness of their homage; but since 1520 Stockholm had not witnessed the entry of a newly-crowned King; and as curiosity was stronger than misgiving, people of all classes and ages ranged themselves orderly to witness the novel sight.

The common heirs of Gustavus had already seized upon the rich treasures which he had painfully amassed, and much

of the wealth had been already squandered. Of these riches Eric, the first heir, had been the most largely prodigal. The cost of the embassy despatched to England, to solicit for him the hand of Elizabeth, was defrayed therefrom; and much of it was flung away upon the barbaric splendour of his coronation. For the latter ceremony half Europe had been laid under contribution, and had been lavishly rewarded for every tribute brought in work or ware. The "crowning" had been the drama—"a grand spectacle," got up especially for the nobles. The entry into the capital was another, prepared for the citizens generally, whose impatience was provided against by the presence of such amusements as burghers generally delight in. On the wide square, near the gate, were to be seen caged lions, and dromedaries gravely walking about, led by men who looked as strange to the citizens as the animals over whom they held custody. In one corner the drama of 'Faust,' rapidly enacted, offered a moral which the Swedes could not comprehend; and in another an astrologer prattled about the stars, as grandly mysterious as Mrs. Browning's Adam, in the 'Drama of Exile.' In short, there was "all the fun of the fair," on that wide square! but it contrasted so completely with the uneasiness in men's hearts, and with the dark scenes which so soon followed, that I know of nothing wherewith to compare it, unless it be the exhibition of 'Punch' by the side of the guillotine of Louis XVI. Moreover, from these scenes each man ever and anon turned away impatiently, to gaze towards the North Gate: and even they whose eyes were still turned to the sports, continually asked of the watchers, like the distressed lady in Blue-Beard, "Friend, do you see anything a-coming?" But as yet there was nothing to be seen but the lightsome fountain, which

> "At its height o'errun,
> Still shook its loosening silver in the sun."

Soon however came "a start of trumpets," and then a rush

of the people and a serrying of ranks, and a satisfied yet nervous consciousness that the grand scene was about to commence. The record of the scene reads like nothing so much as the account of some theatrical pageant. Heralds and pages; knights and squires; half-mailed soldiers on foot; heavier-clad warriors on horseback; troops in fancy dresses; the old aristocracy and the new nobility; men with an antediluvian age to their dignity, and Counts and Barons of yesterday, whose nobility had been made by Eric's breath, and whose titles were now first known in Sweden. These were the precursors to the Dukes John and Charles, who, at a lordly distance from this splendid vanguard, rode into the square on steeds flinging the creamy foam as they passed onward. After a still longer interval appeared Eric himself, mounted on a charger ruled by him with infinite dexterity and grace, followed by his unpopular tutors Burræus and Goran Persson, and welcomed by a shout which went up like thunder, from the hearts of the citizens, to the skies above them. A cloud of armed men, officials, and liveried valets, closed in upon his rear.

He was the handsomest of the handsome sons of Gustavus; was less tall and less strongly built, but more graceful and supple, than his sire. There was something effeminate in the fall of auburn curls about his brow; but that broad and already slightly-wrinkled brow, his brown eyebrows, shading his blue eyes, his grave, closed lips, his solemn smile, and his thick moustache and pointed beard, lent him a severe aspect, which was not affected by his gay attire,—his tightly-fitting. white silk pourpoint, partially covered by what is called, in theatrical phrase, an Almaviva cloak, held on one shoulder by an agraffe in diamonds. His thighs were covered also with white silk, relieved by pink rosettes; and with superb morocco boots and golden spurs to the heels, and a broad, black felt hat, surmounted by an ostrich plume, on his head, he thus presented himself to the ad-

miring crowd. The thunder of their joy mingled with that of the welcoming artillery, and it startled the horse more than it did the monarch. The steed, in suddenly swerving from the frantic demonstration, stumbled, and, but for as sudden a reining of him up, Eric would have been precipitated to the ground. The royal rider muttered a curse, and expressed his wonder to the Count Svante Sture, who was riding close at his crupper, at the unsure-footedness of so well-trained a steed. "Sire," said the Count, "on this square of Brunkeberg the noblest heads in Sweden have fallen beneath the axe, and perhaps the horse smells blood." At this remark, the superstitious Eric scowled alike on the speaker and on the multitude before him. Clapping spurs to the flanks of his steed, he put an end to all ceremonious order of going, and, with an air of mingled fury and fright, dashed forward in the direction of the palace.

The citizens stood mute with astonishment. The Dukes John and Charles looked at each other, and smiled; they felt that their half-brother Eric was already a monarch without a sceptre.

Scholar as he was, he assuredly lacked judgment. He is indeed said to have lacked that rather rare possession since the day when, some years before, he had been stunned by a violent fall. He now assumed the title of "Majesty," and wooed four ladies at once. Twice he attempted to appear in person at the feet of our Elizabeth, but storms flung him back upon the coast, and the King of Denmark would not allow him to abridge the water-passage by permitting him to traverse the Danish territory. The Court of Elizabeth was thrown into a comic sort of consternation at the idea of his coming, as may be seen by the amusing instructions (detailed by Haynes, i. 370) issued in consequence. Meanwhile he offered himself to Mary Stuart, to the Princess Renée of Lorraine, and to the Princess Catherine of Hesse. The father of the latter had consented to the union, yet

was somewhat reluctant to deliver his daughter; but even this he had promised to do, when the King of Denmark placed in his hands an intercepted letter from Eric to Elizabeth, assuring the latter that, notwithstanding his courtesy to other ladies, his heart was in her keeping, and hoping that her hand would soon be in his own. The false lover having been thus betrayed, the Prince of Hesse broke off the engagement between his daughter and the young King, and all the ladies in Christendom thought the latter rightly served.

Eric chafed under his annoyances: but as he had been told by an astrologer that all his perplexities would be owing to the treachery of a man with fair hair, he forthwith cast his brother John into prison. The latter *was* fair-haired, and Eric bitterly hated him. The King would probably have assassinated his brother in prison, but for the intervention of Charles de Mornay, a French gentleman, whose good counsel prevailed over the fiendish advice of Goran Persson. Liberty and wealth were offered to the young wife of Duke John, but she showed the device on her wedding-ring ("Nemo nisi Mors") to those who made the offer, and at once accepted imprisonment in the Castle of Gripsholm with her husband.

The act brought no tranquillity to the disturbed mind of Eric; on the contrary, he every day became more gloomy, morose, and maniacal. He looked upon every man with suspicion, and interpreted the most natural and most insignificant of gestures as some dreadful telegraphing of hideous treason. His violence was frantic, and even his repentance may be said to have been of the same quality. After a day of frightful outrage, he would make record against himself, in his journal, that he had sinned, and would then start from agonizing depression to commit further crime. There was really no King in Sweden, save in name.

Rarely indeed did Eric appear in public, and never with-

out a superstitious dread of impending calamity. On one of these rare occasions he was riding homeward when he observed a group of persons surrounding some object that was not visible to him. His thoughts, ever ready to leap to sinister conclusions, found expression in his declaration that a revolt had commenced, and that his safety must be looked to. The group however had only assembled around a fruit and flower-girl, named Catherine Mone, who had been knocked down and rendered senseless through the incapacity of some inexperienced charioteer. The group appeared so peaceable of character that even the King ventured to approach it. He looked down upon the unconscious girl; and was at once struck with pity and admiration. She was just on the point of being carried into a neighbouring house, when she languidly opened her eyes. Their glance in an instant reached the King's heart; and giving orders, in a hurried tone, that she should be conveyed to the palace, he rode forward a new and seemingly happy man. During the whole of that evening, calm appeared to have settled upon his soul. He was thoughtful, but tranquilly thoughtful; and even the witticisms of Hercules Cæsar Antony Steinberg, his fool, could not win a smile from the happily preoccupied Eric. The King of Sweden was in love with Catherine Mone, the granddaughter of an old soldier of the army of Gustavus; a girl humbly born and homely bred, who knew nothing but her Scripture history, was as pure as the flowers she sold, feared God, and loved a young sergeant.

To no public business could Eric give his attention that night. He was even incapable of reading the despatches of Horn, announcing victories over the fleets of Denmark and Lübeck. But he consulted his favourite astrology, and, with the aid of Burræus, he joyfully discovered that the stars promised felicity to himself and the flower-girl. He could hardly wait with patience for daybreak. When it came, and therewith intelligence that Catherine had been but slightly

injured, and that she had expressed an eager desire to be permitted to depart, Eric sent her notice that he had appointed her one of the maids-of-honour to his sister Cecilia, and that her office rendered her presence in the palace necessary. The Swedish chronicle asserts that the flower-girl protested vehemently against being detained, and gave no heed to the assurances that her veteran grandsire and her widowed father (a soldier in active service) should be provided for. The announcement of her elevation to an unexpected dignity, and the assurances that her family would be raised far above want, were made to her by a royal Aide-de-camp. She replied to them only by entreaties and tears. Before noon however the King himself had pleaded his cause in person; and the result was, the reluctantly-yielded consent of Catherine to remain.

She was kept in ignorance of the stern refusal of her relations to share in any way in her good fortune. That she herself seemed deserving of it, was not to be contested. She rapidly acquired fresh graces; learned with ease all that accomplished masters could teach her; gained the esteem of her mistress Cecilia; behaved with all modesty and reserve; and when the King confessed his affection for her, she accepted it as an honest avowal, and—forgot her first lover, the young sergeant.

The report that the young sergeant was less oblivious, is probably true; but the assertion that he was detected at the feet of Catherine by Eric, and that the latter not only imprisoned the lover, but, urged by Persson, rushed into the commission of the most frantic acts, is more doubtful. That Eric became again however as one mad, is not to be gainsaid. He murdered the head of the noble family of Sture with his own hand, and massacred Burræus, who had endeavoured to soothe him. He sent innocent men to the scaffold, and then wandered about the fields likening himself to Nero, and heaping execration upon his own head. From this con-

dition, more aggravated than any from which he had yet suffered, he was recovered solely by the voice and attention of Catherine. There had been a temporary separation, and as the song says, "Love will find out the way," the alleged interview of the young sergeant and the ex-flower-girl may not, after all, be entirely void of foundation.

What poor reparation Eric could make to those families, many members of whom had been judicially, or otherwise, murdered through his blind fury, was now effected. He distributed money, implored pardon, flung his evil counsellor Persson into prison, and released his brother John from captivity. His mind however became once more unhinged by his excitement in repelling, at a fatal cost, a Danish invasion. The excitement was increased after Catherine became the mother of two children,—a daughter and a son; and no one was more aghast than herself when he announced that he would at once espouse her, fixed a day for her coronation, and summoned to that ceremony, not only the grandees of his kingdom, but the Princes his brothers. They treated the citation with a silent contempt.

The ceremony took place nevertheless, and it was one of splendid misery to the unwilling Catherine, although it made of her child the recognized heir to a crown, and ennobled her family, the male members of which consented to be created knights on the wedding-day of their kinswoman. The people looked on in menacing silence; the nobles were as mutely, but more haughtily, indignant; but when, at the coronation banquet, Nils Gyllenstjerna, who stood behind Catherine, let the crown fall from his hands, the inference drawn by all present was, that the momentary splendour would be followed by a dark and destructive storm.

And it was even so. The Dukes John and Charles raised the standard of revolt, and every one who had something in the past to revenge, or something in the future to dread, rallied beneath their banner. The best friends of Eric aban-

doned him, fortress after fortress fell into the hands of the enemies who pronounced his deposition, and it was not till the daily increasing foe appeared at the gates of Stockholm that the monarch without a sceptre seemed worthy of what he had lost.

For a moment indeed he bore himself like one crushed under the great calamity; and repairing to his physician, he extended his bare arm, and begged of the astonished official to open his veins. The medical officer replied that it was his duty to prolong and not to abridge the King's life. The remark had force enough to arouse Eric to action, and, donning his armour, and drawing his sword, he vigorously attacked, and with transitory success, the army of his hostile brothers. But it was the resistance of an individual against a multitude. All Sweden, save the quarter of the city in which his little force was assembled, had declared against him; hourly his own forces decreased by desertion; the Queen-mother and his sisters passed over to the enemy, and at length no one stood by his side but Catherine and a chosen few, true to the last to the bad King to whom they had sworn fidelity. But even this chosen few, terrified by the threats of the besiegers, and the menacing aspect of the people, were rejoiced when the Archbishop privately released them from their oaths. They opened the gates to the assailants, and Eric was at prayers in the cathedral when the news reached him that his enemies were within the city. He rushed from the church to the citadel, but ere he could reach the latter, the foe was upon him. Sten Leyonhufwud was the first who reached him. He clapped a horse-pistol to the King's throat, and bade him surrender, or give up hope of life. "I am your prisoner then," replied Eric; but at the same moment, one of his guards passed his sword through Sten's body, and the ex-King, cutting down a French and subsequently celebrated officer, named La Gardie, who had deserted to the enemy, rushed forward, gained the

palace, claimed the co-operation of the troops, and was received with acclamations. But resistance was useless. The Duke Charles, with an overwhelming force, invested the edifice, and Eric at length consented to yield, on condition of a principality and a revenue being awarded him. He was no sooner however in the hands of his brother, than Charles flung him, without ceremony, into a neighbouring church, and placing a picquet over him, left him there for the night.

There was "true woman" in Catherine at this conjuncture. On her knees she besought the guard to allow her to share her husband's captivity; and being refused, passed the time till break of day, seated on the stone steps, bewailing the misery of Eric and the ruin of the fortunes of her child. When the fallen monarch was led out, early in the day, to be taken into the presence of his brother, John, Catherine vainly endeavoured to obtain a place by his side, and to kiss his hand. "Farewell, Catherine!" were the words of Eric, as he was borne along,—"farewell! we shall meet again."

The States of the Kingdom, convoked by John, condemned Eric to perpetual imprisonment; but with such attendant respect as was due to a man who had been King of Sweden. This recommendation to mercy was unheeded by the new King. Eric was cast into a horrible dungeon, and, for guardians, there were placed over him men whom he had offended, and who claimed to be revenged. The vengeance which they exacted was diabolical. They aggravated, as far as in them lay, the horrors of his position; and one of them fastened to his crippled limbs a mass of iron, which may yet be seen in the Museum at Abo.

As he was fond of reading and of music, he was expressly deprived of all means of satisfying such simple tastes. He was not permitted to have even a Bible. His humble petition to be allowed to pass a few minutes daily in the open

air, heavily fettered as he was, met with derisive rejection. He contrived to forward a deprecating appeal to his triumphant brother, in the name of their common father, the Great Gustavus. John gave orders that books and musical instruments should be furnished to the prisoner, but Eric had not had two full days' enjoyment of them before they were taken from him, and his captivity made to him more bitter than before.

The very people who had rebelled against him took pity upon him, and solicited their new King to vouchsafe some mitigation of severity to his hapless brother. John punished such interference as rebellion; and, after every such petition, treated Eric with increased rigour. The captive was successively removed from Stockholm to Abo, Kastelholm, Gripsholm, Westeras, and, finally, to Orebyhus. At each change, the prisoner experienced only an increase of suffering.

The qualities of Catherine were respected by John, who offered her an estate and a pension, which she refused, as, therewith, permission was not given her to have access to her husband. She retired to a humble dwelling in Stockholm, taking with her her little son. She was constantly to be seen at the grating of Eric's cell, from which she was constantly driven by the guard. Occasionally, a sentinel, more compassionate than his fellows, would affect not to see her, and she and Eric could thus exchange a few words. All her time was passed between the prison of the father and the cradle of the son. She was the comforter with one, the guardian and teacher with the other.

When Eric was transferred to Abo, strict orders were issued that she should not be allowed either to accompany him, or to join him there. So strictly were these orders obeyed, that every attempt made by Catherine to reach her husband completely failed. During a whole year, she remained shut up in her dwelling at Stockholm, and devoted herself to the watching over their child.

It was not till Eric was confined at Gripsholm, that Catherine and he were again permitted to meet, and their son allowed to share in the pleasures and sorrows of the meeting. Subsequently, Catherine had permission to inhabit a room beneath that occupied by Eric; but nearer intercourse was debarred. They could not meet within speaking distance; but day after day, Catherine was to be seen seated in front of the prison, her child at her feet, within sight of Eric, and exchanging with him signs of greeting and sympathy. Long hours were passed in these silent, yet not inexpressive interviews. They were sometimes interrupted by an application to Eric of the most exquisite torture. This consisted in his being suddenly torn from the window, when Catherine and his child first appeared in front of his prison in the morning. He was, on such occasions, chained in the furthest corner of his room, so that he could not behold the dear ones who were yet so near to him. But these remained on their long watch; and often throughout the day they might hear him singing some Psalms of David, wherein the singer prayed God to pardon him, and send him deliverance, though it were even through death, from the snares of Satan and despair.

It was on the discovery of a plot for the rescue of Eric, that he was transferred from Gripsholm to Westeras, and shortly after, to the solitary castle of Orebyhus; into one of the lowest dungeons of which, he was cast, never again to enjoy freedom. He was here deprived of every comfort and solace. The unsceptred King sat in a dark cell, the whole furniture of which consisted of a coarse deal table, a stool, and four planks, which composed his bed. He was deprived of his books and music, was treated with cruel rudeness, —was deprived of all intercourse with his wife and child; and was even debarred from light, fresh air, and almost the aspect of Heaven—the window of his cell being closely barred up.

It was when he was thus secure and harmless that his brother John, affecting to think him most menacing to the safety of the kingdom, induced the States to pronounce against him a sentence of death. The ever-vigilant Catherine was the first to hear of this terrible fact; and she immediately, and secretly, departed from Stockholm in a sledge, which she abandoned within a few leagues of Orebyhus, intending to accomplish the remainder of the journey on foot. This journey of love and duty she accomplished in the month of February, when the snow was not only thick on the ground, but in the air also, sweeping into drifts by the violent action of the wind. The country she had to traverse was scarcely inhabited, save by beasts of prey; darkness and difficulty beset her, and the presence of her young son only increased her terror, her fatigue, and her despair. Within a league of the castle, and just as death was upon mother and child, she received some succour from a family of compassionate peasants who sheltered her for the night. On the following morning, she again set forward with her boy, hoping, yet scarcely knowing wherefore she so hoped, to afford aid to the dethroned husband, who was already beyond all need of earthly help. The murderer commissioned by John, had travelled more swiftly than the poor wife of Eric. Monsieur Marmier, who has narrated the incidents of a Swedish Chronicle, in his 'Souvenirs de Voyage et Traditions Populaires,' says that the executioner, after having notified to Eric his irrevocable doom, gave him the choice of three sorts of death,—suffocation, opening a vein, or poison. Eric chose the latter—swallowed the fatal draught (according to some writers, in a plate of soup), recommended his soul to God, wrote a few lines for his wife and son, and was soon after alone, struggling in his death-agony. At that moment, Catherine had reached the grating of his cell, and called on him aloud, by name. A plaintive voice, the feeble accents of which she could with difficulty

hear, murmured her name. She again called upon her husband, but was answered only by a dull groan and a suppressed sob. Stricken with strange terrors, half-mad, thoughtless of herself, she wound her arms round the bars, and endeavoured to tear them from their sockets, screaming the while, frantically, "Eric, can you hear me? Be on your guard against those who surround you! Take care against assassins. They seek to slay you. Eric! for the love of Heaven! if you can hear me, answer!"—But Eric never answered more.

This tragic scene was enacted in 1566. The hero of it was the first Swedish King who was greeted with the title of "Majesty." In Sweden, as in England, the title was not a new one; but it now began to be exclusively appropriated to sovereigns. In the early times of England, the title was applied indifferently to all persons in authority. In the reign of Stephen, the Abbot of Westminster, in a letter addressed to Henry, that monarch's brother, and the Pope's legate in England, alludes to "Egregiæ Majestatis vestræ præconia"—"Your excellent Majesty's proclamations;" and by the same title, Stephen addressed Innocent II.—But to return to Sweden.

The widow of Eric XIV. withdrew from the neighbourhood in which her husband died, and selected for her residence a manorial seat, called Lixuala, situated amid the tranquil solitudes of Finland, where she lived in unmolested retirement, in exemplary piety of life and innocency of manners. There, too, she died, after surviving her unhappy husband upwards of forty years. She was entombed in the cathedral at Abo, where her daughter Sigrid raised a tablet to her memory, and engraved thereon an inscription which renders justice to the mother and attests the pious affection of the daughter. This child of Eric and Catherine became the wife of the brave Achatius Tott, whose heroic deeds adorn the page of Swedish story.

The son of Eric XIV. merits a word of notice, in this place. His destiny was remarkable. He was born in 1568, and had been declared heir to the throne. On the death of his father he was carried out of Sweden, and he found a poor refuge in Poland. So great was his destitution that he was compelled to hire himself out, as an ostler, and the Crown Prince gained a wretched subsistence by looking after horses and cleaning out stables. But young Gustavus Ericson could not long endure such a life, even though his identity was unknown. He was a scholar, and he resolutely made his way to Prague, where he gave lessons to the students of that then learned city. He attempted, but without success, to reach the dwelling-place of his mother, but a price was put upon his head by his uncle John. The son of John Sigismund, then King of Poland, gave him an asylum in the latter country, and added thereto the revenue of an abbey, whereby he might support life with dignity. Even at that remote period, Muscovy longed to remove her neighbour's land-mark, and the Czar proposed to establish Gustavus Ericson as King of Finland, on condition that he would declare war gainst Sweden. Gustavus patriotically refused to accede to this proposition, but he accepted the hospitality of Russia, and took up his residence within that empire. He fell upon evil times. The "false Demetrius" rose to temporary power, and in the troubles which ensued, the son of Eric was thrown into prison, whence he was not released for many years, and then only to end his days in misery and indigence, at Koschin, in 1607. He would have been a happier man had he not lived within the chances of ascending a throne; but with all the temptations which that circumstance brought, to win him from contentment and render him restless, his scientific knowledge was very considerable; and his acquaintance with chemistry was so profound that the great scholars of the day hailed him by the name of Theophrastus Paracelsus the Second.

CHRISTINA.

" Regum maxima, grandiorque regno,
Terque Augusta Virago, terque fortis,
Necnon ter sapiens ; Jovisque veri
Cerebro edita Pallas."—FILICAIA.

WHEN Christina of Sweden, after she had resigned the throne, addressed herself to the task of writing her own life, she commenced her autobiography with the remark that, except Charles XI., then reigning, she was the only living being who had any right to the Swedish crown. The remark was characteristic of the author. Despite her abdication, she never made entire surrender of her right.

Her birth, at Abo, on the 8th December, 1626, put the astrologers to shame. They had foretold that a son would be born to the great Gustavus Adolphus, and that matters would go ill with mother and child. The prophecy failed in every point. " She will be a clever girl," said Gustavus, " for she has already deceived every one of us."

Thus the royal birth was contrary to expectation;—so was there in the baptism something opposed to ordinary custom. The Lutheran minister signed her with the sign of the cross. This was accounted a superstitious usage. Christina, after she went over to the Romish Church, remembered it with joy. " O Lord," she wrote, with enthusiasm, "he enrolled me in your militia, without being aware of what he was about!" Her next subject of congratulation was, that although she was born a girl, Heaven had inspired her with manly sentiments, and endowed her

with a virile constitution. If she had only died, she said, when young and innocent, her happiness would have been complete.

At two years of age, Christina listened to salvos of artillery with delight. She remembered, long after, that the Christmas before her father left Sweden for the seat of war in Germany, the river Motala, at Nikoping, stopped in its course. This river was always supposed thus to foretell the death of a Swedish King. On the subject of that glorious death, she remarked (then being a Romanist) that she trusted that a ray of the triumphant grace of God fell upon her (Lutheran) father. But, added the orthodox ex-Queen, whether that was, or was not, the case, I submit to, admire, and adore the decrees of God. And with this observation, she dismisses the subject of her father's salvation.

Christina was but a child when, by the death of the great Gustavus, she became Queen (or *King*, for the old Swedes, like the Hungarians, applied the latter title to female sovereigns) of Sweden. She remembered little more of her accession than the delight she experienced at seeing many grand people kissing her hand.

The peasants too had their share in *consenting* to receive her as Queen. The little lady was introduced to a body of them, and their chief, Lars Larsson, after examining her closely—never having seen her before—exclaimed, "Yes, I recognize the nose, eyes, and forehead of Gustavus Adolphus. *Let her be Queen.*"

In the fragment of her autobiography she confesses that she soon forgot her father; and she avows that the long and weary speeches of congratulation to which she was obliged to listen, gave her more annoyance than her father's death.

The Queen-Dowager mourned for her lost husband in a very characteristic fashion. She shut herself within her apartment, which was hung, ceiled, and carpeted with black. The light of day was excluded; and beneath the lamps sus-

pended from the roof, the disconsolate widow lay, laughing till her sides ached, at the jests of the buffoons and the drolleries of the dwarfs, by whom the apartment was crowded.

Educated by men, and under the guardianship of men like Oxenstierna and his colleagues, Christina imbibed a hatred of all that was womanly. She swore like a dragoon. It was the little foible of persons of all ages. She was passionate, proud, revengeful; but her application to study was wonderful, and the success more wonderful still, even when an application of twelve hours a day is taken into account. The difficulty would be to say what she did not know; and of half of what she *had* acquired, she was herself the teacher.

She states, as one of her characteristics, that she sometimes passed days without drinking. She detested wine and beer, and did not particularly care for any other liquid. There was one exception, however; she was extremely fond of the rose-water with which her royal mother washed her face. To the Dowager's toilet-table the thirsty little Queen would repair, and there drink the cosmetic with great enjoyment. At length she was caught in the fact, and, Queen as she was, the dowager lady administered to her such a whipping, that Christina could never think of it, to her latest hour, without a feeling of uneasiness.

She endured hunger and fatigue with singular patience; and she rallied those who did not resemble her in this matter. For womanly refinements she had the most extreme contempt; but she boasted of a delicacy of sense which prevented her from falling into vices, against which she was by no means disinclined. And it was judging upon a thorough knowledge of herself, and supposing all other women to be like her, that she expressed her conviction of the utter disability of women for conducting the affairs of a nation.

The affairs of her own kingdom were indeed admirably conducted during her minority by Oxenstierna, eminent as both warrior and statesman. With such success was his

policy carried out that, in 1648, she may be said to have almost dictated the Peace of Westphalia, which commenced a new era and a new system in Europe.

The Senate nobly carried out her father's views with respect to her education. Noble ladies, sage men, skilful instructors surrounded her. She learned the dead languages as easily as the living,—and by the same simple means,—not merely by grammar and dictionary, but colloquially. She was an excellent Latin scholar when very young, and she turned her scholarship to excellent account when Sweden was abandoned by her ally, France. On that occasion, Christina designed a medal and inscription. Sweden was represented as a female towards whom a hand was extended from the clouds, while a cock (the emblem of France) was flying away, in an opposite direction. The legend was, "A Socio derelicta, a Deo restituta Suetia"—"Sweden, forsaken by her ally, upheld by God." On the reverse was the Swedish Lion with uplifted head, and the words "Confidenter et Solus"—*Boldly though singly.*

The great Gustavus had provided for the succession of his daughter, when he repaired to Germany, in the event of his death. Christina was eighteen years of age when, in 1644, her mother Maria Eleanor ceased to be Regent, and the three Oxenstiernas (Gabriel Gustavus, Axel, and Gabriel Benedict), Jacques de la Gardie, and Charles Guldenheim, surrendered their faithful stewardship, without ceasing to be faithful servants, and left her to both reign and govern.

The war which was raging when her father fell at Lützen, was continued on the part of Sweden, under Banner, Torstensohn, Horn, Wrangel, and Königsmark. Success departed from them at Nördlingen in 1634, and the cause upheld by Sweden was perilled by the defection of the Elector of Saxony, in 1635. The alliance, however, of France with the Swedish crown, was rendered glorious by several victo-

ries within the nine immediate succeeding years. Austria was weary of the contest, and when the Treaty of Westphalia was signed, five millions of thalers, with Pomerania, Rügen, Bremen, and Verdun, were added to the Swedish territory.

Meanwhile Sweden had engaged separately against Denmark, the friend of Austria. Torstensohn carried on a successful invasion of the enemy's country; and this war concluded in 1646 with an augmentation of the Swedish possessions, at the expense of Denmark.

After the Treaty of Westphalia had secured, for awhile, the tranquillity of Sweden, Christina was crowned, under circumstances of more than ordinary splendour and rejoicing, in 1650. She then named, as her successor, Charles Gustavus, son of the Pfalzgraf John Casimir and Catherine, sister of Gustavus Adolphus.

Among the greatest glories of this celebrated Queen was the founding of the University of Abo, in Finland. She invited, and that at great cost, to her aid, as well as for her own intellectual entertainment, great scholars from all countries; Grotius and Descartes, Salmasius, Vossius, Nicholas Heinsius, Comingius, Freinshemius, and others not less celebrated, gave splendour and dignity to a Court where the Muses were as much in favour as deeds of arms.

Her liberality, however, extended to extravagance, and she was prodigal in laying out money, even on worthless objects. The nation bore silently with the faults of the daughter of Gustavus. The people became more discontented and less reserved in manifesting their displeasure, when they observed the closeness of her intercourse with Romanists,—particularly with the French doctor Bourdelot and the Spanish ambassador Pimentelli. Both were deeply in her confidence; but while she trusted Bourdelot she was first led, then commanded, by the Spaniard. Her close intimacy with the latter was complete, and it excited against

her the indignation, not unmingled by compassion, of those who loved the daughter of Gustavus, but who saw the abyss into which she was descending. She resolutely refused to contract any matrimonial engagement, although several princely suitors offered themselves to woo a lady who would not be won—in *that* fashion.

Her impatient spirit manifested itself even at church. She there used two chairs, one of purple velvet, in which she was seated, and one in front of her, over the back of which she would lean her head or arms, thinking of divers matters,—but apparently not of religious subjects. If the good minister were a little prosy, or a trifle long, Christina would begin playing with the couple of spaniels which always accompanied her; or she would chat with some gentleman-in-waiting; and if the minister still continued dividing and subdividing his subject,—for he would do so, regardless of her impatience,—the Queen would rattle her fan on the back of the chair before her, and distract the attention of the congregation, if she could not stop the preacher.

Her own acknowledgment that she was never nice of speech, hardly needs confirmation. It is, however, confirmed by an anonymous writer (1656), who states that one of his friends used to entertain her with stories of a very unseemly character, with which she was abundantly delighted; "yet because there were some of his narrations, which did sometimes require more modest expressions than the genuine or natural, chiefly before a Royal Majesty and in a maid's presence,—as she saw him going about his circumlocutions and seeking civil terms, she would boldly speak out the words, though they were never so filthy, many of which he hath specified to me, which modesty forbids me to write here."

A Flemish writer in the 'Mercure Hollandois,' writing of her in the year of her abdication, 1654, is loud in praise of her queenly qualities, and of her intellect and discernment. But the Fleming confesses that she had nothing of the wo-

man in her, save her sex; and that her presence, voice, and manners were altogether masculine. Her horsemanship was of the *haute école;* and nothing pleased her more than to drive a sledge with the utmost rapidity and carelessness. Any fare was welcome to her; and hard beef was devoured by her with the same indifference with which she swallowed the most exquisite dishes. Five hours' sleep she thought too great a luxury. The Flemish writer adds, that the great reserve of Christina gained for her, from her courtiers, more profound homage than was ever paid to mortal potentate. He must simply mean that she was haughty, for as to *reserve*, he adds, that although she went great lengths in her conversation, yet her authority suffered nothing thereby, as she knew when to stop. "It was a wonderful thing to see how, at the very opening of her mouth, every one present trembled; even the great General Wrangel, who had made all Germany tremble, was in presence of this Princess as submissive as a child."

Manneschied, the confessor of Pimentelli, the Spanish Ambassador at the Swedish Court, and a great admirer of the Queen, who was a lukewarm Lutheran, and who execrated Calvinism, agrees with this portraiture, to which he makes some additions. He speaks wonderingly of the poor quality of her riding-habit: "I hardly know if it were worth four or five ducats;" and the good priest proceeds to inform us that, even at Court, she was always simply dressed, and never wore ornaments of any sort on her dress or person. "All the gold she has about her body consists of a plain gold ring. She never combs her hair but once a week, and sometimes lets it go untouched for a fortnight. On Sundays her toilet takes about half an hour; but on other days it is despatched in a quarter." Manneschied says that he occasionally remarked, when talking with her, that the long sleeve of her chemise was covered with spots of ink, made when writing, and that her linen was ragged and much torn. She

was in fact that horrible thing, a dirty person; that *most* horrible thing, a dirty woman. Sometimes a bold friend would hint at the salubrity of cleanliness, to which she would answer, "Wash! that's all very well for people who have nothing else to do!" "Tota lavanda Dea est" was not a rule to which this nasty lady yielded allegiance.

The priest sets her down for a heroine because she was wont to say that there was nothing under heaven that could give her mind a moment's uneasiness. This was only confessing that she was intensely selfish; and she was fond of uttering very fine sentiment, as is the case with the few selfish women who are to be found in the world. "I no more care for death," she was wont to say, "than I do for sleep,"—an assertion that proves nothing, for it has been uttered by the worst of criminals.

One of her great merits was her indefatigable industry. She loved work, hated those who preferred to be idle, and held in her heart's extremest contempt that curse in society, an idle man. No amount of business daunted her; the more there was, the better she was pleased; and if it elicited her skill in the use and knowledge of several languages, she was still more content. Nothing could be more majestic than the general bearing of this little lady on all state occasions, but the dignity was dropped with the circumstances; and she who had a minute before been addressing grandly rounded periods to a grave and admiring ambassador, was the next indulging in all sorts of wild talk with the perhaps confused, bewildered, and blushing man.

She so hated hypocrisy and sham in all things, that although she was below the middle stature, she would not wear heels to her shoes, as was the fashion with ladies of that period, but rather wore slippers of an even sole, that she might not appear a hair's-breadth higher than God had made her. As for her complexion, it came of the air, and not from the perfumer's. Chénut, the French Ambassador,

ends a long eulogy of her virtues, her erudition, her grace, condescension, and good-humour, by expressing his astonishment that she never wore "coif or mask." "Sunshine, wind or rain, in town or country," says Chénut, "it is all the same to Christina." The only things on earth for which she seemed to care, according to this Envoy, were honour, virtue, and learning; the last thing she ever cared for was the manly homage of affection.

"Her hand had many suitors,
But she smiled them down imperially, as Venus did the waves."

There were many men at her Court, scholars, philosophers, poets, artists, and others, whose presence would have added glory to any throne; but with them there were the two, already mentioned, Doctor Michon, who assumed the name of his more celebrated uncle, Bourdelot, and Pimentelli, the Spanish ambassador; and these men, the first openly licentious and the second darkly designing, caused her to forfeit the good opinion of her subjects, and brought her to the point at which she saw, or affected to see, that her safest course was to abdicate, whether she regarded her pleasures or her duty. She fancied that she might fulfil both all the easier by such a course.

The anonymous author of 'The Relation of the Life of Christina' assigns to the influence of Bourdelot much of the evil which marked the character of the Queen. "That man," says the author, "being without religion and piety, impressed all his false opinions on the mind of the Queen, whom then, in a short time, he did make like himself. . . . She did indeed still bear the name of 'Great Christina,' but she had no more her virtues. She did before eat for the most part in public, where they used to discourse of some fine matters, wherein all the Court did, with admiration, partake of the knowledge and subtlety of that Princess's wit, who by those means was reverenced and cherished of all men. But this foolish statesman, quite contrary to that

commendable practice, stole her from her courtiers to possess her alone, and entertain her royal mind with jests and ridiculous sports, so that her counsellors and the great men of her kingdom could hardly see her, and seldom speak to her."

After enlarging in the same strain upon similar subjects, the author (himself a Frenchman) adds, "that Imprudence and Impudence grew at last to that height, that, being judged intolerable, some did resolve and endeavour to murther him;" but we are told that "this base and fearful heart . . . was forced to think of his retreat; for which he made an advantageous provision, carrying out of the kingdom, whether in coin or plate, to the value of a hundred thousand crowns and more." Of the subsequent career of Bourdelot the author says:—"He, like a great mastiff, eats this day the bread of the poor, and sucks the blood of the Crucifix, having obtained an Abbey of the King of France, by the urgent intercession of Christina (after her abdication), who took so much to heart the getting of that benefice (which Rome, informed of Bourdelot's ill qualities, had refused him), that she ceased not her importunities to the Court of France till she saw her Dagon sit in the Temple of God."

The same author speaks of the wildly irreligious nature of the conversation of Christina previous to her abdication; but he adds, "There is some probability that what this Princess did in those strange disputes was rather to show her fine wit than out of a design to overthrow those truths so well established in the world, that none but fools will oppose them."

Pimentelli was the successor of Bourdelot in the favour of Christina. His influence over her was unbounded, says the author of the 'Relation,' "all the time of his negotiation in Sweden; for him she made feasts, balls, walks, and public rejoicings. And it is not without reason that many persons suspected that it was this man that made her conceive the monstrous design to quit the crown. . . .It was he

only that did eat oftenest with her—that accompanied her in all her walks—that entertained her at night until three or four o'clock after midnight; and, lastly, who was her Achates or inseparable companion, and who transacted no less all her business than his predecessor Bourdelot." The festivals she held in his honour, the gifts she conferred on him, and the embassy extraordinary which she despatched to the King of Spain, to thank him for sending her so gallant a man as Pimentelli, were scandals to the honest people of Sweden.

A report that Christina was disposed to abdicate, was current in Europe some years previous to the accomplishment of the fact. She was herself silent on the subject; but her conduct was watched, and her speech was scrutinized, and people drew conclusions in the best manner they could.

One day, the Queen remarked, with a yawn, that she never heard but the same thing—was sick of hearing the same thing, and was longing for something new. That night, all the Court was gossiping about her abdication.

On another occasion, when her cousin, Prince Charles Gustavus, was with her, two secretaries entered the apartment, with documents which required her signature. "I would as soon see the devil, as see these people," was the remark of the Queen to her cousin. She added an expression of her determination to resign the crown to some one who had strength to bear it, sufficient capacity to govern the nation, and courage and prudence enough to be at the head of the army. The report of an abdication became, of course, stronger than ever. The faithful old Oxenstierna had heard of a letter on the subject, addressed by the Queen to Chenut, the French Ambassador at the Hague. The letter contained an assurance that, except the Ambassador and another friend, the writer despised "all the rest of them." Oxenstierna and "all the rest" were more

hurt by this expression than by the determination of the Queen to abdicate.

She had been meditating the step for eight years; and had been determined to realize it, for five years past. "You have been my confidant in this matter," wrote the Queen to Chenut, in February, 1654, "I have made up my mind, and I do not trouble myself to know or care what people may say of it."

Pimentelli and Bourdelot had already left Stockholm, and Christina had sent to Gothenburg a vast quantity of books, jewels, gold and silver vases, medals, paintings, statues, and rare manuscripts. There were more than a hundred cases, and the citizens began to think the wealth of the kingdom was being carried away in them. She increased the number of Senators to forty: the newly-appointed, it was said, would enable her to carry her project to a successful end.

On what, it was asked, was such a project founded? And it was answered that Christina, having resolved not to marry, was not bound to bear the oppressive weight of government longer than she chose; she was weary of war and diplomacy, and was looking, with longing eyes, towards Italy and tranquillity. Besides, the finances of the nation were nearly exhausted, and would no longer suffice, not merely for the exigencies of war, but for the necessary splendour of her Court, etc.

Christina was aware of the motives attributed to her, and when she assembled the States-General in February, 1654, and announced to them her fixed determination to divest herself of the crown, and to resign it to her cousin, Charles Gustavus, she expressed her indifference as to the motives attributed to her by the world, and begged of the States to simply and speedily accept the resignation, from which no remonstrance could turn her.

The remonstrances were duly and repeatedly made, but in vain. Charles Gustavus is reported to have proposed a

compromise, by offering to share the throne, by marrying the Queen. "All that I desire," said Christina, "is a guaranteed annual income of two thousand rixdollars, and certain lands which I may hold at my sovereign disposal." The revenue was not thought exorbitant; but the cautious Senate would not alienate Swedish territory, which the sovereign holder might, perhaps, subsequently sell to a foreign power. She wished also to regulate the succession after Charles Gustavus. The long-headed Swedish nobles respectfully observed that while they, with regret, sanctioned her resolution to abdicate, and acknowledged for their sovereign the successor named by herself, that nomination must be the last act of her sovereignty: her successor would relieve her of all further trouble touching the royal inheritance.

She was annoyed, but she submitted. On one sovereign act more, however, she was resolved. She sent an order to the Portuguese Ambassador to leave the kingdom. The reason alleged was, that she did not acknowledge his master, "the Duke of Braganza," as King of Portugal, the throne of which country, she said, belonged to her dear friend, Philip IV. of Spain. The ambassador was confounded; but the Senate, and the Prince designated as Christina's successor, bade him quietly remain where he was, as in a few days his master would be recognized as Sovereign of Portugal by the King of Sweden. The undoubted authority of Christina was thus set aside by others, before she had herself laid it down!

At length, the 10th of June, 1654, arrived. As if to show her impatience for the coming of that day, the Queen appeared before the Senate at seven o'clock in the morning. In the presence of all assembled, she signed the deed of resignation, after it had been read aloud; subsequent to which, the deed securing to her her revenue and landed property was also read and signed.

Christina then arose. The crown was on her brow. The royal mantle hung from her shoulders. The sceptre was still grasped by one hand; in the other she held the symbolic orb. With a crowd of brilliant officials around her, and two officers at her side bearing the Sword of State and the Golden Key, Christina entered the great hall of the palace. It was completely filled by glittering nobles and ladies, in whose presence Christina took her seat upon a solid silver throne. Deputations from different States of the realm were also among the spectators. The acts signed in the Senate were then read aloud, and the hereditary Prince, whose chair was a little in the rear of the massive low throne occupied by the Queen, placed the acts in her hands. She let them lie in her lap for a moment. Then, feeling that all was over, or *should* be over, she stood erect, and made a sign with her hand to Count Brahé to approach and take the crown from off her head. The great official drew back, resolved not to perform such solemn service. Again the sign was made, but the Count only turned aside to conceal his emotion. Christina then raised her hands, lifted the crown from her brow, and held it in her extended hands, towards the Count, who now approached and received it, kneeling. She then stripped herself of all her remaining royal adornments, which were carried by officers present, and deposited upon a table near the throne. Christina was left standing in a simple dress of white taffeta. She advanced a few steps, and spoke during a full half-hour on the past struggles and glory of Sweden, and on its prospects. She spoke eloquently, gracefully, touchingly. The whole assembly was drowned in tears and admiration at beholding such a sight, and hearing such sentiments,—a Queen in the prime of life voluntarily surrendering power, and testifying by her speech her worthiness to retain it.

Sundry complimentary addresses followed from members of the Senate, nobles, and from Charles Gustavus, who even

went so far as to persuade her to resume the symbols of royalty which she had just laid down. Christina smiled, shook her head, and all present having kissed her hand, she was conducted by Charles Gustavus to her private apartments. There was a pretty struggle on the occasion, but Charles, with gentle restraint, led her on his right, and leaving her at the door of her chamber, proceeded to the Cathedral, where he was crowned.

The coronation was not a splendid ceremony on this occasion, inasmuch as not only was Sweden exhausted of money, but Christina had sent away the crown jewels. She had been considerate enough not to carry off the crown; and Charles Gustavus celebrated his accession thereto, by striking a medal, on which he was represented being crowned by the ex-Queen, surrounded by the inscription, "From God and Christina!" "He might have added," said a legislator, "by election of the Senate!"

In the evening, although the rain descended in torrents, she announced her intention of quitting Upsal. Her friends remonstrated with her. "I cannot rest here," said Christina, "where I was so lately a crowned sovereign." She accordingly went; and on her arrival at Stockholm, declared her intention of repairing to Spa, for the purpose of drinking the waters, with a view of invigorating her shattered health.

The whole body of peasantry declared that she ought to be kept within the Swedish frontier by force, if necessary, otherwise she would squander good Swedish dollars in foreign countries. The entire body of Lutheran clergy loudly protested against her leaving the kingdom. "It is not Spa waters she thirsts after," remarked those clerical gentlemen, "she hungers for the Roman wafer." Unqueened Queen as she was however, Christina would not allow her way to be impeded. She left Sweden accordingly, after taking hasty leave of her mother, the Queen Dowager, at

Nikoping. Escorts by land, and convoy by sea, were placed at her disposal, but she escaped from, rather than refused, all, and Christina began her career of errant-lady.

Chenut reports, that when Christina had arrived at the little rivulet which then divided Sweden from territory belonging to Denmark, she descended from her carriage and jumped across the boundary. On alighting on the other side, she exclaimed, "At length! here I am, at liberty, and out of Sweden; may I never return thither!"

In male attire, and under the name of "the son of the Count of Dohna," Christina journeyed onwards. Her progress excited great curiosity, although she herself fancied that it was unobserved. Madame du Noyer relates an incident that is highly dramatic, and probably true. That lady states, in her 'Lettres Galantes,' that the Queen of Denmark, hearing of the presence of Christina at an inn, disguised herself as a servant, and in that character waited on the ex-Queen, whom she observed at her leisure. Christina, we are told, had not the slightest suspicion, and put no restraint upon her tongue or conduct, while sojourning at the inn. She especially spoke with entire unreserve of the King of Denmark, and made such remarks upon his character,—observations so likely to sting his royal consort, waiting in the room in short boddice and clean apron, as to induce us to suspect that Christina was not altogether unconscious as to the identity of the scarlet-cheeked *fille-de-chambre*. When the latter left the inn, she commanded a page to inform his errant mistress that she had done great injustice to his Majesty of Denmark. The page hastened to deliver the message, at hearing which, Christina, after expressing some surprise, laughed aloud, and exclaimed, "What! that servant-girl, who was standing there all dinner-time, was the Queen of Denmark! Well, there has happened to her what often happens to curious people—they make discovery of more things than are agreeable to them.

It is her own fault; for as I have not the gift of divination, I did not look for her under such a dress as that!"

Galeazzo Gualdo, in his 'Roma Nova,' throws doubt upon this incident; but Arkenholz, in his long, lumbering, confused, but conscientiously written 'Life and Letters of Christina," asserts that the story is credited by the Danish writers; and he particularly cites Holberg, as accepting it as an historical fact.

It may be said rather, that she travelled in the guise of a foreign knight, for she traversed Denmark, habited as a cavalier, with a red scarf, according to the Spanish fashion. In this way she rode into Hamburg. The authorities had prepared a residence for her, but she preferred lodging with a Jewish physician, named Texeira. "That action," says a contemporary writer, "much amazed both the Senate, whose honourable entertainment and reception she refused; and the priests of the town, who, inflamed with the zeal of God's house, could not forbear to speak in public against her, for her ridiculous and scandalous choice of the house of a man who is professedly a sworn enemy of Jesus Christ."

The ex-Queen heard of the objections made to the course she had thus taken; but she replied for herself, that Jesus Christ had all his life conversed with the Jews; that He was one of their seed, and that he had preferred their company to that of all other nations. She already had such fears touching her worldly fortune, that she wrote letters at Hamburg, addressed to her successor, imploring him to take heed that her income was regularly paid, and her estates looked to. The idea that she would ever return to Sweden rendered Charles Gustavus uneasy. The Senate was more uneasy still, touching her disposition towards Romanism, and they passed a remonstrance so stringent, that Charles Gustavus softened it down before he sent it to her. The remonstrance was in direct opposition to a sentiment expressed by Christina in her letter to Gustavus, that "Swe-

den would very little care as to what she did, or what became of her."

An anonymous French author, who saw her at Divine service in Hamburg, says of her: "We saw her at church hearing the Word of God, with so little reverence and attention, and so much impatience, that thereby many men who went to see her out of curiosity, were confirmed in the ill opinion they had before conceived of her by divers reports made of her before her arrival." Others took exception to her travelling without a chaplain in her train. "She made a show to retain one," says the anonymous French writer, "who did wait on her as far as Halmstat, upon the frontiers of Denmark, where she dismissed him. Another was offered her at Hamburg, whom she pretended to accept, though the event declared that she had no mind for him; and indeed such persons had been but as thorns in her feet, for, having a design to profess Popery, the Ministers of the Gospel were no fit attendants on her."

In another work, the 'Nachricht von Hamburg,' we are told that Christina went to St. Peter's Church with Prince Frederick of Hesse on the fifth Sunday after Trinity, and that in the sermon the preacher, Müller, "applied the narrative of the Queen of Arabia Felix to Christina, who, although she did not much attend to the sermon, rewarded the author by presenting him with a chain of gold." An officer, who entered her pew after she had left the church, found therein a volume of Virgil. The book had been presented to her as she took her seat, and it was observed that she smiled on receiving it.

Christina gave offence to the people and authorities of Hamburg, by leaving the city at so unseasonable an hour as four o'clock in the morning. The Landgraf of Hesse had given a splendid entertainment in her honour, at which the ex-Queen was present. She left it with pleasant acknowledgments and anticipations of future enjoyment; but while the

revellers were getting to bed and the other Hamburghers were still sleeping, Christina assembled her little troop and rode off from the city without taking leave of the government, or commissioning any one to thank the magistracy, in her name, for their abundant hospitality. "In her train, she being fifth or sixth herself, followed on her voyage towards the United Provinces, without being accompanied by any woman or maid-servant, having left her two Hollands-women (who had served her a long-enough time, and whom she had brought from Sweden with her) at Hamburg, without giving them any recompense, as she had likewise done to her footmen and coachmen, committing herself wholly to the guidance of Seigneur Steinberg, of whom she made choice above all in her court, as of the most brutish and irrational man; and having given the charge of her master of the household, or steward, to *Silver-Crona*, whose name, full of silver, smells rankly of her goldsmith."*

Careless of what the public thought of her proceedings, and treating with disregard the proceedings of others, undertaken to do her honour and show her respect, Christina rode on in impudent independence. She passed through town after town, and seemed scarcely to see, and often, if compelled to see, ready to evince her contempt for, the ovations got up out of delicate feeling, as if she were still a great sovereign, and not a clever lady.

On the 31st of July, that day being the Festival of St. Ignatius, Christina arrived at Münster, and visited the Jesuits' College there. She was in the dress of a French gentleman, carried a sword, and wore a black wig. She drove up to the gates in a hackney chariot (*vulgari vecta rhedâ*, says the letter of a Jesuit of Münster) drawn by four horses. Nobody expected her. She was accompanied by Count Steinberg, Baron Soops, and three others. One of them was suspected, by the sharp-witted and experienced father, of being

* Relation of the Life of Christina: 1656.

a lady in male attire. The hour was six in the evening. As soon as the Queen had jumped from her carriage, she began putting questions to every person she met; and when the party had reached the gates of the college the porter opposed the admission of a party of loosely dressed men, the smallest of whom seemed to be on the most easy terms with the rest. The gatekeeper proceeded to ask permission for the entrance of the strangers, touching whose identity and purpose much discussion ensued. At length a father went and bade them welcome. The impertinent-looking little French gentleman thereupon asked him wherefore such prompt kindness was exhibited to strangers. "It is the rule of our society," said the father, "to be all things to all men!"—"To all men," repeated Christina, who at those words laughed right heartily.

The father who conducted the strangers was curious to know whence they came. Many were the compliments offered, great the tact displayed, but nothing more was elicited from the now courteous little cavalier than that he was from the confines of Poland, and was not a Catholic. The questions put by the loosely-dressed gentleman in the black wig, who spoke Latin with an elegance that enchanted the reverend guide, were endless, but readily answered. At length he expressed a strong desire to see the refectory. Reply was made that all the fathers were at table. The royal curiosity was thereby aggravated. Some diplomacy was practised; and finally, the wide door of the refectory was opened, and the cavalier was struck with surprise at the spectacle within. The visitor recoiled a moment from the threshold, and the guide was even obliged to employ a persuasive push, whereby he gently forced the stranger into the hall. The greater part of those who were at the banquet commemorative of their founder frowned darkly at the unaccustomed intrusion. Others, who appear to have had a suspicion of the quality of the cavalier, arose; and this suspicion having

been quickly whispered to the rest, the whole company at the various tables stood up as the visitor and those in attendance advanced. The cavalier took off his plumed hat and held it partly over his face, as he passed somewhat quickly between the tables. On returning to the door the visitor stopped to listen to the reader, who had paused during the passage of the strangers. Thence Christina proceeded to the sleeping apartments, looked into the books that were lying about, gave and took little jokes as the visitation was in progress, and inquired if there were any Lutherans among the scholars. On receiving an affirmative reply the cavalier said,

"Will you admit me among your pupils, good father?"

"I am very much afraid," answered the latter, "that you are somewhat too high to bend to pupilage, or to subject yourself to scholastic discipline."

Thereupon came another laugh, and the party proceeded to the library. Here Christina displayed her learning, her extensive reading, and her critical powers. The father was astonished and delighted, and perhaps began more strongly than ever to suspect the quality and sex of the learned and light-hearted little scholar. On leaving the library they encountered the members of the Society returning from the refectory. The young gentleman stood aside; and as the fathers were uncertain as to his rank, they hesitated in saluting him. ("A quibus dubiis dubius salutatur.") The visitor with the sword on his thigh was more confident, and exclaimed, as the brotherhood passed by, "Behold the unspotted body of the fathers of the Society!"

No part of the college or grounds was left unvisited, and Christina remained till Steinberg announced that everything was ready at the inn for their reception. Refreshment was offered, and even wine, which she accepted, drinking thereof, but pouring out what she left upon the ground, remarking, as she did so, "I am not much of a wine-

drinker." She then went on her way, and the next morning sent a hundred ducats to the community.

A deputation of the fathers proceeded to the hotel in which their visitors lodged, to offer their thanks. Christina was in bed, but she received the fathers in her chamber. She was in great good-humour on seeing them, and at once inquired laughingly, if they did not really think that she had desecrated their sacred honse? The fathers at once hailed her as "majesty," and made their excuses, lest they might have failed in the respect due to so exalted a personage.

After a merry hour of mirthful and unconstrained conversation, in which Christina spoke without reserve of herself and her history, arrangements were made to enable her to visit the establishment privately, in order that she might hear a musical service. All the fathers save one then departed; the one left was to serve as escort in a close carriage to the Jesuits' house. Meanwhile these two personages, so opposite in their position and character, breakfasted together, before they repaired in strict privacy to hear the sacred music. Christina was in a flood of delight at the solemnity of the service and the beauty of the music. On leaving the establishment, she found a vast crowd waiting to gaze at, rather than to greet, her. She was probably not well-pleased, for she saluted the fathers only, drew the curtains of the carriage, and drove through the multitude, on her way to Burgsteinfurt.

The Government of the United Provinces wished to show their estimation of her by the splendour of their reception. She continued however to desire to preserve her *incognito*, and she passed on her way, still in male attire, till she reached Antwerp, where she lodged at the house of a rich merchant, named Gerard Salian, and flinging off her *haut de chausses*, sword, plumed cap, and black wig, appeared in a costume more suitable to her sex. She seemed to have

recovered full measure of happiness. Certainly it was not till she fairly found herself on Spanish territory that she appeared to breathe freely, and to enjoy herself thoroughly. This was particularly the case at Brussels. At four miles from the city she was met by the Archduke Leopold and all his Court, by whom she was escorted, in gallant array, to the Archducal palace.—Plays, balls, banquets, and other festivals, marked the joy experienced by her arrival. "She was royally feasted" (says one, who adds, "I bring nothing hither I have not seen myself") "by the Count of Fuensaldagna, who, for that end, sent letters to several cities and towns in the Low Countries, for rarity and variety;—to Bruges, for capons; to the city of Ghent, for veal; to Antwerp, for fish; to Mons, for mutton; to Ardennes, for venison; to Lille and Tournay, for poultry of all sorts." Her delight was extreme, the more so, we are told, that Pimentelli was there to increase her delight, and that the highly-favoured Spaniard brought "stately presents" from his master, the King of Spain. Nor was she herself sparing of gifts. When the Archduke left for the army, she bestowed on him a superb charger, "sumptuously accoutred with gold and diamonds to a very great value." That she could ill-afford to make so costly a gift was the last thing thought of by the unqueened Queen.

There was an individual at Brussels to see whom Christina had as great a desire, as the individual had to see Christina. The personage in question was the Prince de Condé. The ex-Queen had been accustomed to speak of him as "her hero," but now she objected to receive him but on one condition, of certain formalities being observed, to which the Prince objected. He therefore could not attend her *levées*. Nevertheless, he slipped into the grand reception-room one day, when it was thronged with courtiers, among whom the Prince stood to watch the bearing of Christina on state occasions. She was so well acquainted with his

portraits that she immediately recognized him, and advanced to speak to him. The Prince recoiled, saying as he drew back, "All, or nothing." She followed, but Condé left the palace, and Christina returned to give welcome to less noble men. An arrangement was made that they should meet by accident in the Park at Brussels. There they encountered, but it was then the humour of Christina to be dignified, and the interview was marked by ceremony and coldness. The ex-Queen refused to consider him on an equality with the Archduke, Governor of the Spanish Netherlands, and Condé persisted in being "all or nothing."

While Christina was politically busy at this time, in endeavouring to reconcile France and Spain, she was still more occupied with a more important and personal affair,—her conversion.

On the 24th of December, the night after her arrival in Brussels, a small but illustrious company was assembled in the ex-Queen's cabinet. There were, in addition to herself, the Archduke, Pimentelli, Counts Montecuculi, Fuensaldagna, and Don Agustin Navarra, Secretary of State. A little apart stood the Dominican Father Guemes. He had been the private secretary of Pimentelli in Sweden, and assuredly to some purpose, for it was kneeling before this Dominican that Christina made her first (and private) confession of the Romish faith. While this was being said, and while the monk was repeating the words of the absolution, the artillery of the city fired a salute. This was not an uncommon circumstance in those days, on Christmas Eve,—but as it happened (or was ordered) just at this juncture of the confession of Christina and the absolution by the priest, all present looked at each other, and said, or seemed to say, "miraculous!"

Brussels broke out into such a blaze of gaiety that the citizens themselves could not divine wherefore. The dissipation was tremendous; and in honour of the solemn event,

in addition to other means of festivity, Mazarin sent troops of Spanish, French, and Italian players. The debauchery in Brussels was carried to the most extravagant point, for the strange reason that Christina had reached what was considered the only track to heaven. The royal convert herself wrote to the Countess Ebba Sparra assurances that she was enjoying a new felicity. "My occupations," she says, "are eating, drinking, sleeping, studying a little, gossiping, laughing, going to the play, and passing life agreeably.—In short, I no longer listen to sermons. I have done with preachers. According to Solomon (for all the rest is folly) it is our common duty to live happily, eating, drinking, and singing."—Christina's new light was not of a brilliant description.

She was not satisfied however with mere dissipation. She invited the sages and wits to her little Court. Some came, others, like Ménage, excused themselves. A Jesuit observed to her that her future place would be by the side of St. Bridget of Sweden. "I would much rather," replied Christina, "be provided with a place among the philosophers."

She evaded searching questions addressed to her from Sweden; but continued her dissipated life,—only withdrawing for a brief time from gaiety, on hearing of the deaths of her mother and Oxenstierna, the great statesman. Her eagerness to visit Rome became now irresistible, and she announced her wishes to the Pontiff Alexander VII., whom she privately ridiculed for entertaining an opinion that he, the vainest and weakest of men, was the author of her conversion. The Holy Father expressed the joy he should feel at receiving such a visitor, but intimated that her welcome would depend upon her first making a public confession of the Romish faith. Christina speedily made up her mind. On the 22nd of September, 1655, after distributing presents with unexampled prodigality, she left Brussels, whence she was magnificently escorted above a league. She

then went on to Innspruck at the head of a gallant company, consisting of two hundred persons, all of whose expenses were defrayed by their royal and liberal mistress.

Among the company was included "a long tail of Jesuits and friars which she trailed after her to Innspruck, in Tyrol, the residence of the Grand Duke of that country." Among the illustrious personages who visited her on her way, were Charles II. and the Duke of Gloucester, who paid their compliments to her at Frankfort, on the 5th of October. Some authors, on the other hand, declare that she declined to receive them, out of regard for Cromwell! She crossed the Alps on the 16th; and by the end of the month, entered the chief city in Tyrol. That her reception here exceeded in grandeur and warmth of welcome all that had been witnessed elsewhere, was natural, for it was known that it was at Innspruck she had resolved to pass publicly from the community of Luther to the Church of Rome. This event itself, which took place on the 3rd of November, was accompanied by circumstances of great pomp and solemnity.

The Archduke led her into the Franciscan church, at the head of a numerous and jubilant company. He conducted the royal convert to a seat beneath a canopy on the left hand, and a little in advance of the high altar. The church itself was crowded by a brilliant gathering of the most noble, the most religious, and the most curious of both sexes, and of all nations. The choir was entirely hung with crimson velvet, and the whole flooring of the church was covered with new crimson serge. When silence had succeeded to the excitement caused by the entrance of the processional escort and the ex-Queen, the Papal Nuncio, Holsteinus (or Holstenius, a convert from Protestantism, Canon of St. Peter's, Notary Apostolic, and head librarian of the Vatican; his appointment to which did not induce his competitor to assail him anonymously) stood forward on the right side of the altar, and addressed the breathless congregation. "Pope

Alexander VII.," he said, "having understood that Christina, Queen of Sweden, had an intent to put herself into the bosom of the Church, had sent his letters to testify his approbation of her desires, and his readiness to receive her with his apostolic benediction. Therefore he (the Papal Nuncio) was there to know whether it was true or otherwise."

Christina simply but audibly said, that "it was true." An eye-witness thus relates the rest. "Then Holsteinus desired that in testimony of the truth thereof, she would make profession of the Roman faith, and swear to keep it on the Holy Evangelists," which she did, and kissed the book. Immediately on this, a chair was set for Holsteinus to sit in, and a cushion laid at his feet, on which the Queen kneeled. Then he, making the sign of the cross over her head, and embracing her shoulders, gave her absolution from all the sins she had committed. Then were certain short prayers said (or rather sung) in Latin for her; after which, high mass was sung; and then a priest made a sermon in Dutch (German) from the 45th Psalm, the words of which he easily applied, to exhort her to forget her people, country, and father's house, and to stick close to that profession she had taken up. Afterwards *Te Deum* was sung with excellent voices, and instruments of all sorts, and drums (which I never saw before in a church). All was concluded with a discharge of ordnance and other demonstrations of great joy." At night (after the most solemn step in life that human being could possibly take) the Archduke *entertained her with a mask and dancing.* Nor was this all, there was a play represented before her that evening, the moral of which was not of the cleanest. The only comment made upon it by the illustrious convert is said to have been,—"Well, gentlemen, it is but proper that you should entertain me with a comedy to-night, since I amused you with a farce this morning." A profane remark,

upon which the great and easy Leibnitz can say no more, than that if it was really uttered, it proved that Christina was not mindful of——decorum!

The fact of the conversion could no longer be concealed from anxious Sweden. The ex-Queen accordingly addressed a note to Charles Gustavus, in which she said, "Having received the permission and the command of his Holiness to declare myself what I have been for a long time, I was too happy to obey; and I prefer this glory to that of reigning over the powerful states which you now possess."

Shortly after the ceremony of public confession, Christina resumed her journey to Rome. The value of the neophyte was testified by the homage which everywhere awaited her. Had she been an angel from Heaven, the Cardinals who met her, and defrayed all her expenses from the time she entered the States of the Church, could not have shown her greater reverence. Had she been the greatest of warriors, she could not have passed beneath more splendid triumphal arches; and the acclaiming thousands who beheld her pass along, could not have exhibited more grateful emotion, had she been the benefactress of all mankind.

Then, how admirably did she support her new character, or how deeply did she feel the worthlessness of symbols of worldly power! No sooner did her eyes fall on the house of Our Lady, at Loretto, when Christina descended from her litter, *walked* in the vicinity of the mansion of the Madonna, and entering the building with a humble look, deposited there a crown and sceptre,—signs of a majesty she had for ever abandoned. Previous to her performance of this ceremony, she had treated a report of her intention to fulfil it with unmitigated contempt. Arkenholtz relates, that a person who paid his court to her at Frankfort, heard her say, "So, people will have it that I shall go to Loretto, and deposit my crown and sceptre at the feet of the Virgin Mary. I gave up those symbols of royalty in Sweden, and

if I had any other to dispose of, I would present them to the poor King of England." A stander-by ventured to intimate that perhaps there was more truth in the report that her Majesty was about to enter a cloister. To which, it is said that she replied by smiling, and pointing to Pimentelli, remarking the while, "Il saura apparemment quelle chaire de cloître j'ai."

The account of her act of abnegation at Loretto preceded her, and when she privately entered Rome on the 19th December, at seven in the evening, and by the light of hundreds of thousands of flambeaux, she remarked to the two Cardinals who accompanied her, that it was the drollest sort of *incognito* she had ever witnessed.

It would be difficult to say whether she was carried up the staircase of the Vatican to the Pope, more tenderly or triumphantly. It was her own cue, perhaps her feeling, to be humble; it was the desire of the Pontiff to treat her as a reigning Queen. When she came into his presence, she bent to kiss his hand, then stooped and pressed her lips to his slipper. Alexander raised her, embraced her heartily, and then placed her on a right-royal throne, extemporaneously built for the occasion.

When the Queen had recovered from the fatigues of her journey and the private entry, the ceremony of her public entry followed. Its magnificence may be more easily conceived than described. To repeat the details,—troops, priests, nobles, people, incense, flowers, music, artillery, flags, tapestry, ribbons, finery, songs, psalms, shouts and welcomings,—to narrate how all were employed in the reception of Christina, would render the reader as weary as if he had stood all day to witness the wondrous sight. Most wonderful of all to the Roman ladies was the spectacle of Christina herself, in a short riding-habit, on horseback. They were lost in admiration, only interrupted by the pretty witticisms that were fired off in honour of the trou-

sers worn by her. This fashion stupefied maids and matrons in the streets of Rome. It was only when they were informed that Christina was a hero, and had made war against the King of Denmark, that they could comprehend the meaning of an Amazon in frilled trousers!

Within St. Peter's, the magnificence of the festival was greater than it was without. Christina flung herself at the Pontiff's feet, and murmured something about being in Heaven. The Pope however graciously informed her that he had assurance by which he knew that the festivity which at that moment was going on in Heaven on her account, rendered all the sublime grandeur of the Roman celebrations mean and beggarly. The religious ceremonies in St. Peter's ended by the ex-Queen being confirmed, after which she took the sacrament with the Cardinal Deacons, having previously received an addition to her baptismal appellations, in the name of Alexandra, conferred on her by the Pontiff.

Perhaps the grandest spectacle connected with the conversion of Christina, was the dinner given in her honour by the Pope. M. Soyer alone would have patience to read the half-hundred pages necessary for its detail. The most characteristic incident thereat, was of course afforded by the ex-Queen herself. During the repast a Jesuit preached a sermon. The preacher made an assertion to which Christina boldly objected. The company looked petrified; but the Pope gallantly gave decision in favour of the new convert. All Rome was perplexed by the Pope's prodigality in honour of the Queen, but wise people saw therein a lure, by which it was hoped that other noble heretics might be persuaded to embrace orthodoxy.

There was not a sight in Rome which she did not see; and she was never wearied, not even at the College of the Propaganda, where the students addressed speeches to her in twenty-two different languages. She kept joyous house,

too, in the Palace Farnese, varying the gaiety by monthly meetings of the members of all the Academies,—elegant *soirées*, at which there was abundant wisdom, with charming nonsense, admirable music, and harmonious poetry.

And while the ex-Queen was thus enjoying herself, the world was at issue touching the causes of her conversion. Epigrams were pointed at her; casuists rushed to her defence; and the entire universe directed its indignation at poor Bishop Matthiæ, her Swedish religious instructor, a good man, whose heart would have been comforted to behold all men united, but who was buffeted by the Romanists because he had not taught the Queen Catholicity, and by the Protestants, because he had taught her a superabundance of it. Some averred that she had gone to Rome in order to conclude a "marriage of conscience" with the Pontiff himself. That some of the Cardinals were too warm in their admiration for her, is certain. Colonna was ordered to leave Rome for awhile, on account of scandal arising therefrom. That others did not treat her with gallantry enough, may be seen in the fact of her making the door of the Medici villa a mark for gun practice. Alexander VII. comforted himself with the thought that he had gained a lamb. The wits told him that while boasting of his lamb from Sweden, he had lost a whole flock in Poland. The latter country had fallen into the temporary power of Charles Gustavus, to escape whom John Casimir had fled the country. The newly-caught lamb, too, was rather difficult to manage. She *would* talk at Mass. She laughed herself, and made the Cardinals laugh. The Pope sent her a rosary, and intimated that she might so employ it as to find occupation for her mind at Divine service. Christina received it with a jest, and flung it aside with a sneer.

But, if she troubled her spiritual godfather, the Pontiff, she was not without troubles of her own. Whether through economy or weariness, she dismissed some of her Spanish

parts of the royal costume, in a very puzzling way; but what most astonished ladies who wore trains from the moment they rose in bed, were the short petticoats worn by Christina, which left her ankles exposed to the sight and criticism of all who chose to look at them.

In spite of these offences against good taste and fashion, the fine and brilliant qualities of Christina made her, for a time at least, a general favourite. Some persons described her as being like Fontainebleau,—the separate parts of which are striking but void of symmetry. She startled the stately ladies of the Court there by "lolling" over the table, with her arms, while conversing with the Queen of France. She shocked still more the courtiers generally, by another of her free and easy habits. "In presence of the King, Queen, and the whole Court," says Madame de Motteville, "she flung her legs up on a chair, as high as that on which she was seated; and she altogether exhibited them a great deal too freely."

Then, she was ever as ready, when conversing with gentlemen, to discuss improper subjects as any other; and the only woman on whom she bestowed any marks of respect was the celebrated "Ninon"—a lady famous for her beauty, wit, and learning; but infamous, in spite of the eulogy of St. Evremond, who ascribes to Ninon "la vertu de Caton." The good philosopher must have meant *Catin*.

It is a curious trait of the times, that Louis XIV. caused Christina to take precedence of every person at Court,—even of the Queen of France; and that, subsequently, he could neither forgive himself for having done so, nor his consort for having permitted it. The thought made the *Grand Monarque* occasionally uneasy, to the end of his life.

The Duke de Guise averred that Christina had more learning than the Academy and the Sorbonne put together; —but there never was a Duke of Guise whose opinion on such a subject was worth accepting; and least of all the

opinions of the frivolous Duke of this period. "She hated marriage," says another courtier, "as heartily as Pope Calixtus hated priests." And in this epigrammatic way was Christina spoken of in France. She was more severely criticized by the women than by the men; but all united in acknowledging that, setting aside her eccentricities, she was in every way worthy of being a Frenchwoman.

In November, the ex-Queen returned to Italy, wandering from city to city, till the entire cessation of the plague should enable her to re-enter Rome. The plague did not cease, or it did not suit Christina to believe otherwise. In September, 1657, she expressed a desire to revisit France. Political and personal motives, no doubt, influenced her, but the only alleged cause was, that she ardently desired to see the King of France dance in a court-ballet. She reached Fontainebleau in the month of October. Within a fortnight she committed the great crime which excited the indignation of the civilized world, and which, in spite of all revelations, has remained a perplexity to succeeding generations.

Among the members of her suite was an Italian, Monaldeschi. He was bitterly jealous of another Italian gentleman, also in the suite of Christina, named Sentinelli. The former was a Marquis; the latter, a Count. Both were on the most intimate terms with their royal mistress.

It is uncertain whether Monaldeschi had betrayed the personal or the political secrets of the ex-Queen. She certainly suspected him of both treasons. The Marquis had endeavoured to throw suspicion on the absent Count, and in answer to a remark from Christina had confessed that the man who could betray her affection or her confidence was worthy of death. The ex-Queen calmly bade him remember *that:* the day would come when she might have to act upon his judgment.

Little more is known, save that the Marquis Monaldeschi

had written some pungent pasquinades against Pope Alexander VII. Perhaps the Pontiff's sanction strengthened the hand of the angry woman and offended Queen.

Father Lebel, who was present at the terrible scenes by which this episode was concluded, has left a graphic detail of all he saw and heard. Upon that detail rests entirely the authority for what is asserted below.

On the 6th of November, at a quarter past nine in the morning, the ex-Queen, who had sent for the father, and expressed to him her confidence in a man who wore a religious habit, placed in his hands a packet of papers, adding that she would subsequently give him directions as to whom they were to be delivered, and enjoining him to mark the day and hour.

A few days only had elapsed when, on repairing to the *Galerie aux Cerfs*, at the Queen's command, Father Lebel found Christina there, in animated conversation with the Marquis. The door was made fast behind him, as he entered. Three other persons were present, one of whom stood close to the Queen. By order of the latter, Lebel gave up the papers confided to him. She opened them, and placing them before the eyes of the Marquis, demanded if he acknowledged his handwriting. Monaldeschi hesitated, turned pale, and confessing that the writing was his, implored pardon most piteously.

At this juncture, the three men whom Lebel found in the gallery, drew their swords. The Marquis, in extreme agitation, requested permission to justify himself. He drew Christina first to one side of the gallery, then to the other, and poured forth protestations into her ear, to all of which she listened, but with the coldest air of reserve. When Monaldeschi had ceased to draw her from one point to another, and to vehemently urge her to be merciful, she approached the father, and, leaning on an ebony cane with a smooth round head, she calmly bade him observe her calm-

ness, how tranquilly and unimpassionedly she had listened to all which "that traitor" had set forth. She commanded the latter to give up certain keys and documents which he carried with him. When this was done,—and an hour had now been consumed since Lebel had entered the gallery,—Christina approached close to the priest and said, "Father, I leave this man in your hands: prepare him for death, and have care of his soul."

Priest and destined victim, both equally terrified, fell at her feet, and implored mercy; but they implored in vain. "He has done that," she said, "for which he merits to be broken alive on the wheel. He has betrayed me; he who was trusted with my most important affairs and my most secret thoughts. I have treated him more kindly than if he had been a brother. His own conscience should be his executioner."

With these words, she left the gallery. Monaldeschi turned to implore Father Lebel; but the triad of armed men made a step forward, held their swords towards him, and recommended him to confess. The poor wretch however begged so piteously for mercy, that first, the chief of the three armed men, and then the father himself, proceeded to the Queen's cabinet, to beg her to be compassionate. She was so calmly obstinate, so coldly resolved he should die, that the intercessors had not the chance with her that they might have had with a furious woman. The priest, especially, implored her by Christ, by the offended majesty of the King, whose palace would be desecrated, and by the nation, who entertained such hopes *from the negotiation which she was carrying on in France.* She stood firmly on her sovereign right to punish a traitorous subject, and protesting that she had no personal hatred of Monaldeschi, repeated that he must die.

The priest returned to the gallery with his message of inevitable death. He sank on a seat near the wall, and did

his best to exhort the condemned criminal, who was led to the same seat, there to receive the last consolations of religion. It was a touching scene, for the priest was smitten with terror and pity, and the penitent was in an agony of fear, which rendered him almost speechless.

The Marquis however had stammered through a confused confession in Italian, French, and Latin, and the priest had commenced the absolution, when the ex-Queen's Almoner silently looked into the gallery. Monaldeschi at once rushed towards him; and so convulsively did he again beg and implore for life, that once more the chief swordsman went out with the Almoner, to petition Christina to be merciful. They might as well have prayed to the statue of Phryne.

The swordsman returned alone. He wore such a look, that the priest turned his face to the wall. The grim messenger approached the Marquis, told him that he must finally be prepared to die,—and, pushing him, at the same time, towards a corner of the gallery, thrust his sword into the lower right side of Monaldeschi's body. The Marquis caught at the weapon, and as the stabber drew it away, it cut off three of the victim's fingers. The point was blunted, whereby discovery was made that Monaldeschi wore a coat-of-mail, nine or ten pounds in weight; thereupon his assailant cut at him across the face. The mutilated man screamed to the priest, and rushed into his arms. His murderers stood aside for a moment, while the father finished the absolution, and enjoined on Monaldeschi as a penance—patient endurance of the death to which he was condemned.

The victim staggered from the priest, fell on the floor of the gallery, and, as he fell, received a terrible down-cut from the sword of one of the executioners on his head, which was fractured by the blow. Retaining his senses as he lay, he made signs to them to finish by cutting his throat. At this sign, one of the assassins made two or three cuts at his neck, but the top of the coat-of-mail had risen above his

pourpoint in the struggle, and the blows were ineffectual. The priest meanwhile exhorted him to suffer patiently. On this, the chief of the three asked the father if he should deal a death-blow. To which question the cautious minister very well replied that he had no counsel to give, and that his mission was to beg for mercy, not to enforce justice. The reply exacted an acknowledgment that the question by which the answer had been elicited was a fool's inquiry, which demanded an apology.

Once more the door of the gallery opened, and the Queen's Almoner again looked in. The half-murdered Marquis turned on his stomach, dragged himself along the ground, pulled himself up by the wall, and clasping his hands together, seemed to implore again for mercy. The Almoner avoided him, gave some religious encouragement as he did so, and withdrew, as he said, to speak for him to the Queen. Whether he made any sign at the moment is not said, but it was then that one of the three suddenly passed his long narrow sword through the throat of the Marquis, whereby the latter was stretched senseless on the floor. The three men stood over during the quarter of an hour that he continued to breathe, while the priest knelt down and shouted into his ear the exhortations which the dying man could no longer hear. At a quarter to four he was quite dead. One assassin lifted an arm, a second a leg, the third unbuttoned his dress, and carried off the few things that were in the pockets. The priest recited the *de profundis*. Then all went to the strong-minded woman, to inform her that her commands had been fully accomplished. She had the grace to express her regret at having been compelled to execute God's justice on a foul traitor; and she took care to have him respectably interred. She thus murdered him on Saturday, the 11th of November. She allowed the body to lie aboveground during the Sunday, but on the next day it was conveyed privately to the Parish Church, within which it was buried, near the

door. Christina sent a hundred livres, to be expended on a Mass for the repose of his soul; and the ceremony was performed on the day after the funeral, with as much pomp and success as a hundred livres could furnish. This matter having been thus completed, Christina prepared for her trip to Versailles, to see the King of France dance in a *ballet!*

Whether Monaldeschi was a spy employed by Mazarin, or a jealous personage who, out of revenge for the royal favour exhibited for Sentinelli, published reports in Italy damaging to the reputation of the Queen, the act of murder was indefensible. It was in vain that Christina coolly asserted that when she had given up the crown she had reserved her royal prerogative and could therefore punish an offending subject, on whatever territory she happened to be,—she was not welcomed to Versailles. The Queen of France could not patiently utter her name. Christina found that she had not the slightest prospect of ever beholding the graceful Louis perform a pirouette. To avenge herself, she announced her intention to visit a greater man,—namely, Cromwell! The Protector did not encourage the idea; and if the story be true that good Mrs. Cromwell was somewhat jealous of her husband's admiration of the qualities of this extraordinary unqueened Queen, it is probable that, from this time, the Protector's wife slept undisturbedly.

Christina lingered in France through the winter, repaired to Paris in February, visited the Academy, laughed heartily on the Dictionary of that solemn body being opened at an illustration of the word "*Jeu*,"—"jeux de Prince, qui ne sont amusans qu'à ceux qui les font," and saw Louis dance in a *ballet*, after all. There was, perhaps, some difficulty in getting rid of a lady who was, probably, what she was reported to be, a negotiatrix in the delicate affairs of France and Spain. Accordingly, she was invited or permitted to behold the royal ballet-dancer expose himself on the stage

of the palace; and having enjoyed this approximation to a beatitude, she returned to Italy.

Christina arrived in Rome early in the month of May, 1658. She was well received, but without any extraordinary demonstrations. The irregularity with which her annuity was paid, exposed her to great difficulties; but Cardinal Azzolini accepted the controllership of her household, and his Eminence placed it on so stable and respectable a footing, that the gratitude of Christina is said to have been without limit.

Tranquillity, however, was not possible with her. She was constantly at feud with *some* adversary, from the Pope downwards, and on all sorts of questions. She was for ever suspected of being politically engaged, and of not being favourably inclined towards Italian interests. Her behaviour was contradictory enough to authorize almost any report,—even that of her being about to become a nun. And, indeed, she *was* highly disgusted with worldly matters, when she discovered that the vicinity of her residence was no longer considered by the authorities to carry with it the privilege of sanctuary, and that her very servants, if they were saucy to men in power, were unceremoniously arrested, and unmercifully flogged.

She maintained a gay house, nevertheless, in her various residences, till the year 1660, when she returned to Sweden, after the death of Charles Gustavus, and the accession of the young Charles XI. She was received with respect and suspicion. There was an idea that she had pretensions to the crown, in case of the demise of the young King without lineal heirs; and the public performance of Mass in her Chapel at Norköping, irritated the clergy, and exasperated the people. She relieved herself from suspicions of pretensions to the throne, by executing a second renunciation. The Senate, nevertheless, suppressed her Chapel on the 23rd December, and positively forbade the celebration of

Mass in any place wherein she might be residing, within the realm.

Her protests were disregarded, and she accordingly quitted the kingdom, after the royal funeral, in January, 1661. During more than a year she resided at Hamburg, sending counsel to the young King, urging more honesty in the payment of her annuity, devoting herself to chemical studies, and catching a few Protestant professors, whom she carried away, converts, to Rome.

She reached the ancient city in June, 1662, and for the next ten or twelve months her mansion was the resort of all the intellectual people of Rome, and of celebrated travellers who were sojourning there. She was still the "Tenth Muse," and poets sang her praises; but in the political intrigues of the time, she was also as busy as ever. And she loved this occupation almost as much as that of puzzling the philosophers who attended her *soirées*, by questions which they could not answer, without risking, at the same time, to be ridiculous and appear ignorant.

Restless, and perplexed by pecuniary difficulties, Christina, in 1666, announced her intention to revisit Sweden. Intimation was conveyed to her, that if she returned with Romish priests in her train, she could not be permitted to cross the frontier. In great vexation, she remained for some time at Hamburg, negotiating this question. While the negotiation was in progress, she visited the Museum. Among the medals there, exhibited to her, was one in memory of her own abdication. On one side was her head, with the words REGINA CHRISTINA; on the other, a crown, with the subscription ET SINE TE. The feelings of the ex-sovereign got the better of her judgment, and dashing the medal to the ground, she passed haughtily on.

She journeyed onwards to her old home, not without hopes of being permitted to have her own way. There is little doubt that she was desirous of fixing her residence there.

Her letters speak respectfully of Lutheranism. In one, she says that she gave it up, not because she found any error in it, but for other reasons which she could show, as Coriolanus could his wounds, when it happened to please her. Perhaps it was on account of these expressions that her return to the faith of her father was weekly prayed for in all the Swedish churches. Before anything was settled, she set out for Sweden; but discovering that she not only was forbidden to have a priest in her train, but that she would not be permitted to attend Mass at any of the Ambassadorial chapels, she once more returned to Hamburg.

Tranquillity went not in her company. It was while residing there (1667) that she learned the death of Alexander VII., and the election of Clement IX. To demonstrate the measure of her joy at the latter event, Christina gave a grand festival, displayed a marvellous exhibition of fireworks, and illuminated the front of her mansion. Amid the lamps however was a transparency, on which were seen the symbols of the Romish faith. The city cried 'fie!' upon the superstition, and the orthodox Reformed sailors of all nations, fired by religious zeal, or by something else, attacked the palace, smashed all that was breakable, and raised a riot, in which many persons were wounded, and a couple slain. Christina, herself, narrowly escaped falling into the hands of these zealous individuals; but she was smuggled out of her house in disguise, and shortly after, she proceeded on her way to Stade.

The errant lady here signalized herself at a review, at which she attended in a male dress, and rode a horse in cavalier fashion. She placed herself at the head of the squadrons of dragoons, and put everything into such confusion by the commands which she gave, that the field-day ended more like a rout than a review.

On her arrival at Rome in 1668, Clement IX. received, with splendid demonstrations of welcome, a lady who had

suffered so much for the good cause. For a long period, her time was now passed between pleasures of every possible quality and intercourse with philosophers. Never till this time were stage-representations of such gorgeousness exhibited in Rome. The entire Sacred College were for ever going to the play, and the balcony of her box was every night crowded by Cardinals, who looked with edification on the ballerinas, and listened with delight to the exquisitely dressed singing girls, who resorted to Rome at the invitation of Christina. The etiquette, when she was present, was of the very strictest. The noblest in Rome were compelled to remain uncovered as long as she was in the house. The gay Cardinals, who lolled over the balcony in front of her box, alone wore their caps. In allusion to this privilege, a paper was one night fixed beneath the balcony, on which was inscribed, "Plenary indulgence for the gentlemen in purple!"

Some contemporary writers described the morals of the ex-Queen as not being according to her Christian profession, and licentiousness was laid to her charge, without being more satisfactorily answered than by complaint of the publication. This, however, did not affect the splendour and gaiety of her Court, or render her saloons less crowded by poets who berhymed her, artists who limned her, philosophers who received instruction from her, and scholars like Kircher, who were brim-full and overpouring, not only with valuable knowledge, but with matters that had been mastered by the painful application of years, and which were not worth the trouble even of remembering.

For a time, her wonderfully magnificent career was interrupted by a common want—the want of money. France was at war with Sweden, and her income was more irregularly paid than ever. In 1679, she brought an account against her country of some millions of dollars. The Swedish Government had then obtained peace, but it disregarded Christina's bill. Funds, however, were now regularly forwarded

to her, and with these she resumed a new career of extravagant splendour, that did not cease for a lengthened period. It was a period, however, when she was taxed with believing in astrology, was accused of being addicted to Quietism, when she exhibited much piety,—in her letters, concerned herself greatly in the public affairs of Sweden, and carried on a correspondence (in several languages) remarkable for the strength of mind, ability, and amiability which adorn her share of it. Her letters are further distinguished by their liberality of sentiment,—a liberality which she was never afraid to express, and which, in unison with kindred qualities, gave such offence to the new Pope, Innocent XI., that he deprived her of the annuity of twelve thousand crowns hitherto allowed her from the Papal treasury. Her answer to this petty proceeding was marked by a dignity and good sense which Innocent himself did not possess, and could not appreciate.

Her popularity with the common people of Rome was unbounded. A poor vendor of brandy, who had offended the law, had taken sanctuary in her stables, from which he was dragged by force. The indignation of Christina, at hearing this, was irrepressible. By her orders, the prisoner was rescued from the terrified officers who had him in custody, and who humbly begged for their own lives. He was brought back in triumph. "I am the daughter of the great Gustavus, yet!" murmured Christina; and when she went abroad, her presence was greeted with acclamations of "Long live the Queen!" "Yes," said Christina to those around her, "if he is Pope, I will make him remember that I am a Queen!"

"Everything trembles here, except myself," is a phrase which concludes one of her letters, written in 1688; and the year preceding, she wrote to Mlle. de Scudery; "I have preserved all my good and bad qualities; they are as lively as ever. I am still, in spite of flattery, as little satisfied with

my person as ever I was. I have no envy against those who possess fortune, vast dominions, or treasures. My sole desire is to raise myself above other mortals, by merit and virtue;—and therefore it is that I am dissatisfied with myself. . . . I have naturally a great aversion for old-age; and I do not know how I shall accustom myself to it. If I might choose between old-age and death, I think I should prefer the latter. But since I have not been consulted in that matter, I accustom myself to live, with pleasure; and although Death approaches, and is necessarily inevitable, I am not disquieted."

She lived to see the downfall of James II., a catastrophe which she had long foretold, and her sagacity enabled her further to prophesy that the union of England and Holland would be fatal to the King of France. "Remember, I have said it," is her addition to this prophecy.

Christina, however, was the subject of the predictions of others. Towards the close of 1688, she received an anonymous letter, which announced to her that her death was at hand, that she would do well to set her house in order, and that she could not make a better commencement than by condemning to destruction the indecent paintings and statues with which her mansion was crowded. The sexagenarian lady, who had a taste for such furniture, smiled, and put the anonymous letter in the fire.

Soon after, she suddenly became dangerously ill; and almost as suddenly, was convalescent. Her recovery fired Rome with a wild delight; but the joy was, again suddenly, turned into mourning. Early in April, 1689, her situation became so perilous that she sent for Albani (afterwards Clement XI.), requesting him to obtain the pardon of the Pope for all the sharp things she had uttered against him. The Pontiff, infirm as he was, could not repair to her bedside, but he forwarded to her, by his nephew, the Apostolic benediction.

She read and signed her will, and listened with great attention to the exhortations addressed to her, in Latin, French, and Italian, by the Bohemian Father Slawata. She had been suffering for some days, from a violent attack of erysipelas, which ultimately fell upon the lungs. On the 19th of April, she had fulfilled all the offices required by the Church, and was lying on her bed, surrounded by her little Court and a numerous company of priests. As noon commenced striking, she turned on her right side, placed her left-hand under her neck, and as the iron tongue told the last of the twelve, the daughter of the great Gustavus, the murderess of Monaldeschi, was calmly sleeping the sleep of death.

Christina was entombed in a robe of gold brocade, the ground white,—which she had ordered, a year before, expressly for this purpose. Her funeral rites astonished Rome by their extraordinary splendour. Her will directed twenty thousand Masses to be said for the repose of her soul, and funds were bequeathed for a Mass to be celebrated daily, for ever, for the same purpose. Directions were given that the words "Christina lived sixty-eight years," and no other, should be her epitaph;—directions that were not obeyed. Various legacies are enumerated, after which Cardinal Azzolini is named residuary legatee,—as a mark of her affection, esteem, and gratitude, for services rendered during many years. To the wide protection of the Pope, Emperor, the Kings of Sweden, Spain, and France, she consigns her servants, "particularly my poor ladies."

The testamentary document profited very few, and was a calamity to the heir of the residuary legatee,—the Cardinal having died two months after the decease of Christina. Her books and medals were purchased at the lowest prices, and were added to the respective collections already in Rome. Her pictures were secured by the Duke of Orléans, and transported to the Palais Royal, at Paris.

Such was the end of an unsceptred Queen, who is still a

riddle to those who read her history. Rome claims her abdication as the result entirely of her zeal for true religion; but as her after-conduct was unmarked by any symptoms, not to say proofs, of her being lifted heavenward, or of any exemplary change of life, religious zeal cannot be admitted as influencing her to resign the crown. Her eccentricity of character, her caprice, waywardness, and restlessness, may be urged as causes which led to an effect,—of which if she did not openly repent, it was only because Sweden never encouraged her to look to the re-occupation of the throne as a possible circumstance.

Christina was the last of three Christian Queens who died at Rome since Rome itself had been confided to a Christian rule. The first was Catherine, Queen of Bosnia, deprived by the Turks of her crown and consort, in 1463. She took refuge in Rome, and died there in 1478. The second was Charlotte, Queen of Cyprus, graciously received by Sixtus IV.; she died in Rome in 1487. Christina was the third; and these volumes will show that she was not the last uncrowned Queen who found a refuge and a grave within the ancient city.

Christina of Sweden (according to a correspondent of 'Notes and Queries') had quite a mania for writing in her books. In the library of the Roman College there are several books annotated by her,—amongst others a Quintus Curtius, in which she criticizes very freely the conduct of Alexander: "*He reasons falsely on this case,*" she writes on one page; and elsewhere, "*I should have acted diametrically opposite;*" "*I should have pardoned;*" and again, further on, "*I should have exercised clemency,*"—an assertion, however, we may be permitted to doubt, when we consider what sort of clemency was exercised towards Monaldeschi. Upon the fly-leaf of a Seneca (Elzevir) she has written, "*Adversus virtutem possunt calamitates, damna et injuriæ, quod adversus solem nebulæ possunt.*" The library of the Convent of the

Holy Cross at Jerusalem, in Rome, possesses a copy of the 'Bibliotheca Hispanica,' in which the same princess has written, on the subject of a book relating to her own conversion, "*Chi l'ha scritta non lo sa; chi lo sa non l'ha mai scritta.*"

Her leisure, such as it was, was often devoted to literary pursuits. The most remarkable of the works resulting from her leisure is a collection of twelve hundred maxims. Of these the following are samples. If they do not equal the quality of La Bruyère, they are still not without merit.

"Grandeur is like perfumes, of which those who wear them are the least conscious.

"They who know the duty of a Prince will be the last to envy him.

"Contempt is the noble vengeance of a great heart.

"It is through sympathies and antipathies that reason loses its rights.

"The secret of being ridiculous, is by priding yourself on talents which you do not possess.

"Avarice of time is the only avarice which does not dishonour.

"Sciences are often the pompous titles of human ignorance; one is not the more knowing, for knowing them.

"Great men and fools are sometimes the same things, only in different ways.

"The oracle which recommended consultation of the dead, doubtless meant books.

"Princes resemble those tigers and lions, whose keepers make them play a thousand tricks and turns. To look at them you would fancy they were in complete subjection; but a blow from the paw, when least expected, shows that you can never tame that sort of animal.

"Change of ministry, change of thieves.

"Men do not strip themselves of ambition but when they strip themselves of their skins.

"We should believe nothing till we have first doubted of it.

"To be so far master of the tongue and face that they shall never betray the secrets of the heart, is an accomplishment by no means to be neglected.

"We should die inconsolable but for growing old.

"We are always children, only changing our toys and dolls.

"The dead are the first to forget the living; they have that great advantage over us.

"Don't think you are innocent because you are ignorant.

"The best cosmetic is 'good fortune and good health.'

"Silence is an excellent thing for clever men—and fools.

"Ceremonies have the effect of snuff; and they are amusing, into the bargain.

"Brave men and cowards are equally afraid, but they are not equally masters of their fear.

"They who fear war will have no long enjoyment of peace.

"The sciences make wise men wiser, and fools greater fools than before.

"If animals could speak, they would convince men that the latter were as great beasts as themselves.

"There are peasants born with royal souls, and kings with the souls of flunkeys.

"Virtues have their fashions, like garments.

"Long life is only a long waiting for death."

The following maxims are from among the last which she wrote:—

"Conscience is the only looking-glass which neither deceives nor flatters. It makes us feel as well as see everything.

"We must remember our past errors, as pilots mark the shoals on which they have been shipwrecked, that they may avoid future peril.

"Self-love is not so criminal as it is said to be. How should we *not* love ourselves? God wills that we should

love ourselves, since He commands us to love Him *more* than we do ourselves, and our neighbour *as much* as we do ourselves.

"Life is like an enchanting symphony, which is beautiful, but not enduring.

"Flattery is not so dangerous as it is believed to be. Instead of inducing vanity, it shames those to whom is offered an incense which they do not deserve. Flattery often stirs men to deserve the praise to which they have not yet any claim.

"They who call youth a fever are perhaps right; nevertheless it is a fever I could willingly suffer from all my life, even though it should make me delirious.

"He who would speak well must speak little.

"All ages and all countries produce great men, and even heroes; but fortune and opportunity are often wanting to make them known.

"The animal which of all animals is the most foolish, and yet the vainest, is the pedant.

"Life is a matter of business; it is impossible to realize great profit in it without exposing yourself to as great loss.

"There are Princes whom men compare with Alexander the Great, and who are not worthy of being compared with his horse, Bucephalus.

"Our passions are the salt of life; happiness and unhappiness depend upon the degree with which we do them violence.

"Discretion is a virtue which should season all other virtues.

"Liberality would be the finest of all the virtues, if it did not destroy itself.

"We are almost always children; we change our amusements and dolls as we change our years. Everything is proportioned, by degrees, to our capacity; but after all, we are only busy with toys. Each age sneers at the toys of the

preceding age, though its own be no more dignified toys than those which excite its ridicule.

"Absence does not destroy genuine love. Time, which destroys most things, is unequal to that alone.

"Satire ought to offend no one, if it be true; still less, if it be untrue.

"We must live with our fellows as with sick people, from whom we endure anything, without being dishonoured by what they say or do with respect to us. We must still love and pity them.

"No one is dishonoured by a kick from a horse or an ass. It is the same with the insults of brutal men and fools.

"Merit, which is so exposed to envy and calumny, would be much to be pitied if honour and glory depended on the pen and tongue of men, who are almost always ignorant, unjust, and mendacious.

"Tiberius was right in saying, that after thirty years of age every man should be his own doctor.

"Conjunctures and incidents are like the faces of mankind, no two are precisely alike; and experience will only lead to error, unless it be accompanied by good sense and discernment.

"Nothing sets us so much against pleasures as pleasures themselves. It is not without purpose that God has mingled thorns with the roses; it is that they may be felt.

"There is nothing so pernicious as idleness. One had almost better be doing wrong than doing nothing in this world.

"I have a great esteem for those who are virtuous upon principle; but those who are so only from coldness of temperament are not worth a straw.

"One should esteem literary men as living libraries; they should be cared for, liberally treated, consulted on subjects with which they are familiar. Beyond that mere knowledge, they are very ordinary people for the world and its business.

"Noble and high birth consists in the soul and the heart. When these are lofty and noble, all else is in unison with them. There is a *canaille* of kings as well as of common people."

More than a century elapsed before Sweden saw another Sovereign leave her shores, crownless. The circumstances of the respective cases were as different as the characters of the Sovereigns were opposite; and though Gustavus IV. suffered more, he will be sooner forgotten than Christina, his great predecessor.

GUSTAVUS IV.

"Nullâ refulges, inclyte, purpurâ
Gustave, nullâ voce satellites
Gratantur, armorumve pulsu
Ante domum, positisve signis."
Ode ad Gustavum Exsulem.

THIS heir to the Swedish throne was born in 1777, eleven years after the marriage of his parents. At his birth, scandal was over-busy with the name of his mother; and at the rejoicings to celebrate his baptism, so many of the riotous multitude were killed or mutilated, that men prophesied ill of a Prince whose life commenced under auspices of such evil augury.

He was brought up so "hardily," that he well-nigh perished in his babyhood, of incessant cold-bathing. His precocity as a child is demonstrated in the fact that he kept a journal of a voyage to St. Petersburg, made in company with his father, when the little traveller was nine years of age. He was not yet in his teens, when the grave Senate of the University of Upsal prayed to be permitted to elect him as their Chancellor.

His mind was disciplined as severely as his body had been, from his earliest days. Merciless professors kept him fast bound to a wide circle of study; zealous ministers taught him that the safety of the world rested on the extension of Lutheranism; and he "bettered their instruction" so admirably, that he pored over the Book of Revelations till he became nearly insane, recognized himself as one mysteriously alluded to in Scripture, and hailed, in his own person, that

"coming man" who, as Prophet, Priest, and King, was to rule the world, and publish the glad tidings that order reigned in the universe.

The grave and melancholy boy was but fourteen years old when his father was assassinated. The young Gustavus IV. reluctantly acknowledged the regency of his uncle, the Duke of Sudermania. He was taught to believe that French Jacobinism pointed the weapon which slew his sire; and well-paid agents induced him to lean for support on designing Russia.

The liberal policy of the Duke Regent gratified the Swedes, pleased the republican government of France, and disgusted the Czarina Catherine. To obtain possession of Sweden, Catherine proposed a marriage between Gustavus and her granddaughter Alexandra Paulovna. The intrigues which ensued, with the object to ruin or to realize this project, would shame the imagination of the wildest romance-writer. An attempt to bring about a nuptial union between Gustavus and a Princess of Mecklenburg, was unscrupulously frustrated by Catherine herself. Ultimately, the proposal of the Czarina was accepted, and the young King and the Regent repaired to St. Petersburg, to visit the intended bride. The youthful daughter of Paul was then in the freshness of youth and in the first flush of beauty; and the girl of fifteen was almost too eager, it is said, to welcome the royal wooer, who was not yet out of his teens. The latter part of the month of August, 1796, was spent by the Swedish visitors in ostensible enjoyment, but also in private endeavours to induce the Princess to abandon the Greek Church and adopt the Lutheran faith, as an indispensable preliminary to becoming Queen of Sweden. Even Catherine would have consented to this rather than give up her designs upon Sweden; but the Clergy, without opposing her desire, refrained from sanctioning it. The young bride, it was said, was indifferent about the matter, and would have embraced Lutheranism sooner than lose a

lover. Finally, the subject was dropped, and the marriage-day was not only fixed, but the Empress and the bride were at the altar, awaiting the coming of the "groom." The latter was on the point of proceeding from his apartment, in full dress, when the marriage contract was placed before him for his signature. Catherine relied on the young King's adoration of Alexandra's beauty, and concluded that he would be too impatient to read a marriage-treaty while the bride was kept waiting. She was deceived. Gustavus perused every word; and when he found that the treaty bound him to allow the public profession of the Greek faith to his future consort, in Sweden, and further, compelled him to declare war against France, he resolutely refused to sign a contract which had been interpolated, he said, since he had seen the first rough copy of the document. No entreaty could move him; and there were Swedes at his side who were as urgent in their counsel to him not to yield, as there were others, agents of Russia, who besought him not to offend the Czarina, and outrage the youthful Grand-Duchess. It was all in vain. Gustavus refused to appear at the ceremony; and when the refusal was announced to the august party assembled at the altar, there ensued a scene of glittering confusion, such as is seldom beheld except at the *finale* of an act in a serious opera, when the audience are inclined to declare that nothing like it was ever beheld in nature.

The public were induced to believe that the ceremony was deferred in consequence of some legal difficulties that had not been foreseen. The bride, however, withdrew for a season from Court; Gustavus took a solemn farewell of that Court at a cold and stately ball, where Catherine could scarcely endure his presence; and the King, returning to Sweden, and arriving at his majority, married, in the following year (1797) the Princess Frederica of Baden.

The story of the career of this King, after he assumed

the sceptre, dismissed the Regent, and selected a consort, is one as full of startling incidents as any novel that ever issued from the "Minerva Press." There was a touch of insanity in all his actions. It is not necessary to repeat what is probably scandal founded on knowledge of the young King's character. Enough of what receives a wider reception as being credible, remains for instruction or amusement. Among the latter is the story that after the marriage ceremony was concluded, Gustavus led his bride to her apartment, and opening before her the Book of Esther, bade her read aloud the first chapter of that graphic record. The royal lady obeyed, and when she had terminated her task, she wonderingly asked for an explanation. Gustavus expounded the chapter readily; and although he could not extend his sceptre over a hundred and seven-and-twenty provinces, and his throne was not erected in Shushan the palace, he compared himself to Ahasuerus, and reminded the Queen that should she ever presume to follow the example of Vashti and disobey the order of her lord and master, she would be punished as Vashti had been, and her dignity would be given to another. He had not much concern that every man should bear rule at home, but he was resolved to exercise government over his own wife, in his own house.

The sequel answered to the commencement, and the young Queen was rendered as miserable as it was in the power of a monarch so capricious, to make her. His very endearments terrified her, and his conduct to her ladies disgusted her. He would not permit one of them to stand on terms of familiarity with their mistress. But mistress and ladies were young, and friendship *would* spring up between them, and familiar playfulness born of friendship. Gustavus not only saw this, but he once detected his youthful wife and her young German maids, in full swing of delight, at a game of romps. He sent all the gay attendants back to their own

country, and he surrounded his wife by a cold cohort of frozen and aged Swedish ladies, who at once chilled all the warm blood in her veins, and made her, in manner and feeling, as old, icy, and formal as themselves.

The policy of Gustavus was as wild as his economy, and the rule of national government was as singular as the law and regulation of his house. He was an uncertain ally, and a not very formidable foe. He rejoiced in the disaster which fell upon Copenhagen, when the northern coalition (of which he was a member) was broken up; because he hated the Danes. He exasperated, by his follies, the aristocracy, many of whom, to mark their indignation, threw up their patents of nobility; and the people, generally, were not chary of their expressions of discontent. After the rupture of the Peace concluded at Amiens, he travelled about Europe as a species of political agent for England; and he was at one time so long absent from his kingdom,—from 1803 to 1806,—that he was advertised for, on the walls of Stockholm, as a stray King; and a suitable recompense was promised to all who should discover, and restore him to his disconsolate subjects. Travel failed to render the monarch wiser. His policy was so crooked, that it only injured himself and his allies. He quarrelled with the great Powers, who despised but bore with him; and he unconsciously helped forward the projects of Napoleon when he fancied he was exhibiting most zeal in opposing them. He made his own army the object of ill-merited ridicule, and earned execration for himself, by offering to sell to Russia, for seven millions of dollars, all the territory that remained to Sweden of the German conquests of the great Gustavus Adolphus. His own attached servant, General D'Essen, was compelled to declare to him that his conduct was such that no honest man could attempt to serve him! It was as impossible for any honest man to advise him. He ran blindly into perils, governed arbitrarily, defied France,

Russia, and Denmark, and awoke, not to reason, but to abject consternation, at hearing how the Russian Emperor had found compensation for his humiliation at Tilsit, by attacking Finland, and purchasing the surrender of Sweden's great stronghold, the fortress of Sveaborg!

One of the most singular results of the combination to dethrone Gustavus, after the disasters which he had brought upon Sweden proved him to be unworthy of the crown, was an offer made by Swedish agents, privately despatched to England, to make the Duke of Gloucester King of Sweden, on condition that the latter country should receive the full support of Great Britain. This matter fell to the ground. Meanwhile, Sweden saw her very existence threatened by Russia, and was aware that Gustavus was unable to save his country or himself. Out of this prospect and conviction grew that revolution by which he was dethroned. The confederates were so numerous that the King was left solitary, —without a friend to warn or to guide him. From the year 1808, he began to find himself in a state of isolation. The popular hatred increased, because the King cared for nothing but waging war against Napoleon. The army became dangerously discontented because, in whatever war engaged, Gustavus spared his own person, but sent his troops to reap death while attempting impossibilities. The report that Napoleon had sanctioned a partition of Sweden between Russia and Denmark, terrified every Swede who heard it, except the King. The time had come then, when the people must effect, by sacrificing their Sovereign, what he would not do for his own and their advantage,—namely, rescue the country from destruction. The solitary spark of patriotism exhibited by him was when the Russians invaded Finland. Even then, the sentiment had something to do with vexation at being duped. Alexander had solemnly declared to the Swedish Government that he had not the remotest intention of attacking Finland: he was virtuously indignant

at being suspected of such treachery. As soon, however, as he saw Gustavus off his guard, the Czar invaded Finland, and annexed it "for ever" to the Russian empire. Alexander, in spite of his habitual violation of truth, passed for a man of extreme piety, and, like Mr. Rush, made amends for crime by subscribing to the Society for the Conversion of the Jews!

For many weeks the Swedish public were aware that a revolution was impending. Numerous were the projects made for its accomplishment, but these were successively abandoned; and the *dénouement* came upon men, with something like suddenness after all. Gustavus, sagacious of approaching peril, had announced his intention to leave the capital. The confederate officers, who had for their mission the revolutionizing of the country, resolved to at once arrest and dethrone him. Some show of respect was exhibited towards him. Counsel and remonstrance against his abandoning the chief city were, however, all given in vain. The King even drew his sword against the remonstrants. Thereupon, Baron Adlerkrantz rushed in upon him, and seized him round the waist, while Colonel Silverspor wrenched the sword from the King's grasp. Gustavus shrieked loudly for help, and lustily vociferated *murder!* Although the palace was guarded by troops in the interest of the conspirators, the latter eagerly assured the monarch that no harm was intended against his royal person, and they besought him to be calm and silent. He promised to do so, if they would return him his sword. His adversaries paid no regard however to his words; and on his insisting with great haughtiness, that the indignity cast upon him should be repaired by the sword being restored to him, he was at once informed that thenceforward his sceptre was taken away from him, and that he would never again be permitted to have a voice in the affairs of Sweden. At this announcement, the cries of the King became more piercing than ever. They

reached the ears of a few bold and faithful soldiers and servants, who flew, sword in hand, to his rescue. These were met with great resolution by Adlerkrantz, who assumed such authority, spoke with such calm resolution, argued so persuasively, and promised so unreservedly that no further ill than deposition, should fall upon the monarch, that the friends of the King wavered and then yielded. All, however, was not yet accomplished. Gustavus having been left under the guard of Count Ugglas and Stromfelt, suddenly disarmed the latter, and remarking that a Count might better do without a sword than a King, he rushed through an unguarded door at the back of the apartment, and turned the key upon his astonished guardians. Baron Adlerkrantz had arrived just in time to witness the locking of the door, which he broke open by rushing at it with the full force of his body. Then ensued one of the most remarkable scenes ever enacted in history. In the centre of the room into which Gustavus had fled, stood an unbannistered, spiral staircase, which communicated with a chamber above. When the Baron looked up, he saw the King at the top of the staircase, and at the same moment received, in his face, a heavy bunch of keys flung by Gustavus, who immediately resumed his flight. When the Baron, in pursuit, reached the topmost step, the Sovereign was no more to be seen. Adlerkrantz followed at a venture, but was put on the right track by officious servants, eager to betray a fugitive King, in order to earn a hiring from his successors. Meanwhile, Gustavus, sword in hand, dashed down the great staircase leading to the courtyard. In his haste he fell headlong, but he recovered himself before those who had, from other parts of the palace, marked his flight, were able to intercept it. The King reached the courtyard, and was making his way across it towards the outer gate, when he was encountered by a forester named Greiff. The latter opposed all further progress; but Gustavus made a wild

pass at him with his sword, and endeavoured to proceed. He had, however, ensnared himself. The point of the sword only caught in the forester's sleeve, and Gustavus, breathless, exhausted, and bewildered, was made prisoner without difficulty. He was carried into an inner room, and conducted, with outward show of respect, to a couch. The unhappy monarch flung himself on the seat, and remained indignant, sullen, and dejected, throughout the day.

His uncle, the Duke of Sudermania, accepted the administration of affairs, and ultimately ascended the throne, by the title of Charles XIII. The revolution by which he was elevated to such dignity was achieved without the cost of a drop of blood, save that which fell from the very slight wound which Gustavus inflicted on the forester, Greiff.

After a brief delay, the unsceptred monarch was conveyed to Drottningholm, and thence to the gloomy castle of Gripsholm. Here he amused himself in a characteristic fashion; "he drew a portrait of himself, seated upon a white horse, trampling upon the BEAST!"

It is singular, that although the victim of a conspiracy, and arbitrarily cast down from the throne, the fallen monarch announced to the Swedish Diet, on the 10th of May, 1809, that seventeen years previously he had assumed, with a bleeding heart, the crown of his murdered father, and that, being convinced of his lack of ability to promote the welfare of his people, he considered it his sacred duty to abdicate the royal dignity and crown,—and that he did so "free and uncompelled," in order that he might pass the remainder of his days in the fear and worship of God. The document is dated from Gripsholm Castle, March 29, 1809. It was not presented to the Swedish Diet till the 10th of May. The Diet, although the terms of the deed of abdication were not of the King's choosing, proudly rejected the words, and denied the chief fact conveyed by them. Baron Mannerhjelm impetuously declared that Gustavus IV. had ruined

the kingdom by his insatiate passion for war; and the bold speaker asserted that Sweden renounced her allegiance to him, and enacted that neither he nor his issue could ever have any pretensions to the throne. The Baron appealed to the representatives of the people, and these gave full sanction to his words by unanimous shouts of approval. They further expressed their approbation by returning the thanks of the nation to those who had achieved the great end so recently accomplished.

In his captivity at Gripsholm, the ex-monarch was unable to "entertain his fate with decency." He was alternately furious or dejected; praying or menacing; extending his arm as if he would smite, or clasping his hands, and striking his head, in despair. His wife shared his captivity, and he rudely tyrannized over the woman who would have consoled him in his sufferings if he would have allowed her. The ill-matched pair were divorced in 1810, soon after the Swedish Government had permitted both to leave their kingdom. A frigate conveyed them from Carlscrona to Germany, after the ex-King had been imprisoned in Gripsholm Castle eight months and eleven days.

Gustavus assumed the title of Count Gottorp, and became a "travelling gentleman." When at Pillau, he embarked in a four-oared boat, intending to proceed to the English fleet, in the vicinity; but the Prussian Commandant fired on the boat, and compelled him to return. On landing, he was informed that he might freely travel over Germany, but that orders had been issued to prevent his going on board an English vessel, as well as to impede any attempt made by him to repair to Sweden.

It was in 1810 that Gustavus arrived in England. His life had previously been that of a wanderer, not very munificently provided with the means of wandering with either dignity or safety. His income amounted to a third of £6000 a year; the other two-thirds were devoted to the

support of the ex-Queen and the children. He excited the displeasure or suspicion of France, and was the object, or fancied himself the object, of plots against his life. On one occasion, when travelling near Leipsic, he was hotly pursued by *gendarmes*, or robbers, on whom his servant fired, and from whom the fugitive escaped. Bernadotte expressed his contempt for a King who had allowed himself to be taken alive. Gustavus however did not lack spirit. On this last occasion he made his way to Riga, in order to embark for England. Alexander sent him a purse full of roubles; but the ex-King would not be beholden to a Czar whose family had robbed him of Finland, and he returned the money with a courteous expression of thanks. Under the title of Count Gottorp, he embarked on board an American vessel at Riga. In the Baltic he went on board the British ship 'Ruby,' from which he subsequently transferred himself to the 'Tartarus,' and arrived at Yarmouth on the 13th of November. His arrival was pronounced, in the 'Times' of the following day, "painful and embarrassing." Respect was promised, but no hopes of pecuniary aid. The royal stranger was counselled to live within his private means, if he would gain the regard of his subjects, and be cordially welcomed by them on is restoration. For, asked the 'Times,' "who can suppose that this Frenchman (Bernadotte) can continue long upon the Swedish throne?" No one *did* suppose it, at the time; yet nearly half a century has passed, and the son of Bernadotte worthily occupies the seat vacated at the decease of his father!

Meanwhile Lord Gardiner and the local nobility gave the Count a welcome. The people harnessed themselves to his carriage, to his profound astonishment, and the Norfolk ladies kissed him as ardently as their sisters in town afterwards kissed old Blücher. The farmers of Colchester greeted him almost as warmly as the ladies of Yarmouth had done; and altogether his welcome was not wanting for heartiness. He

had an English gentleman, Mr. Pierrepoint, as escort, and British noblemen were proud to entertain him. Apartments were fitted up for him in Hampton Court, *then* a dilapidated old place, looking almost as mouldy as the Parade at Tunbridge Wells. The exiled French princes welcomed their royal brother-exile to their home in Buckinghamshire. Nevertheless Gustavus was *not* a "lion;" he was eclipsed by Lucien Bonaparte and his wife, who were then in England, receiving the eager homage of a people exasperated to the utmost against Lucien's brother. Indeed men, including noblemen, talked much more about the coming fight between Cribb and Molyneux than they did about their singular guest, Count Gottorp; and a sure symptom that he did not excite a universal attention is found in the fact, that there was not a single lottery puff which attempted to trick itself into being read by taking thé form of a Gottorp anecdote. The Count perhaps felt a little jealous of all this. He had not the literary tastes of Lucien, who quietly retired to Ludlow, where he commenced his epic poem of 'Charlemagne.' Gustavus however did not want for wit,—if he were really the translator of Lucien's motto, "Luceo, non uro,"—namely, "I throw light on my brother's deeds, but I do not burn my own fingers!"

In the year alluded to, the much-abused George III., who possessed a better heart than the men whose intrigues drove him mad, was grievously afflicted. It was the fashion to repair to St. James's at two o'clock P.M., to hear the bulletin read by the lord-in-waiting. On Sundays, and especially on fine Sundays, half London poured into the palace, where the staircase was more crowded than if Banti or Catalani was within the room at the top, prepared to warble *gratis*. From this Sunday crush of loyalty peers and farmers emerged, panting, perspiring, and frequently with the loss of no slight portion of their respective costumes. Gustavus was kept away from this mob, but he found nothing very superior to

mob courtesy in the lords-in-waiting. He went in mourning, a small star on his coat, and with his short hair thickly powdered. After formally inquiring after the King's health and hearing the bulletin read, he requested his attendant to enter his name in the visiting-book. The page in attendance immediately informed him that it would be more respectful on his part if he were to insert his autograph, and thus with his own hand signify that he had paid his duty to his Majesty. The ex-King obeyed the commands of the pages, and subscribed his name in the book of "lookers-in at the palace."

From England, the fugitive ex-Monarch repaired (in 1812) to Denmark, where he assumed, for a time, the title of Duke of Holstein, but ultimately gave it up at the request of the Danish Government. As Count Gottorp, he proceeded to Hamburg, where he was so much charmed by the simplicity of a Moravian service, and the equality of the brotherhood, that he offered to join the fraternity. But the brethren were extremely shy of a prince, and they got rid of the candidate for membership with much courtesy and strong determination. He subseqnently wandered about Europe, and in 1814 was at Basle, where he meditated a solemn pilgrimage to Jerusalem, attended by a troop of Knights, who were to owe their dignity to him who had no longer the right to confer it, and who expected that their chivalrous service was to be rendered without fee or reward. His inclination to be liberal cannot however be denied. But to such low estate was he reduced, that during his wanderings, in 1815, while Sir Sidney Smith was advocating his cause at the Congress of Vienna, he occupied two mean rooms in a mean corner of a poor inn at Trieste, where, without a single servant, he depended upon the capricious offices of the waiters. He wore a gloomy aspect, but he was easy of access, and affable to visitors. He spent much of his time in literary pursuits, dressed plainly, lived still more so, and (his wife being divorced from him) maintained at his poor hearth a so-called

Countess Gottorp, whom he is supposed to have married by "the left hand." He was everywhere styled "Royal Highness;" and was so delighted when Captain Skene received him on board the 'Asia,' off Trieste, with a royal salute, that he melted into tears out of present joy and past sad memories.

His progress towards Jerusalem was stopped by the refusal of the Sultan to grant him a firman. This caused the dissolution of his body of "black knights," whose duty it would have been to herald his progress, and to serve him in various capacities. The Count however visited Greece; and after further wandering, the ex-King became a member of the republic of Switzerland, and quietly assumed the dignity of a free citizen of the canton of Basle.

From this time the life of Count Gottorp contains little that is worthy of notice. Under his title of Count, or under the more modest denomination of Colonel Gustafson, he was occasionally heard of in various parts of Europe. At the period of the French Revolution of 1830, the pamphlet which he published on that event, and on its connection with Swedish affairs, showed that the ex-King possessed neither charms of style nor power of reasoning. He had, indeed, now fallen into circumstances of deep distress. His refusal to accept any pecuniary aid either from Sweden, or from Russia, had reduced him to an income of £96 per annum. In presence of such a revenue, the "lady" and the single servant had disappeared. The children of the ex-King did not, indeed, desert him. They would have supplied their father's wants, but he proudly refused to accept their assistance. The son of Gustavus (then known as Count Itterburg) even employed two men to watch over his sire, unknown to the latter, and it was their office to put in his way anything that seemed lacking to his comfort. It was an office requiring both delicacy and dexterity, and was executed according to such requirement. But he rather gloried in his privations, and was proud of being indifferently fed and worse clad. His sole

pleasure was in literary pursuits, and he wrote 'Reflections on the Aurora Borealis, and its Connection with Diurnal Motion,' the small effect produced by which wounded him almost as deeply as his loss of a crown. But from this and all other earthly disappointments, he was relieved on the 7th of February, 1837, when he calmly died, in his modest retreat at St. Gall, where he had acquired the respect and sympathy of his "fellow-citizens."

KINGS OF SWEDEN.

Twenty-one Kings of Sweden had reigned, from Olif Schœtkonung (1001) to the year 1393, when the tyranny of Albert of Mecklenburg caused a revolt which was followed by a state of anarchy. This condition ceased when the "Union," or "Treaty of Calmar," placed the three kingdoms of Scandinavia under one sovereign, in 1397. In 1523, Gustavus Vasa repealed the Union, and ascended the throne, a native King of Sweden.

A.D.

1523. Gustavus Vasa.
1560. Eric XIV., deposed; murdered.
1568. John III.
1592. Sigismund (King of Poland); disputed succession.
1604. Charles IX.
1611. Gustavus Adolphus; killed at Lützen.
1633. Christina, abdicated in favour of her cousin.
1654. Charles X.
1660. Charles XI.
1697. Charles XII.; killed at Frederickshall.
1719. Ulrica Eleonora and Frederic I., her husband.

A.D.

1741. Frederick alone, Ulrica having resigned her right of co-government.
1751. Adolphus Frederick.
1771. Gustavus III.; assassinated.
1792. GUSTAVUS IV.; dethroned.
1809. Charles XIII. In 1814 Norway was annexed to Sweden.
1818. Charles (John) XIV.; Bernadotte, originally a French soldier.
1844. Oscar, his son.

Spain.

"Inimica tyrannis."—*Motto of Earls of Caryfort.*

It was the prayer of an old Highland chieftain, in a time of unprofitable tranquillity, that the Lord would "turn the world upside down," in order that "honest men," like himself, might make the most of it. The world suffered such subversion at the time of the wreck of the Roman Empire of the West, in the fifth century, when the honest Vandals and the Suevi invaded and occupied Spain. The Visigoths subsequently wrenched from them the splendid prize, keeping it for a century and a quarter, till, in the eighth century, the Saracens were invited into the country by traitors among the Goths, and, by their victory over Roderick at Xerez, commenced a dominion which, but for the religion that came with it, may be pronounced the most beneficial, mild, and enlightened which has ever yet prevailed in Spain.

The whole country, however, did not fall into their power. In the mountains of the Asturias, Don Pelagio founded a little kingdom; and the monarchies of Leon, Navarre, Castile, and Arragon rose into separate independencies, neglected to acquire strength by union, and were only partially successful against the Moorish Kings, until the separate Christian crowns were united on the heads of the sovereigns Ferdinand and Isabella. Under them, the last remnant of the Moors was subdued in the fifteenth century, the Jews were expelled, and Spain was constituted entirely

Catholic, without being in any but a slight degree Christian. The policy of Ferdinand and Cardinal Ximenes was the temporary glory and the ultimate ruin of the country. Isabella Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand, and wife of the Austrian Archduke Philip, succeeded her mother in Castile, and her father in Arragon. From 1517 to 1555 the throne of a united Spain was occupied by Joanna's son, Charles I. He is that Charles V. of Germany who is enrolled among the abdicated Emperors, and of whom ample notice will be found in another page. He was the first of the House of Austria that reigned in Spain; and from the date of his abdication, the decay of Spain has been in almost uninterrupted progress. That decay commenced under Philip II., the successor of Charles, and became more rapid under the two following Philips. Portugal was lost to the Spanish crown when Philip the Fourth was on the throne; and in the reign of his successor, Charles II., the Spanish Netherlands were successfully invaded by France. This last prince of the Austrian house died in 1700, after his line had occupied the throne nearly two centuries. He died childless. Two heirs, Louis XIV. of France and Leopold, Emperor of Germany, both grandsons of Philip III., laid claim to the rich inheritance. Charles II. left a will in which he named the Bourbon Prince, Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV., as his heir. This Prince, after a bloody war of succession carried on by Germany, England, and Portugal, against France and Spain, was ultimately acknowledged King of the latter country by all the Powers of Europe, in 1713. His temporary abdication will be noticed below. The great trophy of England in this war is still retained by her,—the Rock of Gibraltar.

Under the administration of Cardinal Alberoni, Spain seemed for a moment to have recovered her pristine vigour and all her old ambition. Her aim of accomplishing a universal monarchy was however prevented by the Quadruple

Alliance of France, Germany, Holland, and Great Britain. Under the two sons and successors of Philip of Anjou, namely, Ferdinand VI. and his brother Charles III., the prosperity of the kingdom continued to decline. Charles III., on his accession to the Spanish throne (1762), was already King of Naples and Sicily, the crown of which he made over to his third son. In 1788, Charles IV. succeeded. He lived in the period of a revolution which touched nothing that it did not destroy, and it touched and shattered the throne of Spain. The ruin of the country was completed by the consequences of the subserviency of the King and Government to France and her ruler. This subserviency led to the abdication of Charles IV. in 1808, the imprisonment of his son Ferdinand, and the temporary reign of Joseph Bonaparte,—followed by a "Restoration" in which nothing has been restored by which the nation could profit. Ferdinand, at his death, left a disputed inheritance; but the bloody struggle which followed was finally settled in favour of the present occupant of the throne, Isabella II., in the year 1833.

Such is a slight and rapid outline of the Spanish succession. Before proceeding to notice the circumstances of the abdication of Charles IV., a document may very fittingly be inserted here, which not only gives another outline, presenting very remarkable features, but which has very serious conclusions as well as singular details. It commences with the union of the kingdoms of Castile and Leon, since which period, after every six sovereigns, there has as surely been a change of dynasty, as in France after the accession of three brothers in succession. The present Queen of Spain is the sixth of her House; and the object of those who have circulated the document in Spain is, to show that the period of change is at hand, and that the most desirable change would be in the union of Spain and Portugal under one Emperor, Pedro V. The document is well worthy of repeated study.

"HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

13TH CENTURY.

Union of the Crowns of Castile and Leon. Development of the monarchical principle. General codification. Municipal liberty. Period of the struggle between the unity, as represented by the Throne, and anarchy, as represented by Feudalism. Commencement of nationality.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Ferdinand III.	Ferdinand IV.
Alonso X.	Alonso XI.
Sancho IV.	Pedro I.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—14TH CENTURY.

The House of Trastamara begins to reign.

Triumph of the Aristocracy. Wasteful squandering of the public resources. Civil Wars. Misery. Scandals in the Court. Moral and material extension of the monarchy. Union of the Crowns of Castile, Arragon, and Navarre. Consolidation of nationality. First conquests.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Henry II.	Juan II.
Juan I.	Henry IV.
Henry III.	Isabella and Ferdinand V.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—16TH CENTURY.

The House of Austria begins to reign. Extension of the monarchy. Conquests. Annexation of Portugal. War of the communes. Extinction of the popular privileges and rights. Loss of Portugal. Decline.

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Philip I. and Joan I.	Philip III.
Charles I.	Philip IV.
Philip II.	Charles II.

CHANGE OF DYNASTY.—18TH CENTURY.

The House of Bourbon begins to reign. Submission to France. Momentary prosperity. Unfortunate wars. Invasion of French ideas and customs. Family pact. Analysis. Philosophy of the eighteenth century. Loss of *prestige* of the Royal family. Favouritism. Revolutions of 1808 and 1820. Tyrannical and sanguinary reaction. Loss of America. War, dynastic and of principles. Scandals, immorality, prostitution, and pillage in the Court and Government. Ingratitude of Queen Isabella to the people who won for her her throne. *Coup d'état.*

SIX SOVEREIGNS.

Philip V.	Charles IV.
Ferdinand VI.	Ferdinand VII.
Charles III.	Isabella II.

* * * * * *

PROGNOSTIC.

Triumph of the liberal and parliamentary principle by means of a revolution. Change of dynasty. The House of Braganza begins to reign. Union of Spain and Portugal.

PEDRO V."

The correspondent of the 'Times' who translated the above singular document for that paper, asserts that the union of the two crowns of the Peninsula has become the great question of the day in Madrid, and in other principal towns, among the multitude. The union of Spain and Portugal under a Prince of the House of Braganza, with the title of Emperor, and the two countries assuming some corporate name, in order to avoid giving offence or wounding the just susceptibilities of the Portuguese people, to whom the idea of absorption is justly repugnant, is seriously contemplated in Spain. The more enlightened members of the Opposition, thoroughly appreciating the difficulties of an immediate union of the two countries, and convinced that England would oppose it, desire for the present a Portuguese Prince; that is, that the present King should be King of Spain, previously abdicating the crown of Portugal in favour of his brother. These things (we are told) are no longer whispered in secret, or hinted at in particular circles or coteries; they are debated openly, and the idea is so deeply rooted, that its realization is regarded merely as a question of time.

The truth is, that the Spanish people desire to get rid of the Bourbons. They earnestly desire also to prevent French influence from being re-established, and therefore are anxious

that England should give its aid in securing to them a Prince of the House of Braganza. They are aware of the unwillingness of England to give any cause of offence to France, whose co-operation is so useful in the present state of European politics, and they regret the loss of her antagonism in Spanish affairs; and the "Liberals" imagine that there is a prospect of England allowing Spain to become thus a mere French province.

These preliminary remarks on Spain cannot appropriately close without some notice of Biscay. This once formed a portion of the little kingdom of Oviedo. In the beginning of the tenth century, Biscay Proper recovered its long-established independence, and elected for its chief, Suria, of the blood-royal of Scotland. The country maintained its independency for four centuries, when Pedro the Cruel slew the chief, seized his estates, and added to the royal titles that of "Lord of Biscay."

The mountaineers of this district are the proudest aristocrats in the world. In 'Don Quixote,' Doña Rodriguez says of her husband, "He was as well born as the King, for he came from the mountains;" and when the secretary of Sancho Panza, Governor of Barataria, announces himself and adds, "I can read and write, and am moreover a Biscayan," Sancho remarks, "With *that* addition, you are fit to be secretary even to an Emperor."

PHILIP V.

"This same Jupiter *once* more
Would fright the world with impious thunder."—PRIOR.

WHEN Charles II. of Spain died, on the 3rd of November, 1700, he left the crown to Philip of Anjou, grandson of Louis XIV. The will was disputed by more than one antagonist, but Philip's only substantial competitor was the Austrian Archduke Charles, son of Leopold, Emperor of Germany.

Between these two was carried on the War of Succession. Both parties had their share of triumphs and reverses, but the Peace of Utrecht, in 1713, gained for Philip the recognition of all Europe—save Germany; and *that* recognition was secured by the terms of the Peace of Radstadt, in the following year.

Philip, on ascending the Spanish throne, had renounced all right of succession to that of France. He renewed the renunciation when, by the death of several of the next heirs of Louis XIV., only one Prince stood between him and the French crown, had he not surrendered his claim to that inheritance. That Prince succeeded, under the title of Louis XV. Early in his reign he was attacked by a dangerous illness. In the event of that illness incapacitating him from the exercise of the royal authority, his uncle, Philip V. of Spain, considered that the regency of his nephew's kingdom should naturally rest in *his* hands. He remembered, too, that but for the renunciation of any claim

to hold the crowns of France and Spain together, he should be the next heir, in the event of his nephew's demise. Thereupon, in the year 1724, when Louis XV. was again dangerously ill, he resigned the crown of Spain to his young son, Louis, and went into retirement, where he awaited the death of Louis XV., to whose inheritance he hoped to be joyfully summoned.

He justified the step to the world, by asserting that he was ill-satisfied with the alleged claims by which he had himself ascended the Spanish throne; and yet it was only in right of such claims that he made over the crown to his son. Philip was of so religious, or rather superstitious complexion, that his reasoning imposed on his subjects. The latter, however, were not so readily persuaded that the ambitious wife of Philip, Elizabeth Farnese, was moved by the righteous impulses acknowledged by her husband. Both, however, were dazzled by the prospects of a succession to a more brilliant throne. Meanwhile Philip, on signing the act of abdication, made a vow that he would never again, under any circumstances, resume the crown of Spain.

Philip's declaration regarded his wife as well as himself. The resolve of both to lead a private life at St. Ildefonso, was founded solely on the ground that, disembarrassed from every other care, they might give themselves up to the service of God, meditate on a future state, and attend to the important work of salvation.

There was, however, something more active at Ildefonso than mere meditation. The ex-sovereigns shut themselves up, indeed, but they held themselves in readiness to start for France at the shortest notice. Their jewellery and other valuables were carefully packed, and there was an eager desire to change the service and contemplations of St. Ildefonso for the splendour and gaiety of Versailles. In the midst of the expectation Louis XV. recovered, and the chances of Philip being summoned to Paris disappeared for

ever. The consort of the ex-King of Spain forthwith turned her husband's thoughts in the direction of Madrid.

The most insignificant measure could not be discussed there without an infinite deal of nothing being said and written about it at St. Ildefonso. Philip contrived that he should be present there in everybody's thoughts, although he was not so to their vision. The annoyance caused by the voluntary recluse, who was longing to escape from his seclusion, was almost comic in its development. It was not altogether unauthorized, for the young King on the throne conducted himself like a vicious and riotous youth, and no one knew which most to dread, his follies or his vices. His reign, luckily, did not last long; only eight months. He was carried off by smallpox. His consort, Louisa, daughter of the Regent Duke of Orléans, caught the malady through her assiduity in tending on him,—a fact which deserves to be recorded, as it presents the only instance of conjugal duty performed by this royal lady.

Previous to the decease of the young and childless Louis of Spain, he had signed a will, in which he appointed his father as his successor. He was in a state of delirium when he affixed his signature to the document, and his sire, moreover, had solemnly sworn never again to ascend the Spanish throne. But when Philip had taken such oath he did not expect that he should ever be tempted to break it. Even now, he affected much coyness, and referred the case to a junta of divines. They solved the difficulty by proposing that Ferdinand, then ten years of age, the second son of Philip, should be raised to the throne, and that Philip himself should have the title and privileges of Regent. The proposal threw the recluse of St. Ildefonso into such a state of wild exasperation, that the divines eagerly reconsidered the matter, and forthwith they expressed their united conviction, that if Philip did not immediately resume the sovereign authority and the title of King, he would be guilty of mortal

sin, and his salvation would be in very imminent peril. The friends of the deceased Sovereign awaited with much anxiety the reply of Philip, for they had so abused their position as to dread his anger, should he resume the authority he had abdicated. There were even some churchmen mixed up in an intrigue to frighten Philip into a continuance of his seclusion. But the decision of the junta of divines had the advantage of being supported by the sanction of the Pope; and, thus sustained, the religious Philip, so jealous of committing perjury to his own disadvantage, reascended the throne of Spain, on the 5th of September; and, instigated by his consort, Elizabeth Farnese, he drove the royal widow of his defunct son out of the Spanish territory.

Philip held the sceptre which he had thus regained, till the year 1746, when a sudden fit of apoplexy took from Spain a monarch who, at least, has the merit of having left his kingdom in a better condition than that in which he had found it on his accession.

In little more than threescore years from the period when Philip V. left the crown to his son Ferdinand VI., we shall find the grandson of Philip, not descending the Spanish throne in order to mount that of France, but ejected from the former to make way for a nominee of the Emperor of the French.

to utter, and he entertained no doubt of the excellent qualities of the new favourite. The old King was gradually declining in health at this time, and had neither leisure nor acuteness of vision sufficient to discover what was passing. The unscrupulous lady, moreover, had been taught by experience that there was danger in being demonstrative, and if she found Manuel as amusing as Ortiz or Don Luis, she said less about it. She could afford to wait. The demise of the old King and an increase of her own personal grandeur were evidently approximating events, and she took patience till those events should be realized.

Nearly thirty years had elapsed since the Neapolitan Prince of the Asturias had accompanied his royal father to Spain, when the death of the latter opened to his son the way to the throne. This was in 1759. Charles III. had imparted to his successor some excellent advice, which was never followed. The father was a man of some talent, and he used to remark that the Spanish people were like those children who cry when they are being washed: his counsel to his son was to scrub them hard, and never mind their blubbering. One of his maxims was, that there was never any mischief without a monk being at the bottom of it. In spite of the maxim, however, he encouraged crime among the priesthood by steadily refusing ever to allow a guilty priest to undergo capital punishment. It was he who, on requiring the presence of Losada at his toilet, and on being told that Spanish etiquette forbade the presence of any one lower in quality than a Spanish Grandee, exclaimed, "Very well, I now make him one, so let him come in and help me on with my shirt!"

Charles IV. might have had all the spirit and wit of his father, but for the system followed by his consort, which had rendered him depressed and dejected. Louis XVI. was on the point of signing a letter of congratulation to him, on Charles's accession, but paused before he subscribed his

name, remarking the while, "It is hardly worth signing, for this King is no King, but a poor cipher, completely governed and henpecked by his wife." Charles IV. never forgot the jest; and hardly forgave it. He did indeed set aside his ill-humour when Louis was in peril of his life. At that juncture, he sent a touching letter by his ambassador, which the latter implored the chiefs of the Assembly, about to deliberate on the fate of the French monarch, to read aloud. Those officials, however, dreading its softening effect on the members, refused to open the epistle. When intelligence of the execution of Louis reached Charles, the mind of the King of Spain remembered the old offence, and he remarked that "the gentleman who was so ready to find fault with others, did not seem to have managed his own affairs very cleverly."

With the accession of Charles IV., Maria Louisa and Manuel Godoy commenced to reign. The King was little more than what Louis XVI. had styled him, a mere cipher. There was a man, however, who was almost as much in the way of the unprincipled lovers, as the late King himself,—namely, the Minister, Floridablanca. He incurred the especial hatred of Manuel Godoy and the Queen, by energetically opposing her attempts to aggrandise the former. His last stand was made against the proposal of the Queen that Charles IV. should confer an estate on Godoy, and at the same time create him Duke de la Alcudia, and a Grandee of Spain. Floridablanca implored the King not to yield to this, and obtained the royal consent to refer the matter to the Cortes of Castile, which body was to pronounce on the legality of settling crown lands on a subject.

Floridabanca wrote to the President of the Council, Count Cifuentes, a letter, the object of which was to procure an answer that should save the King's honour and avoid public scandal. Unfortunately, the Count died, soon after receiving the despatch, which was discovered among his papers and secretly transmitted to the Queen. That lady's talents

for intrigue were forthwith set in successful action. All was accomplished for Godoy that she could desire; and the two together devoted themselves to the destruction of Florida-blanca.

This object was not long of accomplishment. Private and public crimes were laid to the charge of the Minister. He had counselled his master to join the European coalition against Republican France, and he had been mixed up in some discreditable matters of finance and private scandal. He was pronounced guilty of embezzlement to a vast extent, and was only released from confinement in the fortress of Pampeluna, to be a prisoner at large in his native town of Murcia.

Charles IV. appointed Count de Aranda to the vacant post of Minister. The policy was "peace with France;" but at the end of seven months, Godoy was Prime Minister of Spain (1792), war was declared with France, and disasters succeeded each other, with one exception, so rapidly, that to save Spain from becoming the prey of the French Republicans, Godoy patched up that Treaty of Basle, for successfully negotiating which, he received the title of Prince of the Peace, and was given precedence of every nobleman in Spain, save the Princes of the Blood.

From this time, Charles IV. esteemed Godoy more warmly than even the Queen herself did. His gratitude for his escape from ruin was unbounded; and though Godoy was, to all intents and purposes, King in Spain, and his administration was far from being either weak or injudicious, Charles could not too profusely acknowledge the lucky escape which Spain had had from being absorbed by French Republicanism.

The next step in the greatness of Godoy was to make him a member of the royal family, by marriage. Nothing was more easy, or more ardently desired by the Queen. She had not only marked with feelings of jealous anguish, the attachment of Godoy to a young lady from Malaga, named Tudo,

but hearing that the couple were at supper together, in one of the apartments of the palace where the Court was temporarily residing, she suddenly brought the King upon the imprudent pair, to contemplate a sight which was a scandal, if the parties were unmarried, and a base act of ingratitude to the Queen, if they were married. Godoy being free, the Queen speedily arranged a marriage between him and the King's cousin. She was a very plain lady, but then she was a descendant of Louis XIV.; and by the union, Godoy was placed at too great a height to be expected to stoop to official duties. A Prince of the Peace who had no responsible vocation, and was burdened with a consort for whom he had no regard, was exactly what the Queen required. The Prince gave up the administration of public affairs, and devoted himself to the service of his royal mistress. Under this system, Charles remained a cipher, but his wife interfered in every department of the State. She was eager to promote her own parasites without respect to their merits. When the Minister Jovellanos roughly refused to accede to her demand of a prebendal stall for a favourite who had never been at a University, the Queen asked, "At what University have you been yourself?" Jovellanos replied, "At Salamanca." "Ah!" said the Queen, "what a pity they forgot to teach you manners!"

The Court intrigues of this period became daily more scandalous, but the King was the only person who was not in the secret. They were sometimes directed against Godoy himself, whom Charles IV. now loved as a child, of whom the Queen became frantically jealous. She sought his ruin, repented of the act, pardoned the unfaithful lover, and plunged into projects of revenge on discovering fresh proofs of his treason. Godoy contrived to defeat all his enemies. He was as active as the lightest gentleman in a Spanish comedy; and, indeed, there was something of the old licentious comedy in all that was going on. When

Godoy became *volage*, the Queen piqued him by selecting new favourites, whose downfall it was his object to accomplish. It was said that the King slept through the whole comedy; but *non omnibus dormiebat:* he was awake without being able to comprehend. There was one Mallo, a poor Guardsman, whom the Queen's favour had raised to dishonourable pre-eminence. One day, as the whole royal family, with Godoy, were on the balcony of the Prado, Mallo rode by in great state. "I wonder how it is," said the foolish King, "that such a fellow can keep such fine horses." "The reason is," said Godoy, "that the fellow is himself kept by an ugly old woman, whose name," he added, looking at the Queen, "whose name I cannot just now remember."

Over this and all other rivals Godoy finally triumphed. Some were imprisoned, some were sent into exile. Meanwhile, Spain was under the heels of the worthless favourite, the worthless Queen, and their creatures. The King slept on, except when he was out shooting. The Queen pulled Spain down into an abyss of ruin. The union of Spain and France was then effected in order to destroy England, and (on the part of France) to subjugate Spain. The day of Trafalgar however brought the final destruction of the maritime power of Spain; and, after the fleet was annihilated, Godoy was raised to the ancient and obsolete office of Lord High Admiral. The appointment was an epigram in action.

Still Charles IV. continued well content with matters domestic and foreign. An anecdote has been told to show the unparalleled simplicity of this unkingly King. Therein it is said that the Duke de l'Infantado "was once, with other Grandees, in attendance on the King, when his Majesty, being in high gossiping humour, entered into a somewhat gay conversation on the fair sex. He descanted at some length on fickleness and caprice, and laughed at the dangers of husbands in these southern climates. Having had his fill of merriment on the topic of jealousy, he con-

cluded with an air of triumph, 'We crowned heads, however, have this chief advantage above others, that our honour, as they call it, is safe; for supposing that Queens were as much bent on mischief as some of their sex, where could they find Kings and Emperors to flirt with,—eh?'"

Such a King was an easy tool in the hands of designing and ambitious men. The Court of Spain became a stage, on which was played one of the most bustling and ignoble of dramas. The heir-apparent, Ferdinand, plotted against his parents; Godoy conspired against both; the King and Queen were as deceiving as they were deceived; the whole of these personages were the humble slaves of Napoleon, and the Emperor of the French looked upon all with scarcely dissembled scorn, while he prepared the way for placing his brother Joseph on the throne of the imbecile Charles. The latter, alarmed by the aspect of affairs, both domestic and foreign, as they applied to him, contemplated, for a moment, flight to Mexico. An insurrection of the people rendered the accomplishment of this project impossible. Godoy was flung into prison; French troops were pouring into Spain; the King, terrified for his own safety, and the Queen, caring for nothing but the rescue of her favourite, thought that their respective objects would be achieved by abdicating. Accordingly, the one in an extremity of terror, the other under the impulse of unbounded hopefulness, descended from the throne; and on the 19th of March, 1808, Charles resigned the sceptre to his son Ferdinand.

The first feeling that Charles had of his uncrowned condition, was on hearing that the new King had ordered all the wolves and foxes to be destroyed, which Charles had preserved for purposes of "sport,"—the only pleasure which, of late years, possessed any attractions for him. The poor old man made no complaints of his son's policy, but the idea that his son had suppressed his hunting establishment made him weep heartily.

Meanwhile, the subjection of Ferdinand to Napoleon was complete. Not less so was that of Charles. The former asked for the Imperial recognition of his title; the latter appealed to him to set aside the act of abdication, to which Charles had consented only under compulsion. Ferdinand repaired to Bayonne to plead his cause, and he found himself a prisoner. Charles, his consort, and Godoy, were ordered to be brought to the same city, and the family feud was only embittered by the parties being in presence of each other. It was the object of Napoleon to rid himself of the pretensions of all. The obsequiousness of the ex-King furthered, but the obstinacy of Ferdinand retarded, the accomplishment of the desired end. Never was Spanish comedy built up on half so many intrigues as were put in action in order to dethrone the Spanish Bourbons altogether, and to found a Bonaparte dynasty in Spain. The more serious drama lingered, and Napoleon grew impatient.

But Napoleon's impatience contrived a striking close to this disreputable affair. On the 5th of May (1808) the Emperor visited the Spanish ex-monarchs. Around the aged Charles and his consort were assembled their second son, Carlos; the evil genius of the family, Godoy; the Minister Cavallos, and several Grandees. At the end of a conference between the chief of these illustrious personages, Ferdinand was summoned to appear. It was not so easy as had been expected, to bring him to consent to the designs of the great conspirators against the country of which he was himself unworthy, and at length a scene ensued such as never has been paralleled in history. The old Queen, Maria Louisa, unable longer to control her rage, or perhaps desirous to gratify Napoleon, with whom she was partly suspected to have prepared the scene, thus assailed the wretched Ferdinand:—"Traitor, you have for years meditated the death of the King your father, but, thanks to the vigilance, the zeal, and the loyalty of the Prince of the Peace, you

have not been able to effect your purpose,—neither you, nor any of the infamous traitors who have co-operated with you in your infamous designs. I tell you to your face that you are my son, but not the son of the King! And yet, without having any other rights to the crown than those of your mother, you have sought to tear it from us by force. But I agree and demand that the Emperor Napoleon shall be umpire between us,—Napoleon, to whom we cede and transfer our rights, to the exclusion of our own family. I call on him to punish you and your associates as so many traitors, and I abandon to him the whole Spanish nation."

There is something horrible in the idea of a woman proclaiming her own dishonour in presence of her husband and her children. The object she had in view was, however, attained. Charles surrendered all his territories to the French Emperor. Ferdinand, as Prince of Asturias, ultimately renounced all right to the throne; and Joseph Bonaparte became King of Spain. In return for the free gift of a throne and dominions in two hemispheres, on the part of Charles IV., he was to possess an asylum at Compiègne, and enjoy a pension of thirty millions of reals. The Castle of Chambord was also to be made over to him for a residence. It was further agreed, that should the Queen survive him her widowhood was to be consoled by a pension of two millions of reals. To the Spanish Infantes was assigned a pension of four hundred thousand francs a year. Three days later Charles announced this disgrace of his House to his former subjects; but he could not sign the document without visible emotion, troubled as he was in mind and feeble in body, the consequence of the events of the last few years of his reign. But if depression and grief were impressed upon him, it was otherwise with the old Queen. Maria Louisa was radiant with joy, and displayed a buoyancy which had its origin in the conviction, that if she had lost a throne she had recovered Godoy, and that the much-loved favourite

would share the splendid exile of the fallen monarch. She dressed like a young girl, and scandalized all who saw her by the indecent levity of her conduct.

Charles IV. and Maria Louisa survived their abdication nearly eleven years. During the first three years of their private life, they alternately resided at Fontainebleau, at Compiègne, and at Marseilles. In 1811, they took up their final residence at Rome, whither they were accompanied by the Prince of Peace. In all these localities, they made but an undistinguished figure. Their tastes, indeed, were still of a splendid character, but they had not wherewith to gratify them. The pension of the ex-King was so irregularly paid, that he was often in pecuniary difficulties, and was so little enabled to purchase the luxuries he loved, that he was frequently reduced to borrow small sums, to pay for the necessaries which he required. There was *one* costly luxury, however, for which he had no longer any inclination, the luxury of reigning. He had been so tempered to a not intolerable adversity by the six years' experience which preceded the fall of Napoleon, that when that event took place he willingly renounced all claim to resume the crown he had flung from him, and acknowledged his son Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, as rightful King of Spain. Ferdinand, in return, settled upon his sire an income of three millions of reals. This sum was barely sufficient to enable him to support the state of his declining years with dignity, but the ex-King contrived that they should be marked by decency; —at least, by as much decency as could be understood, or was cared for, by a man of his easy disposition. At length, in January, 1819, the world, by whom they had been forgotten, heard that they were dead. A simple paragraph in the papers was typical of the scanty sympathy or regret of the public. Charles IV. survived his consort only a few days. The splendour of their obsequies gave evidence of a disinterested sympathy on the part of those at whose cost it

was ordered,—for the ex-King had nothing to leave. The royal corpses were painted and decked like actors on the stage; the "trappings and the suits of woe" were the admiration of milliners, male and female; heralds shouted their old titles over their unconscious dust; and the vault, as it was closed, still echoed with the flattering lie that they whom it held were "thrice high and mighty!"

KINGS OF SPAIN.

The various crowns of Oviedo, Navarre, Cordova, Castile, Leon, Barcelona, Arragon, and Granada, became united in the person of Ferdinand V., the Catholic.

A.D.

1512. Ferdinand V., the Catholic. He had succeeded to Castile in 1474, and, five years later, united Arragon with the latter crown, by his marriage with Isabella, whom he survived.
1516. CHARLES I., (Charles V. of Germany;) abdicated.
1556. Philip II., married to Mary of England.
1598. Philip III., drove the Moorish families out of Spain.
1621. Philip IV.
1665. Charles II., last descendant of the Austrian House.
1700. PHILIP V., grandson of Louis XIV.; resigned.
1724. Louis I.
1724. Philip V., resumed the crown.
1745. Ferdinand VI., the Wise, succeeded by his brother.
1759. Charles III.
1788. CHARLES IV., abdicated.
1808. FERDINAND VII., abdicated.
1801. JOSEPH BONAPARTE, abdicated.
1814. Ferdinand VII., restored.
1833. Isabella II., daughter of Ferdinand.

Portugal.

"Let proud mortality but look on Cæsar,
. . . . cast beneath
The low condition of a common man."—MASSINGER.

THIS portion of the Peninsula was in old times a province of Spain, and shared in all its revolutions. The kingdom of Portugal was founded by Henry of Burgundy, who married a daughter of Alphonso, King of Castile, by whom he had been created Count of Portugal, in 1088. Its early state however was one of much confusion. A more settled condition of affairs ensued when Alphonso Henriquez had defeated the Moors, on the plains of Ourique, in 1139, and his soldiers hailed him exultingly as 'King.' The people, of all ranks, sanctioned the election, and Alphonso, renouncing all dependence upon Spain, reigned alone, the first sovereign of independent Portugal.

During four hundred and sixty years the male line did not fail; but only two kings had succeeded to Henry,—namely, the wise Sancho the First, and the quarrelsome Alphonso the Second, before we come upon a deposed King, in the person of the unlucky Sancho the Second, who measured his power against the Church, and lost his crown in the struggle. Sancho was succeeded, in 1248, by his brother, the great warrior and statesman, Alphonso III.; who was followed by a son, the generous Dennis, scarcely inferior to his sire in bravery and wisdom. Alphonso IV., the next Sovereign, is celebrated for his courage too, but also for that crime, of

which wounded pride was the motive,—the murder of the Castilian lady, Inez de Castro, who had been espoused by his son, Don Pedro. The revenge of Pedro, when King, is the most salient feature of a reign, otherwise distinguished for wisdom and justice. The claim advanced by his successor, Ferdinand, to the crown of Castile, brought on a disastrous war, and a claim from Castile, on the crown of Portugal. Don John the First, the successor of Ferdinand, ultimately conducted the war to a happy issue, and secured the independence of Portugal. He was the father of the great practical scholar, Don Henry, whose elder and less wise brother, Edward, ascended the throne in 1433. After this last monarch, commences a glorious era, that of the exploring Sovereigns,—of Alphonso V., the subduer of Tangiers,—of the stringent and sagacious Second John, and of Emanuel the Fortunate, who founded the splendid dominion of the Portuguese in the East. This glory was dimmed by John III., under whom the Inquisition was introduced into Portugal, and by the able but bigoted Sebastian, whose rashness caused the loss of his life in Morocco, at the fatal battle of Alcaçarquiver (in 1578), and left Portugal (so reluctant to believe in his fall, that the return of Sebastian remained a point of faith with the Lusitanian peasantry down to the present century) to the protectorate of Cardinal Henry, and to the factions of seven candidates, each of whom published pretensions to the throne.

The Cardinal would have been well pleased to marry and found a dynasty, but Rome feared to grant a dispensation which might be solicited by other Cardinals. When the Cardinal-King died, in 1580, the country was in the wildest agitation. The chief fear was that of being annexed to Spain. The Spanish King, Philip, who was a grandson of Emanuel; and Catherine, Duchess of Braganza, granddaughter of the same Portuguese King, but through a younger daughter,—were the chief competitors. The contest

ended in the triumph of Philip, and from 1580 to 1640 Portugal was nothing more than a province of Spain.

The successful revolution of the last-named year placed the crown on the brow of the Duke of Braganza, and Portugal was again an independent kingdom, under Don John IV. His son and successor, the pitiful Alphonso VI., will come under especial notice as a deposed monarch. The successors of Alphonso were his brother Pedro II., John V., Joseph (whose reign was marked by the expulsion of the Jesuits; a consequent conspiracy against the King, which had wellnigh cost him his life, the ministry of Pombal, and the great earthquake of Lisbon), and Maria, who married her uncle, became insane, and whose son, Don John, governed in her name. John was Regent when Napoleon declared, in 1807, that "the House of Braganza had ceased to reign." Under the pressure of the French invasion, Don John determined to transport the whole of the royal family to Brazil. On the 27th of November of the year last named, the fugitive family, says Mr. Buck, "proceeded to Belem, to embark for flight, on the spot whence, about three centuries back, Vasco de Gama had sailed, upon his glorious enterprise. It was a melancholy procession, consisting of the old insane Queen, who had not been seen for sixteen years, and who appeared to have just recovered reason sufficient to feel the humiliation of the step she was compelled to take, of her sisters, of the Princess of Brazil, with her children, and of the Prince himself. They were accompanied by all the Ministers, and great numbers of nobles." Portugal now became subjected to France, from which subjection however it was soon relieved by the arms of England. It remained nevertheless under the government of delegated powers, for Brazil had been raised to the dignity of a kingdom, and John VI. did not return to Portugal till the year 1821. Four years after, he acknowledged his son, Don Pedro, as Emperor of Brazil, and died in 1826, leaving Queen Isabella, Regent.

The Emperor Pedro, the next heir, waived his right, in favour of his daughter, Maria II., whose crown was temporarily usurped by her uncle, Don Miguel. To recover it, Pedro resigned his own, to his young son, and repaired to Europe to support the title of his daughter,—who occupied the once glorious throne for a few brief years, and has been succeeded by her young son, the present King, Pedro.

SANCHO II.

"Virtuous, though young; and learned, although an heir."
RANDOLPH.

THE mother of Sancho II., King of Portugal, and successor of his sire Alphonso II., was Urraca of Castile. There is a traditionary idea in the Peninsula that there never was a Princess of this name who did any honour to womanhood. Sancho's mother however was a lady of great merit, albeit she virtually deprived her son of his inheritance. It happened in this way:—Sancho was a delicate and sickly child, and Urraca made a vow to St. Augustine, that if the Saint could give health and strength to her boy, she would devote him to a cloister-life, as long as he existed.

It so chanced that Sancho *did* wax healthy and vigorous; and when this happy realization was established, the vow was brought under the notice of mother and son. It was forthwith repented of by the former, and disavowed by the latter. Six hundred years ago however the Church spoke with most potential voice, and Urraca and Sancho were compelled to come, at last, to a compromise. Sancho was put into a monk's robe and cowl, without undertaking monastic obligations, and we are assured that he never again quitted the ghostly costume, having been carried in it to his grave. Thence he was called "Brother Sancho," or "Sancho the Preacher."

Sancho ascended the throne in the year 1223, and he showed himself as excellent a person at driving a bargain as at fighting a battle. He entered into some profitable arrangements with the priesthood, and increased the crown

lands by purchasing the territories which had fallen to the lot of his nearest kinsfolk. He was the great and victorious enemy of the Moors, who had a mortal dread of Sancho the Preacher. The vanquisher of the Infidel was, nevertheless, no favourite with the Lusitanian priesthood. That body made no scruple of declaring that his mother's vow had deprived him of all right to the throne. Sancho laughed at the idea of his not being a King. He was at all events compelled to acknowledge that there was an authority which professed to be above his; and he was especially astonished, in the very hottest of a dispute with the Portuguese prelates, to find himself threatened with being placed under the Papal ban. He was threatened with excommunication if he did not, within a specified period, satisfy the demands made upon him by the priesthood. Sancho resisted manfully, prolonged the quarrel, temporized, explained, did everything, and yielded nothing. The strife went on for years; and in 1245, as Sancho was at his evening meal, a paper was put into his hands, the purport of which was that Pope Innocent IV., who was then at Lyons, had ordered the people of Portugal, on pain of excommunication here, and all its unpleasant consequences hereafter, to depart from their allegiance to Sancho, and to render obedience to his brother Alphonso, as Regent.

The latter at once took possession of the capital, and secured Lisbon from possibility of attack or surprise. Sancho the preacher drew his cowl over his uncrowned head, and, with a sword on his thigh and angry resolution in his heart, betook himself to Castile. He arrived there in June, 1246, and was warmly received by Ferdinand II., the Castilian King, who had not much more reason to love the Pope than Sancho himself. Ferdinand did more than welcome his friend; he gave him succour. Sancho, with a small force, drew near to Portugal, but the Archbishops of Braga and Coimbra threatened to devote the entire kingdom to everlasting and

speedy perdition, if a single man went over to the camp of the excommunicated Sancho. The royal preacher waited long, but he waited in vain. The hearts of thousands were with him, but not a hand was raised in proof of such sympathy,—the ghostly men having declared that the arm would, or should, wither, that dared to lift a blade in behalf of the deposed Sancho. The very Castilians dropped away from him. Thereupon, Sancho let fall his own sword, drew his cowl more deeply over his brow than before, tightened the girdle about his loins, and slowly and sighingly made his weary way to Toledo.

He went straight to a religious house, where the uncrowned King found ready admission, and, if not sympathy, at least no reproach from the brotherhood. There he resided during two years, in more absolute retirement than that of Sethos after he had voluntarily resigned his glorious sceptre, and chose a home among the spiritual fraternity of Egypt. Nothing more is known of Sancho, who was, for the times in which he lived, by no means an indifferent monarch. He was accomplished, and upright, but he was too independent of spirit for the Church, which could not tolerate him, and which spared no trouble in laying what Herrick has aptly styled a

> "Gin to catch the State, or wring
> The freeborn nostrils of the King."

The Church required privileges at the expense of popular liberty, and Sancho would not yield them, not so much for the sake perhaps of popular liberty, as to show that he was determined to exercise freedom of purpose and action in his own person. He failed. In such a struggle he was sure to fail, for not only was his spiritual enemy powerful, but was able to paralyze all power brought to bear against it. That then invincible foe drew a moral from the story of Sancho the Preacher. "See," said the priests, pointing to the walls within which he was entombed alive, "his mother devoted

him to the service of Heaven, and, though late, Heaven has got possession of the servant, and enforced obedience from him."

In another way, it was a Queen-mother who influenced the fortunes of another deposed King of Portugal, whose sceptre passed to his brother. The stories however differ in details, as they do in their heroes, who were not at all equal in merit. Alphonso VI. was even less of an enthroned King than Sancho, and his brief history will show that, with greater weight of crime, Alphonso enjoyed a less wretched destiny. He lived at a period when the Church neither cared to teach so well, nor was able to avenge so terribly, as of yore.

ALPHONSO VI.

" Le Roi s'amuse ! ah, diable !—c'est très-malheureux,
Car un Roi qui s'amuse est un Roi dangereux."
VICTOR HUGO.

THIS unhappy monarch, the son of John IV., was proclaimed King in 1656. He was then thirteen years of age. His mother, the Queen-Dowager, was sole Regent. After a nominal reign of eleven years he was compelled to abdicate, when his brother Pedro was appointed Regent. In 1683, on the death of Alphonso, Pedro assumed the title of King.

Alphonso VI. was never more than nominally King. He was at once an unfortunate and a wicked prince. At a very early age, his limbs and his reason were partially paralyzed by fever. For learning, he had neither capacity nor inclination. Monteiro, his tutor, was willing to act faithfully by him, but his efforts were not seconded by the royal parents, and they were laughed at by the boy. In him there was nothing strong but wicked obstinacy; but that is a vice which discipline may convert into virtuous perseverance. It was not so with Alphonso.

The Queen-Mother neglected him when a mere child: when she became Regent, during his minority, she placed him under a tutor, Don Francisco de Faro, the Count of Odemira, whose severity nearly drove the young King frantic, as was probably intended by the Queen, who, like the consort of our George II., loved her second son with

infinite tenderness, but, without dissimulation, hated the first.

There was an hour however when the eye of Odemira was not on his impatient pupil,—and that was the hour of siesta, after dinner. While the Count, the courtiers, and half the city were then sleeping, Alphonso was vigilant. It was his custom then to slip down to a gallery overlooking a court, one side of which was occupied by the royal chapel, two others by shops beneath porticoes, and the fourth was open. In this court the children of the neighbourhood came to play. Alphonso loved to overlook their gambols, listen to their language, watch their battles, and take part, mentally, in their factions. It once struck him, that whenever a boy named Conti, the son of a mercer, was of a party with which he, the Prince, sympathized, that party was sure to be triumphant. This led him, gradually, to take an interest in the lad; and after watching him for awhile he would sometimes descend to the courtyard, seek companionship with Conti, and take part in the rough sports and rough language which there prevailed.

The young King accepted many a boyish gift from the mercer's son. The exhibition of these led to a betrayal of the intimacy between the youths, and the Queen Dowager ordered that Conti should never be admitted to play in the courtyard of the chapel. This prohibition led the King into various escapades, and the Regent was consequently induced to allow *her* son and the shopkeeper's to meet and play together without any restraint. The results had an evil influence on the character of the King, and there are some who say that to such an end the mother had been purposely tending from the first.

The favoured courtiers who now thronged round the self-willed young monarch were of the lowest character. The best of them were Conti and his brother, but with these was also a rabble of boys—Mulattoes and Negroes; and sur-

rounded by these, Alphonso might be seen going to the riding-school, whither riot and filthy language went with them.

The nuisance became intolerable, and, for very decency's sake, the obscure company was scattered, and the King placed in seclusion. "What is the use of being King," said a faithless servant to him, "if you cannot do as you please?" Alphonso scarcely needed the suggestion conveyed in this query; he at once declared that he would take no food till he was permitted to rejoin his friends. He showed such obstinate determination to starve himself, that once more the respectable company was allowed to congregate. The members amused themselves chiefly in witnessing fights between ferocious bull-dogs in the riding-school. Subsequently these fights took place in the courtyard of the chapel. It was then considered an excellent joke to let the enraged animals loose in the palace. Such sports, varied by bloody contests carried on with sling and stone, rendered the royal residence the centre of the most disorderly district in the entire capital.

An attempt was made to turn this humour to some good purpose, by inducing the King to learn fencing. But this was too soft a pastime for him. He only used it till he had procured a number of daggers: these he distributed among his companions, and bade them fling away at each other. The amiable sovereign stood in the gallery to witness the savage onslaught, laughed heartily at the sight of those who were dripping with blood, and then would run to the room where his brother Pedro was at his lessons, and interrupt the princely studies by his excited detailing of the ruffianly gladiatorial games.

Alphonso was now sixteen years of age; a "household" was formed for him, consisting of some of the first men in Portugal, and a range of apartments was set apart for the especial use of the King and his establishment in the palace. Not only was one noble in constant daily personal atten-

dance upon Alphonso, but another slept at night in an ante-room to the King's bed-chamber, with his head close against the door between the two rooms.

In this ante-room, the grave courtiers assembled of a morning to greet their Sovereign. It was a service for which he was so little obliged to them, that he took delight in escaping down to the courtyard by another way, there to indulge in unconstrained license with his more genial friends, of whom the Contis were the chief.

While the Queen governed, the wild young King grew wilder every day. The only elegant accomplishment in which he was a proficient, was horsemanship; and he abused *that*. He once rode full-tilt at a savage bull in a meadow; but the more noble brute so galled his royal assailant with his horns, that he was unhorsed, and nearly lost his life. At another time, returning from the chase, he charged two peaceful citizens, sword in hand, and after riding over them would have despatched them, had not the Grand Huntsman interfered. The young savage had not always that official to restrain or to protect him. He had an affection for mastiffs; and hearing that the Jesuits kept some fine specimens of those animals, he once rode over at night, to the Convent where the fathers resided. He had alighted from his horse, and was waiting for torches, to be conducted to the kennels, when, weary of standing there, he strolled into the streets. He soon encountered two passengers, drew his sword, and attacked them. They drew in return, pinked his Majesty soundly, and flying at the roaring he made when he felt he was wounded, they left him to be picked up by his followers, who carried him to bed, with a gash in his groin.

Advice was flung away upon him. He went on from bad to worse. When his attendants thought him asleep for the night, he, the Contis, and a rabble of boon and base companions were in a remote part of the city, spreading terror by their lawless actions, or returning to the palace in com-

pany with flaunting females, who were introduced beneath the roof under which his own mother slept, where orgies rendered hideous the night, and were the peculiar boast of the King on the following morning. It was in one of these night revels that he fired his pistol at the Viscount de Sa, and, only for his awkwardness in handling the weapon, would have slain the gallant and remonstrating nobleman.

The Queen-Mother invited him to take part in public business, but unfortunately she rendered it so dry and unattractive to him, that, after trying it for awhile, and presiding at a dull council or two, he relapsed into his vicious courses, ennobled Conti, dubbed him Knight of the Order of Christ, and gave him apartments in the palace. The new Knight's influence was so great that the Queen-mother herself paid court to him; but there is a suspicion that, from the first, the mercer's boy was only the hired tool of the mother of Alphonso.

It was not the capital alone that was the theatre of the King's infamy. Exhausted by his excesses, he visited Obidos, for the baths. His conduct here seems to have been nearly as atrocious as that of Tiberius at Capreæ. He, too, had his Flaccus and Piso, to carry on long debauches through successive days and nights, and "De Conti" was his Cæsonius Priscus, Master of the Pleasures. At Obidos, says the Sieur D'Ablancourt, who published a memoir of his residence in Portugal, Alphonso employed himself in such unclean, insolent, and cruel practices, that the people everywhere fled, hiding themselves from him.

While this was the terrible humour of the King, the Queen-Mother was engaged in the negotiations which terminated in the union of Catherine, the sister of Alphonso, with Charles II. of England. When the negotiations were happily, but not very speedily concluded, it was De Conti, the mercer's son, who, as Prime Minister of the King of Portugal, with the Marquis of Sande, committed the new

Queen of England to the guardianship of Edward Montague, Earl of Sandwich.

This affair concluded, the Queen-Mother, who, however ambitious, governed Portugal with rare sagacity and success, contrived to entrap the Contis and most of the other evil companions of the King, and shipped them off to Brazil. The act was preparatory to her reluctant resignation of the regency. It had been her fond desire to see her younger son, Pedro, King; but such a consummation being not yet practicable, Alphonso, at the age of nineteen, entered into the enjoyment of his full prerogative, as King.

He used his mother, as in old times uncrowned sovereigns were used by those who displeased them. He quietly shut her up in a convent, but conducted her there in some state. The ex-Queen went alone in one coach, her two sons followed her in a second. A vast multitude surrounded them. At the threshold of the sacred place of refuge, the princes stopped short, but before their mother passed out of sight, the King asked her blessing. She passed on without deigning to answer him; and when Pedro made the same request, she replied, *Já he tarde*, "It is too late." From that time forth, says the Sieur D'Ablancourt, "none spoke with the Queen but by the King's permission."

That monarch's conduct more savoured of insanity than ever. He roamed the streets at night, with his ruffians, assaulted the passengers, fired into the coaches of the nobles, and routed religious processions, at the very point of the sword. His kingdom all this time was in peril, through a Spanish invasion, which however was turned back, chiefly by the valour of the English brigade under Colonel Hunt, which forced a passage up the hill where the Spanish commander-in-chief was posted. When Villa Flor saw the gallant deed, he exclaimed, "These heretics are of more use to us than all our Saints." The King, on hearing it, sent a present to the valiant English. The case containing it was

opened with anticipations of a splendid recompense. It contained nothing but snuff! The English officers scattered it contemptuously over the ground.

While his country was in the greatest peril, Alphonso did not cease to amuse himself after a discreditable fashion. It is impossible to narrate the infamy of his life. While his soldiers and his English allies were spilling their blood in defence of his dominions, his new favourite, Count Castel Melhor, was affording him facilities to ruin himself and his kingdom. His palace, particularly his residence at Alcantara, afforded a scene at which the most immodest might blush. He violated the nunneries, assailed the affrighted sisters with rough wooing, and at once terrified and disgusted them by fitting up a stage in the choir of the church at Alcantara, on which he not only had theatrical performances, but compelled the unhappy nuns to honour them with their presence!

For governing, the so-called King had neither intellect nor disposition. The question arose whether something could not be effected to induce him to lead a less indecent life. It was proposed that he should marry. Alphonso replied, he was well-content: whom should he marry? The Princess Dombes Montpensier had been applied to. The King thought that lady "would do very well." The lady did not think in like fashion, of the King; she thought that he was simply the most licentious man in Portugal, and she would have nothing to do with him. Somebody probably whispered to her the old adage touching what may be made of reformed rakes, for she recalled her refusal, and notified her willingness to become Queen-consort. The King laughed, and answered that so versatile a lady was *not* the lady for him.

Thereupon he plunged into practices more infamous than ever. They were at the very worst when a comet appeared above the horizon of Lisbon. Castel Melhor, who was really

King, and not devoid of good intentions, tried to make beneficial use of the phenomenon, by stating that a comet never appeared but when a great change was at hand, such as the death of a monarch or a revolution in his dominions. He hoped to turn the King to reflection and amendment. The royal savage only broke into rage and blasphemy, to which he put a climax by loading a pistol and firing it at the comet in impotent defiance.

Shortly after, his dying mother addressed to him a few parting words of counsel, ending with the intimation, "I dare assure you that God will not call me to an account for not always treating you as a son." He was told that he would only be acting like a son if he hastened to the bedside of his dying parent. Alphonso assented, but tarried so long by the way to amuse himself, that when he arrived, his mother had no longer the faculties of sight or speech. He accordingly kissed her hand and went to his sports again.

After some time the wretched monarch announced that he would not only marry, but would also be master of his own house. "If," said his brother Pedro, "you would only be King in your own kingdom, it would be still better." The remark enraged Alphonso, and seemed to have an evil influence on his conduct towards Mademoiselle d'Aumale, daughter of the Duke de Nemours, when she, in 1666, arrived in Lisbon, in the character of royal bride. His neglect of this young lady was complete, his indifference was irritating, and his insulting humour even stooped to tempt him to make court to her own maids, in her own chamber, whither he went only to put this outrage on her. His own temper was so savagely irritable at this juncture, that when Pedro differed with him even on trivial questions, Alphonso would draw his dagger on his brother, who owed his life on more than one occasion to the interference of the Queen. The latter had compassion for a Prince so ill-treated by his brother; and Pedro began to feel very warm gratitude for the compassion thus vouch-

safed towards him, by his sister-in-law. This interchange of feeling did not pass unmarked by certain political priests, and they turned it to good account by uniting the Queen and Don Pedro against the King Alphonso.

This union of course had its perils. One morning, the Queen received from Count Schomberg,—as the warlike leader, then in the service of Portugal, was at that time called,—a letter on the views of her party. Those views were the dethroning of the King, and the appointment of Pedro and herself as Regents. Her Majesty was in bed when the letter was put into her hands, and she was about to read it, when a lady-in-waiting appeared, followed by the King, who brutally upbraided his consort for not rising earlier. The Queen thrust the letter under the pillow, dressed hastily, and hurried off to Mass, to avoid the marital importunity. In the midst of the service she remembered the forgotten letter under her pillow. She whisperingly entreated a priestly confidant, Father Doville, to enter her room and bring the letter to her. His reply was that he would not put his hand into the Queen's bed, for a bishopric. He repaired however to the door of the apartment, and returned with the comforting announcement that the King and the Countess de Castel Melhor had not yet left the chamber, and that consequently the letter was safe from discovery, as no attendant would presume to make the bed while the room was so occupied. The Queen however grew uneasy, and despatched one of her waiting-women, who came back with the information that she dared not approach the bed, as the King himself was sitting on it. More terrified than ever, her Majesty arose, left the Mass when it was only halfway through, and rushing into her room, under a plea of sudden illness, flung herself upon the bed, passed her hand under the pillow, felt that the letter was still there, and requested that she might be left to sleep. All who were in the room retired, and this pretty scene of genteel comedy was brought

to a close. The Queen told it all, but not till the play was ended, and her husband was off the stage.

A subsequent scene belongs rather to farce than to comedy. The plotters and counter-plotters had spread confusion not only through the palace, but the city. A skirmish took place in the first, an *émeute* in the latter, but tranquillity was restored, and King, Queen, Pedro, and an intriguing Secretary of State, appeared on the balcony of the palace to receive the cheers of the people. As Alphonso passed through the surrounding crowd, he declared that he gave his pardon to all. A rude intimation was made to him that his thanks rather than his pardon were expected. "Well," said the puppet, "I give my thanks too!" And then, by way of condescension, he took a flageolet, piped a tune through it abominably, and, when he had finished, handed the instrument to a grave old noble, and urged him to pipe upon it too! The lowest of the people were so disgusted that they had almost laid hands on the royal flageolet-player, and dethroned him then and there.

Suspicion induced Alphonso to double his guards, and the same sentiment rendered Pedro uneasy, for he dreaded that they might be commissioned to effect his own arrest. The troops, however, evinced such regard for Pedro, that, accepting the demonstration as a suggestion, he spoke with the Queen, and the two together brought matters to a crisis. Her Majesty retired to the convent of Esperanza, whence she forwarded a letter to the King, requesting permission to return to France, and reproaching him for the fact that, since she had first set her foot upon Portuguese ground, he had never given her reason to believe that he considered her as his wife.

The King rushed down to the convent in a hurricane of rage. His consort refused to admit him, and he was in the act of having the door of her apartment beaten in with hatchets, when his brother and several councillors succeeded in carrying him off. The marriage between this ill-assorted

pair was declared null and void; and the Marquis of Cesonis, the morning after such declaration, woke the King suddenly, and as suddenly intimated to him, that, if he did not forthwith make over the Regency of the kingdom to Pedro, the consequence would be lamentable for himself.

Alphonso, being helpless, and under arrest, sullenly obeyed. The monarch, under compulsion, formally abdicated, and the ecclesiastical authorities, as formally, declared his marriage invalid. Don Pedro took the Regency, and he petitioned to take also his brother's unwifed wife, for his own consort. The Princess d'Aumale, as she was again called, for the moment bethought herself of the relationship between her husband that had been and him that was to be. This, too, was a formality; for, as if to keep up the theatrical complexion of the plot to the last, a priest stepped forth, with the necessary document, granting dispensation, and prepared long before at Rome. The illustrious couple were married by the Bishop of Targua.

There was some idea entertained of transporting Alphonso to Guinea, but ultimately he was shipped off to Terceira. It was a fit place, said Pedro, for some distempers with which the ex-King was afflicted. Alphonso was told he might choose what companions he liked. He named but one, and that one was a boy employed in his dog-kennels. A little Court was, however, appointed for him, and to Terceira he was escorted by a company of ships and a gathering of nobles, grand enough to look like the mockery of his downfall. He spent his time in hunting and shooting, in feasting and sleeping. One day was so like another that there is nothing more to say of them. It would be difficult to explain why he was, after the lapse of a few years, brought back to Portugal, and located at Cintra. There he remained till the day of his death, in 1683,—"without any other exercise," says D'Ablancourt, "than that of taking snuff, eating, drinking, and sleeping."

Such is the record of a monarch who never governed—can

scarcely be said to have reigned; who, from 1656 to 1662, was under the able regency of his ambitious mother; was, for the next five years, more of an insane monster than anything else; and of whose sixteen years of uncrowned condition there is nothing more to say than that they were spent more harmlessly than any which preceded them.

Strictly speaking, Sancho and Alphonso VI. are the only monarchs of Portugal who were deprived of their crowns. In the days of Elizabeth, there was an Antonio, "King of Portugal," in England, but he had never been on the throne; he was simply heir of the line displaced by the annexation of Portugal to Spain, under the Spanish monarch, Philip II., in 1580. Antonio was urging Elizabeth to support his claim, while the London bells were ringing for the execution of another deposed monarch, Mary Stuart. It was in support of his claim that, in 1589, Drake and Norris sailed from Plymouth with Antonio, and that Devereux, Earl of Essex, joined them soon after, at sea. In aid of this phantom of a king, Elizabeth lent him £5000, on security of a valuable diamond, which she surrendered at his importunity, and she failed in recovering her money. But she bore him no ill-will, and when he died, in 1595, she prayed God to pardon his soul, and recommended his children to the charity of the King of France.

Of the uncle of the present Queen, Don Miguel, who did indeed wear the crown for a short period, it is unnecessary to speak, since he only usurped it for a season, before it was recovered by, or rather for, the daughter of his elder brother, Pedro, Maria II. Pedro, indeed, belongs to the roll of abdicated sovereigns, having resigned to his son the Imperial crown of Brazil, in order that he might repair to Europe to secure for his daughter the royal crown of Portugal. There is one anecdote connected with that attempt, however, which will bear narrating, as it has never been printed. Pedro had, probably, read the account of the peculiar liberality of

Alphonso VI., when he rewarded the English saviours of his kingdom with a pound or two of snuff. The father of "Donna Maria" was very sensible of the services rendered to him and his daughter by his British Allies. In acknowledgment thereof, he once summoned an English superior officer to his presence; and, after speaking in the most fervent terms of such service, and of his desire to reward it equivalently, he said he had endeavoured to do so by resolving to confer on the gallant officer a gift, which might be considered as a present to the British army. Thus saying, Pedro placed in the officer's hands a little box, with which the bearer returned to the British quarters. There, he called his most intimate comrades around him, and they were all prepared to see some jewelled Order and a costly diamond-ring. On being opened, however, the box was found to contain nothing but a scant lock of Pedro's grisly hair!

KINGS OF PORTUGAL.

A.D.

1139. Alphonso, Count of Portugal, proclaimed King, after defeating the Moors at Ourique.
1185. Sancho I.
1212. Alphonso II., the Fat.
1223. Sancho II., deposed.
1248. Alphonso III.
1279. Dionysius.
1325. Alphonso IV.
1357. Peter the Severe.
1367. Ferdinand I.
1384. John, married Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt.
1433. Edward.
1438. Alphonso V., the African.

A.D.

1483. John II., the Perfect.
1495. Emanuel, the Fortunate.
1521. John III.
1557. Sebastian, slain at Alcazar.
1578. Henry, the Cardinal.
1580. ANTHONY, deposed by Philip II. of Spain. Union of Spain and Portugal for sixty years.
1640. John IV., Duke of Braganza, restored independence to Portugal.
1656. ALPHONSO VI., deposed in 1668.
1683. Peter II., hitherto Regent, succeeded his brother.
1706. John V.
1750. Joseph, succeeded by his daughter and his brother, married by Papal dispensation.
1777. Maria and Peter III.
1786. Maria, alone; became deranged.
1816. John VI., who had been Regent since 1792.
1826. Peter IV., or Don Pedro, who, retaining the crown of Brazil, left that of Portugal to his daughter.
1826. Maria da Gloria. From 1828 to 1833, Don Miguel, brother of Pedro, usurped the throne.
1853. Peter V., born in 1837.

Turkey.

"Thy pendent diamonds let *another* take;—
Their trembling lustre shows how much you shake."
PARNELL.

FOUR centuries have elapsed since Mahomed II. planted his standard on the ruins of Constantinople, and the "Wanderers," or Toorks, found a permanent home in the old Imperial city.

Mahomed was the seventh sovereign in descent from Othman, the great chief, who conquered Prusa, and founded a dynasty in 1299. Orchan, the son of Othman, captured Nice in 1330, and obtained possession of nearly the whole of Asia Minor. His successor, Amurath I., carried terror of the Turkish name into Europe, but lost his life after gaining a sanguinary victory over the King of Servia, on the plains of Kossova. The Servian monarch was among the captives taken on the field, and the Turkish conqueror breathed his last, while in the act of condemning his brother-King to death.

Bajazet Il Derim, or the Thunderbolt, swept Bulgaria, defeated the Hungarians, overcame the Emperor Sigismund, and added territory to the Turkish possessions, which he wellnigh lost, when intemperance, for a season, enervated his otherwise invincible arm. This first of his race who assumed the title of "Sultan," signalized his reign by the capture of Athens in 1397. He met, however, in Timour, an adversary by whom he was assailed and taken prisoner;—

and the last years of the conqueror of all his enemies save one, were passed, if tradition may be trusted, in the iron-cage, within which, the spent "Thunderbolt" was exhibited to the scorn and derision of the world. Bajazet was defeated on the Natolian plain, where Pompey had subdued Mithridates; neither of his sons could repair the disasters, still less emulate the triumphs, of their father's reign. Amurath II., who succeeded to the throne in 1421, made a fruitless attempt on Constantinople, conquered Thessalonica, and, desirous of enjoying peace, after a turbulent career, resigned his power. He was not permitted to enjoy the great boon which he most ardently desired. The faithlessness of Christian Princes, who broke the treaties which they had negotiated with the infidel, called him from his retirement; to which, after gaining the battle of Varna, he again returned; and from which he once again issued, to die on the throne.

The conquest of Constantinople, by the next Sultan, Mahomed II., made of the Turks a European power, and of the son of Islam, a "Protector of the Greek Church." Mahomed however was defeated before Belgrade, but his success in Asia was great; and he conquered Eubœa, although he failed to subdue Rhodes. He overcame Scanderbeg, and was only (humanly speaking) prevented from subjugating Italy by his death, A.D. 1481.

After the great conquest, came ambition and civil troubles. BAJAZET II. had to contend with a brother for the succession, and with his own son to keep what he had gained. He deserves to be remembered as the founder of the Turkish Navy. The instability of his power is seen in the facility with which he was compelled by the Janissaries to abdicate in favour of his son, Selim the Cruel, who added Syria, Palestine, and Egypt to the undisputed territory of the Turk. To this latter Prince succeeded Solyman the Magnificent,—the contemporary of Charles V., Henry VIII., and Francis I. The great exploits of his reign were,

the reduction of Belgrade, the conquest of Rhodes, the capture of Ofen, and many important victories both in Asia and Europe. His admirals at sea were as successful as their great master was by land; but the failures at Malta and Vienna tarnished the glory acquired in other localities. The last gleam of this so-called glory which fell on the Turkish armies, shone when Selim II., the successor of the Magnificent Solyman, accomplished the subjugation of Cyprus. But Selim was not of a very heroic complexion. He was frightened to death by a fire which broke out in the Seraglio in 1566.

From this period is dated the decline of the Turkish power. It lasted—not however without being constantly resisted—very little more than a century. For three hundred years the Turk grew gradually weaker, till at last the prostration was so complete, that the Czar Nicholas pronounced the "sick man" moribund, and invited the world to stand by while he seized on his possessions. The decay was slow, but it was hastened by the imbecility and cruelty of those who made successful snatches at power. Amurath III., that he might reign in peace, strangled his five brothers. His successor, Mahomed III., strangled nineteen, and with them, five of his father's wives. His reign was otherwise disastrous, and that of his successor Achmet I. was simply inglorious. The army was growing above the Sultan. The military chiefs deposed Mustapha (the brother of Achmet), and raised to the throne Achmet's son, Othman, who was, in his turn, strangled by the ministers of Mustapha. The last-named Sultan profited so little by this violently-active policy, that he was himself executed shortly afterwards. Under Amurath IV. the troubles of the Government were concealed, by giving to the ferocious Sultan the title of "Conqueror," in return for dearly-bought successes, of no value in themselves. Then was brought from prison, Ibrahim, the brother of Amurath, who exhibited such frantic

insanity in his political deeds, that his imperious soldiers consigned him to captivity and death. The infancy of his proclaimed successor, Mahomed IV., left the Turkish dominions to the skilful administration of Kiuprili; but the subsequent loss of Hungary and the Morea, and the memorable failure before Vienna, were followed by the deposition of Mahomed, and the accession of Solyman II., who lost Belgrade, but gained some glory in recovering it. The reign of Achmet II. (son of Ibrahim) was short and feeble; and the eighteenth century saw upon the throne that Mustapha II. who was deposed in 1703. The Third Achmet was not without glory: he defeated Peter the Great, and recovered the Morea; but his wreaths were composed more of cypress than of laurel, for he was defeated by Nadir Kouli Khan, and deposed in 1730. The following quarter of a century (save one year) was occupied by the reign of Sultan Mahmoud I. It was a turbulent and a disastrous period, in which the Turk fought spiritedly against every foe by whom he was assailed, in Asia and in Europe. During the brief reign of Othman III., there was a breathing-time of peace, and the Moslem spent it in preparations against the expected assaults of Russia and Austria, now the most dreaded foes of Turkey. The assaults came, and Mustapha III. sought to avenge defeat by ordering the massacre of all the Moldavians and Wallachians who had submitted to Russia; but he could not wreak a similar impotent revenge for the loss of that jewel in his crown—the ever-regretted Crimea. It was left, however, to the successor of Mustapha, Abdul Achmet, weary of the war, like Russia, but less crafty in negotiation, to sign that Treaty of Kainardji (1774) which placed the Ottoman power at the mercy of Russia, but which has been used by the latter with much success indeed, but with less than was anticipated.

The next two Sovereigns of the once proud race, Selim III. and Mustupha IV., were deposed. On the fall of the

latter, arose Mahmoud II., the great reformer, and the destroyer of those masters of the Sultans, the Janissaries. Abdul Medjid, son of Mahmoud, has succeeded to the poor inheritance. Of the two dozen lords of Constantinople of whom he is the indifferent heir, one-third suffered deposition from their high estate. Of these, some were murdered, others dragged out a miserable life, in hopeless activity. From Ali Othman, the conqueror of Prusa and the founder of the dynasty in 1299, to the present representative of the royal line, one only reigned during a longer period than forty years,—Solyman the Magnificent, who retained power from the year 1520 to 1566.

THE TWO BAJAZETS.

"Their sceptres stretched from East to Western shore."
SPENSER.

Of all the deposed monarchs of the Turks, the one best known to us generally, and most familiar to us, at least on the stage, is that Bajazet who bore the title of Il Derim, or the Thunderbolt. He ruled before the Ottoman power was established in Europe; and he is famous alike for his triumphs and reverses—for his mingled ferocity and gentleness of feeling. When he was proceeding to the last struggle, in which he was to win new crowns or lose all, he marched at the head of his vast army, deeply meditating on the loss of Sebasti, and the death of his son Ortogrul. As he passed along, he saw a shepherd who was watching his flock, and playing, for his individual pleasure, on the homely pipe. The Thunderer drew up, and gazed and listened in a sort of dreamy astonishment. Then, turning away, he exclaimed, with a deep sigh, "Oh, happy shepherd, who hast neither Ortogrul nor Sebasti to lose!" The Latin historians who recount this anecdote, do not add, what was probably the truth, that Bajazet pressed the "happy shepherd" into his service, and converted his flocks into *Kabaubs*.

The two grand circumstances in the life of the first Bajazet were his splendid victory over the too arrogant Christian Crusaders at Nicopolis; and his irretrievable overthrow by Timour at Angora. In the first case, the Christians were so confident of success that they defied Heaven. "If the sky itself were to fall," they exclaimed, "we could hold it up on our lances!" They were disgracefully and deservedly

routed. In the second case, Bajazet lost the battle by a similar contempt for his great foeman, the "Scythian peasant." To manifest how much he despised "Tamerlane," the leader of the Turks withdrew from his entrenchments, set his whole force on a gigantic hunting expedition, exhausted his men through thirst, hunger, and fatigue, and rendered them an easy prey to the watchful enemy, who annihilated the army and captured the leader.

The story of Bajazet, during the brief term of his captivity, has been told by poets and other romancers, as well as by historians. These differ so widely, that to reach to an approximation of the truth is somewhat difficult, though perhaps not impossible. The story of the confinement of Bajazet in an iron cage is asserted by some and denied by others. To ascertain the probability of such a circumstance, we must look less into the character of the vanquished than into that of the victor. Marlowe represents his "Tamberlaine" as moving in a chariot drawn by the deposed and captive Kings of Trebizond and Syria, with bits in their mouths. In addition to these monarchs who are reduced to the office of steeds, a couple or so of "spare Kings" follow the chariot, ready for use, when the great Timour should require a "change of horses."

The imperial charioteer is less courteous to his royal prisoners than Sesostris was to the Kings who were harnessed to the wheels of *his* chariot. "Holla," he exclaims,

> "Holla! ye pampered jades of Asia,
> What! can ye draw but twenty miles a day?"

—a piece of bombast which Shakespeare has ridiculed by making Ancient Pistol allude to

> "pack-horses
> And hollow-pampered jades of Asia,
> Which cannot go but thirty miles a day!"

Marlowe's portraiture of Tamerlane is perhaps founded

on tradition; but we obtain a different sketch of him and his conduct from other quarters. The narrative of Sherefeddin Ali has been condensed by Gibbon. It was written in the lifetime of Timour, and dedicated to his grandson, nineteen years after the decease of the great conqueror. Its value as the work of a contemporary is, to a certain degree, affected by a consideration of the side on which he wrote. It is only the Lancastrian historians who set a hunch on the shoulders of Richard.

The Oriental chronicler shows us Tamerlane graciously receiving his captive at the entrance to his tent, leading him to a seat by his side, and modifying gentle reproach by demonstrations of cordial sympathy. It was, perhaps, but little to the satisfaction of the prisoner that he listened to the logical deductions of the victor, proving that the calamity which had befallen the former was the inevitable consequence of his own policy. It may have been more satisfactory to him to hear the promises of good treatment and clemency by which the pious victor professed he was about to testify his gratitude to God.

Tamerlane flung over his royal captive a robe of honour, restored his harem and children to him, and, at the grand feast of victory, placed the now extinguished "Thunderbolt" in the seat of honour, a crown on his head and a sceptre in his hand. There was no excess of delicacy in the attention which thus compelled a monarch to occupy so conspicuous a position at a banquet held in celebration of his own downfall. If Timour really added the solemn assurance, that he would restore Bajazet to his lost throne, with an increase of glory, it was rather adding insult to injury. If we accept the feastings and promises as facts, in themselves, both were merely derisive. Even the profound respect paid to Bajazet by the guards had its drawbacks, since we are told that "the respect of the guards could be equalled only by their vigilance."

Not a word however is uttered, concerning the iron, or any other cage. On the contrary, Bajazet seems to have endured such a round of festivals, that, within nine months of his capture, he died of apoplexy at Akshahr, in Pisidia,—"amidst the care of the most skilful physicians."

On the other hand, the memoirs of Bourcicault are cited to prove that Bajazet died by a violent death in prison. The old marshal was a contemporary, and had been an antagonist of the Sultan. His biographer, who wrote within seven years of the events he describes, states that Bajazet died in prison "de dure mort,"—which may mean, by violence self-inflicted, or through hardships imposed on him by others.

About a quarter of a century after the Thunderer's death, Poggius pointed a moral touching the mutability of human fortune, by citing a fact for which he had the authority of ocular witnesses; and *he* speaks positively of the iron cage in which Bajazet was exhibited like a wild beast to the exulting tribes of Asia. Gibbon quotes other contemporary authority to show that "the same story, whether false or true, was imported into Europe with the first tidings of the revolution." We meet with contemporary Latin and Arabian writers agreeing in the circumstance of the "cage." One of the latter authors (according to Gibbon) adds, that at the feast of victory already noticed, "the wine was served by female cup-bearers, and the Sultan beheld his own concubines and wives confounded among the slaves, and exposed, without a veil, to the eyes of intemperance." From this circumstance, we are told, arose the custom adopted by all succeeding Sultans, save one, of avoiding legitimate nuptials. No calamity could then expose the *wife* of a Sultan to the insult of a conqueror. On the other hand, the Sultans are only sons of slaves.

The Turkish annalists, says the author of 'The Decline and Fall,' "unanimously deplore the captivity of the iron cage; and some credit may be allowed to national historians,

who cannot stigmatize the Tartar without uncovering the shame of their King and country."

All historians who introduce this incident of the cage, acknowledge that it was the result of the indiscreet impatience of Bajazet. The latter had learned that his captor intended to convey him to Samarcand, and he attempted to escape by digging a passage below his tent. This attempt being discovered, the Mogul Emperor imposed the harsher restraint. "An iron cage, on a waggon," says Gibbon, "might be invented, not as a wanton insult, but a rigorous precaution." Timour might have heard of a similar precaution, which had been exaggerated indeed into a story narrating how Maximian or Galerius Cæsar had enclosed a Persian King within the figure of a cow's hide. Whatever the additional restraint was, the strength of the mind and body of Bajazet fainted beneath it. Professor Creasy, whose excellent suggestion is worthy of a respect due to all that we derive from the Professor of History in University College, London, in describing the condition of Bajazet, after his attempt to escape, adds, "Thenceforth, Bajazet was strictly watched by a numerous guard, and was placed in fetters every night. When the Mongol army moved from place to place, Timour took his captive with him; but in order to avoid the hateful sight of his enemies, Bajazet travelled in an iron litter with covered lattice-work. The similarity of sound between two Turkish words caused the well-known story, that the Tartar King carried the captive Sultan about in an iron cage. The real ignominy which Bajazet underwent was sufficient to break a proud heart; and he died in March, 1403, *eight* months after the battle of Angora."

Professor Creasy's suggestion appears to be an adaptation of that of Von Hammer, who founded *his* opinion on a Turkish manuscript (which had once belonged to Christina of Sweden) in the library of the Vatican. He concludes from

this manuscript that "the pretended cage of iron was no other than a grilled, close litter, such as encloses or confines the ladies and the princes of the Seraglio; and this tale had no other foundation than the double sense of the word Kafir, which signifies indeed a cage, but also refers to the latticed apartments and conveyances of the females and princes, as every one knows who has visited Constantinople."

The particulars given in the manuscript are thus rendered in a note to Upham's 'History of the Ottoman Empire.' "The grandson of Aaschik Pasha, who lived under Bajazet II., reports the fact from an eye-witness, who had related the event to an old commander at Brusa, from whose mouth the historian gained this information.

"*Question.* Tell me, Dervish, on what authority you state this matter, as you were not at the war?

"*Answer.* There was a Naib of Brusa, who had been one of the guard of the Sultan Bajazet. He was about the Sultan after he had been made prisoner, and I demanded of him how Timour confined the Khan Bajazet. He said to me, 'In a latticed or grilled litter, similar to a cage, and borne by two horses. When he was on the march, Timour was preceded by this litter; and when they halted, this litter was placed in front of his tent.' This old Naib, who lived under Muhammed I., had received from that Sultan the command of the fortress of Amasia, and in his old-age was removed by Amurath II. to Brusa, where I heard from his mouth this account." If this be strictly correct, Timour was, at least, as humane as the English Government, which kept Vizar Ally, the deposed Nabob of Oude, in a cage, or caged prison, at Calcutta, during a period of nearly thirty years.

Marlowe's picture of the death of the deposed monarch is not inconsistent with Bourcicault's story of the end of Bajazet by a "dure mort;" nor can it be said of the expressions, that they are unlikely to represent the thoughts and

feelings of a deposed and despairing monarch. Alone, and in his cage, he exclaims:—

"Now, Bajazeth, abridge thy baneful days,
And beat the brains out of thy conquer'd head,
Since other means are all forbidden me,
That may be ministers of my decay.
O highest lamp of ever-living Jove,
Accursed day infected with my griefs,
Hide now thy stainèd face in endless night,
And shut the windows of the lightsome heavens;
Let ugly darkness, with her rusty coach,
Engirt with tempests, wrapt in pitchy clouds,
Smother the earth with never-fading mists,
And let her horses from their nostrils breathe
Rebellious winds and dreadful thunder-claps,
That in this terror Tamberlain may live,
And my pined soul, resolved in liquid air,
May still excruciate his tormented thoughts!
Then let the stony dart of senseless cold
Pierce through the centre of my wither'd heart,
And make a passage for my loathèd life."
(*He brains himself against the cage.*)

The two great adversaries were once more called upon the stage by Saunders, to whose youthful tragedy Dryden wrote a dirty prologue. The piece, however, did not please the public, as Marlow's had done, when represented, as Langbaine says, both the divisions of that truculent play *were*, by the Lord Admiral's servants. The Turk and the Tartar were again brought upon the stage by Rowe. The circumstance claims notice, on the ground that the deposed Ottoman and his conqueror would not have been evoked but for a deposition and a revolution in England.

Rowe's 'Tamerlane' is essentially a political play. The poet delighted in a subject which afforded him an opportunity to describe the virtues of William III. under the figure of the Mogul, and to brand the vices and ambition of Louis XIV. beneath the turban of Thundering Bajazet. The stu-

dent of old playbills will not fail to perceive that this piece was as regularly played, for the benefit of patriots, in November, on the anniversary of William's landing, as 'London Cuckolds' was on every Lord Mayor's-day, for the purpose of ridiculing the Aldermen; and 'George Barnwell,' on Boxing-night, for the edification of City apprentices. As long as there were Jacobite and Hanoverian parties left, this piece survived to receive an uproarious applause. That it should, however, have descended to our own times—Mr. Macready is the last of the London Bajazets—is matter for legitimate wonder.

Messrs. Austin and Ralph, in their 'Lives of the Laureates,' after stating that "Rowe's 'Tamerlane' was for a time regularly acted every 4th of November, the anniversary of the landing of William III.," add that, "at length, when that King was dead, and the two monarchies were at peace, the impropriety of such a distorted caricature of a great, though rival, sovereign, became manifest even to national prejudice, and the representation was discountenanced." The fact however is, that Rowe's play was not represented at all until after William's death, and that Bajazet continued to roar to the November galleries long after the decease of the monarch he was supposed to represent. The piece was first played at the Lincoln's-Inn-Fields Theatre, in 1702, when Queen Anne was on the throne. Betterton was *Tamerlane*, and roystering Verbruggen the *Bajazet*. The first part has never been acted with the grace and dignity which were imparted to it by Betterton. The two parts, in the order above named, have been represented by the greatest of our actors; as, for instance, in 1715, by Booth and Mills, at Drury Lane; in 1730, by Boheme and Quin, in "The Fields;" in 1744, by Sheridan and Delane, at Drury Lane; and in 1747, by Delane (who took Tamerlane) and Barry, at the same theatre. In 1772, still on the same stage, the respective parts were acted by Aikin and Palmer; and, three

years later, by Sheridan and Barry, at Covent Garden, where, in 1780, Henderson and Aikin (who now gave up *Tamerlane* for *Bajazet*) played the respective parts. In 1790, these were acted at the last-named house, by Harley and Aikin; and, in 1797, at Drury Lane, by Palmer and Kemble. In 1802, the representatives at Covent Garden were Henry Siddons and Cooke. At Drury Lane, in 1815, Pope mouthed *Tamerlane*, and Kean blazed through *Bajazet*, to the enthusiastic delight of his admirers. Finally, in 1819, at Covent Garden, Charles Kemble played the Tartar Chief, with a mildness that would have astonished the original, and might have gratified William. The *Bajazet* was Mr. Macready; but, melodramatic as the part is, it never ranked among the favourite impersonations of that performer.

Rowe, whose play, with the preface to Lord Hartington, was written before the death of William III., is modestly afraid, in that "epistle dedicatory," to confess that his Tamerlane was meant for that "greatest character" of his age, William III. He apprehends "a great deal of danger from avowing a design like this." He flatteringly avows that the actual "hero may have transcended the poet's thoughts." "There are many features," he adds, "in that man's life, not unlike His Majesty. His courage, his piety, his justice, his moderation, his fatherly love of his people, but, *above all*, his hate of tyranny and oppression, and his zealous care for the common good of mankind, carry a large resemblance of him." It is only necessary to recollect what the "Scourge of God" was, to be struck by the absurdity of this parallel; and men need only remember Glencoe, to feel assured that part of it is as absurdly inapplicable to William III.

Over the other parallel, between Bajazet and Louis XIV., Rowe glides upon a magnificent car of allusions. He names no one, but he counts up all the vices which go to the making up of *his* Bajazet, and adds that there is no trusting a power

whose policy is similarly marked. Il Derim little dreamed, at Angora, that he was affording opportunity to the poet of Lincoln's-Inn-Fields for writing nonsense.

In the play, Bajazet is a noisy ruffian, whose downfall excites no sympathy. He is not exhibited in his cage. Rowe had too much respect, perhaps, for Louis XIV. to show him up in that way. When Tamerlane, who is anything but a courteous conqueror, condemns his adversary to his iron prison, Bajazet rolls forth his last peal of dramatic thunder:

> "It is beneath me to decline my fate,
> I stand prepared to meet thy utmost hate.
> Yet think not I will long thy triumph see,
> None want the means when the soul dares be free.
> I'll curse thee with my last, my fleeting breath,
> And keep the courage of my life in death;
> Then boldly venture in that world unknown,
> It cannot use me worse than this has done."

With which rhymed bit of philosophy, which is what a Versailles Marquis, ruined at lansquenet, might have uttered before he went to commit suicide, the "Thunderbolt" goes off in a rage. On this outburst, Tamerlane delivers half-a-dozen equally bad rhymes, and not much better reasonings. He bids the spectators "Behold the vain effects of earth-born pride!" and adds a "tag," which, were it not at the end of a play, might have come from a platform at Exeter Hall.

In conclusion, it may be here observed that, although it was from the Turkish manuscripts in the possession of Christina of Sweden, that the probable truth was elicited concerning the treatment of Bajazet by Tamerlane, that unsceptred Queen herself does not appear to have perused them. Among the last things which fell from her pen was the remark:— "The treatment of Tamerlane towards Bajazet was not worthy of his other great actions; and I find something so barbarous therein, that I would not have accepted all his fortune at the price of such an action."

And yet Christina had, undoubtedly, studied the history of Turkey with some attention. Her "maxims" prove this; for many of them are the sententious condensations of various conclusions acquired by study on this subject. How mistaken these conclusions sometimes were will be seen by the following remark:—"The Ottoman house has, for four centuries, been labouring at the design of universal monarchy; and there is every appearance that *if Turkey does not succeed*, that design must be chimerical for any other nation." Christina believed in the ultimate success of Turkey. Its failure has been followed by that of Spain, of France, and of Russia, all of which Powers have struggled to accomplish the design in question.

It is the remark of Mr. Upham (whose compendious work has been already noticed), when adverting to the occasional desire of the second Bajazet to retire into private life, and to become a contemplative Dervish, among the shades of some favourite city in Asia Minor, that as these occasional withdrawals, or abdications, "occur so frequently in the Ottoman annals, and are so opposed to the insatiate thirst of power displayed in all other points by these fierce Sovereigns, there seems to have been some interesting or highly attractive object of personal indulgence connected with the nature and character of the retirements to which these monarchs were wont to betake themselves on the resignation of their power." The fact, perhaps, is, that it was not that power was so distasteful as that its tenure was perilous, and that retirement, however pleasant in itself, was perilous. A reigning Sovereign, not accustomed to respect the lives of brothers and nephews who might envy him his throne, was not likely to willingly let live an abdicated monarch who might be longing to remount it.

Since the death of the first Bajazet, in 1403, to the accession of Bajazet II., in 1481, more than three-quarters of a century had elapsed, and the Turks had established them-

selves in Europe. The second Bajazet was the son of that Mohammed who had taken Constantinople in 1453. His accession was opposed by his younger brother, that Prince Djem, or Zizimes, who escaping, after defeat, made his way to Rhodes, was transferred to Malta, and was thence conveyed to Rome, where the Father of the Church condescended to hold him prisoner, in consideration of an annuity paid by Bajazet Sofi, his learned and unscrupulous brother; a brother who often cited the Turkish proverb that "there was no relationship among Princes."

Indeed, Bajazet was much addicted to speaking in proverbs. When endeavouring to make some arrangements with Djem, the latter proposed the cession of some provinces in perpetual sovereignty. Bajazet's despatch, in reply, was laconic and decisive: "Empire is a bride whose favour cannot be shared." The poison of Borgia relieved Bajazet from his importunate rival.

Djem, when first flying from the pursuers in his brother's service, sent among them an arrow, bearing a paper, on which was written his wish that Bajazet might be disgraced in his government and unhappy in his family. The wish was fulfilled. By land, with rare exceptions, the arms of the Sultan acquired no glory. Kamel Reis, the "perfect Admiral," added brilliancy to the Crescent by his naval victories. War, however, was distasteful to the mystic and studious Bajazet. He led his troops without enthusiasm; he was more reluctant to gird on his scimitar than to apply himself to the Koran, and such philosophy as was within his reach. His soldiery, his people, and his children became, at length, weary of him in different ways. The youngest of his three boys, Selim, afterwards known as *Yeviz*, or the Cruel, became the most daring and the most dangerous of his enemies; but the rout of Selim at Adrianople, and his flight to the Crimea, left Bajazet leisure, as he hoped, to enjoy his volumes and meditations in uninterrupted leisure. He was

in the full flush of this enjoyment, or in despair at learning that his troublesome Janissaries preferred the warlike Selim to a mere student such as Bajazet had become, when he expressed a desire to abdicate in favour of either of his sons, except Selim. The Janissaries would not admit of this exception; and as the wishes of a Sultan were deemed sacred, and his word irrevocable, they first resolved that Bajazet should descend from the throne, and then, that Selim should take his place.

On the 25th of April, 1512, Selim appeared in front of his father's palace at the head of an irresistible force. The voices of those who composed it, cried aloud that the Sultan was old and infirm, and that he must make way for another, and that other his son. "If you will not yield," exclaimed the most ferocious of the Janissaries, "we will not indeed touch your life, but we will drag you by your robes on the points of our javelins, from the throne." Whether he demanded a night for reflection or not, it is certain that it was only on the following day he fully acceded to all demands. In the morning, he acknowledged that a dream of the night before had taught him the course he was to take. It was extricating him from disgrace, to follow the instructions imparted in a dream. He could do nothing contrary to Kismet. "This," said the monarch, who would fain have persuaded himself that he was abdicating, when he was really suffering deposition,—"this was my dream. I saw my crown placed, by my soldiers, on my son Selim's head. It would be impious to resist such a sign."

Bajazet accordingly descended from the throne, and congratulated Selim on his being raised to it. The latter requested his fallen sire to remain in the capital, but the deposed monarch was naturally uneasy in his new position, and petitioned to be allowed to withdraw to a distance. In his sententious way, he remarked, "One scabbard cannot hold two swords; let me go!"

Selim yielded to the prayer, and assigned Demotike for his father's residence. The new Sultan escorted the old one from the city with magnificent pomp, and ostentatious, but suspicious, affection. After journeying together a considerable distance, son and sire parted on the fondest terms. The embracing and the assurances of goodwil lwere endless, and the spectators may have thought that Selim had not failed in his filial duty, or that Bajazet was the most forgiving of parents and Sultans. Selim was especially careful for the health of his sire; and his last appointment, having the comfortable disposal of Bajazet in view, was that of a vagrant Jew, said to be a physician, and whose task was to act in that capacity.

The Jew did all that was expected from him. So rapid and vigorous was his practice, that Bajazet was dead before he had reached a distance of forty miles from Constantinople.

The deposed monarch was poisoned; and as *he*, after paying for the poisoning of his brother Djem, had interred the body with great funeral honours, so Selim buried his dead father with a gorgeousness of ceremony, which may have manifested as much gladness as grief.

As writers differ touching the catastrophe of the first Bajazet, so is there some difference of opinion touching the details connected with that of the second. No one denies that the ex-Sultan "died at a little village on the road, on the third day of his journey;" but Professor Creasy adds in *his* account, founded on Von Hammer: "His age and sufferings, both of mind and body, sufficiently account for his death; but a rumour was widely spread that he had been poisoned by an emissary of his son. The savage character of Selim may be thought justly to have exposed him to suspicion; but there seems to have been no clear evidence of the horrible charge." Hundreds of murderers, however, have been justly sent to the scaffold on evidence even less clear.

As specimens of Turkish dethronings, these two examples may suffice. It deserves, however, to be remembered, with regard to the fact of "deposition," that no Turkish Sultan was ever deposed until he had been convicted of acting contray to law. The circumstance that the sense of the law now and then suffered some violation, may serve to prove, not that the law itself was disregarded, but the jealousy with which infraction of it was regarded, and the severity with which transgression was punished. At this Turkish logic Christian statesmen may sneer, but they may not do so justly, unless they can prove that Christian codes have never been stretched to punish or enlarge an offender.

Mustapha I. was dethroned in 1617, after a brief reign of three months, by a revolution of the high officers of state, on the good ground of idiotcy,—a sacred condition which threw protection over his life. His successor, Othman II., who made targets of his own pages, and endeavoured to suppress the Janissaries, would probably not have been strangled, if he could have appealed to a party among the people. He had no friends there, however, chiefly because he had exhibited an illegal severity in petty matters of police.

A case still more to the point, presents itself in the person of Sultan Ibrahim. He was, in 1640, brought, in speechless terror, from a prison to a throne. He recovered his self-possession only to indulge in the most odious tyranny, licentiousness, aud blasphemy. He oppressed even his best friends, crushed the people by taxation for worthless objects, ordered the shops to be kept open at night, while the ladies of his harem visited to plunder them, wore jewels in his beard, ordered drums and cymbals to play when the solemn call to prayer was made from the minarets, and laughed in the faces of the Ulemas who boldly protested against these and other violations of social and religious law. Now, the Ulemas are the law and the church united. The lawyers and the priests have each their dis-

tinct vocation; but as guardians and exponents of the social and religious law, they are united under one name. When the vices of Sultan Ibrahim had brought him in collision with these powers, and an insurrection was raised against him, the insurgents sent deputies from the church, the law, the army, *and the people*, to represent to the powerful mother of the Sultan, that Ibrahim must fall. These demonstrated to her, that they were acting in accordance with the "sacred right of insurrection;" and to all her remonstrances, they answered, by appealing to the justification which they had, and the provocation to put such right in action. "Do not oppose us, gracious lady," was their cry, "for you would then be struggling, not against *us*, but against the Holy Law." When she continued to urge that her son was comparatively blameless, and that the insurgents were not supported by authority for their acts, the reply was remarkable:—"Your wise men, learned in the law, have met together, and have issued a Fetva, for a change in the occupation of the throne." The Sultana Validi, unwilling to give up her son, then observed, that the Mahomed whom they proposed to put in the place of Ibrahim, was a child only seven years old. One of the insurgents replied, with irresistible logic, "In the opinion of our wise men of the law, a madman ought not to reign, whatever be his age; a child, with reason, would more fittingly occupy the throne. If the infant sovereign have only common sense, a wise Vizier will set the world to rights. A Sultan, who is a mad *man*, brings ruin on all classes by his folly and his wickedness."

The mother yielded; and when the youthful Mahomed had been enthroned, the deputation proceeded to Ibrahim to announce to him his deposition. His fury was demoniacal; but the insurgents, with law at their backs, disregarded his fury. They calmly recited to him the long roll of his follies and his vices; and so overcame him by the recital, and the logic applied to it, that Ibrahim at length bent his

head, and entered his prison, saying, "This was written on my forehead: God has ordered it."

An attempt of a few of his creatures to rescue the master, by whose deposition they grievously suffered, cost Ibrahim his life. All however was again done strictly according to law. The revolutionary chiefs applied to the Mufti, with a case, on which they demanded his opinion. "Is it lawful." they asked, "to depose, and put to death, a sovereign who confers the dignities of the pen and the sword, not on those who are worthy of them, but on those who buy them for money?" The Mufti had no difficulty in replying. He at once said, that the law condemned a sovereign who gave such dignities to the unworthy, or who sold them to any one; and on that answer, Ibrahim was strangled,—strictly according to a law which is unknown among civilized Christian nations.

Again, at the beginning of the last century, Mustapha II. might have survived the effects of the disastrous close of his military career, had not the once resolute leader of his own armies, as Professor Creasy observes, "sunk into an effeminate sensualist, who forgot the boasted example of Solyman the Lawgiver, and appeared rather to follow that of Ibrahim." It was in consequence of such a course, that the legal insurrection was formed, which compelled Mustapha II. to abdicate in favour of his brother Achmet III. This latter sovereign was deposed twenty-seven years later (1730), precisely on the grounds which had authorized the deposition of former sovereigns. There was no rival anxious to gain his crown, nor any pretender in the field marching towards the throne. The Sultan had been unfortunate against foreign enemies, but his unpopularity was the result of the "excessive pomp and costly luxury in which he and his principal officers indulged." A consequent insurrection drove him from the throne. The law however could detect no further offence in him, and Mustapha passed the

remaining years of his life in tranquil confinement, within the apartments of the palace.

Even the deposition, at the beginning of the present century, of Selim III., was, in the Turkish point of view, a solemn act authorized by law. If the English law sanctions the dethroning of a monarch professing a religion hostile to the spirit of liberty which Englishmen love, the Mahometan law is not severe, when it condemns the adoption of customs opposed to the very existence of Islamism. Selim III. favoured many such customs, and would have introduced reforms into his country, which would have set it upon a course which, as was seen by the wise men, learned in the law of the Prophet, might ultimately overturn the law and the Prophet together. It is true that the condition of Turkey at the time, harassed by foreign friends, as well as foes, rendered revolt more easy than ordinary; but when the military insurgents entered the presence of Selim III. to announce to him that he had ceased to reign, they went, armed with a Fetva, which sanctioned their proceedings, on the ground that Selim had violated the religious law of the community of the faithful.

Selim accepted his destiny without murmuring, and he passed his uncrowned time in dignified utility. In the apartments of the palace, he found, in his prison rooms, his little cousin Mahmoud, and he took the boy and instructed him in lessons of government. In teaching the future Sultan how to rule the Empire, he held out "his own fate, as a warning against the weakness which the Sultan, who would reform Turkey, must discard, in order to save both her and himself."

If Selim fell from the throne by a law applied against him by the people, he was subsequently strangled by application of a law to which the new Sultan, Mustapha IV., had recourse. Selim and the young prince, Mahmoud, were, with Mustapha, the only existing members of the Imperial House

of Othman. Now the law stated that when that House should be reduced to the person of a single member, occupying the throne, it should be unlawful to depose him, on any pretence whatever. Mustapha sought for this security, by ordering both Selim and Mahmoud to be put to death. Selim perished; but his Albanian friends took the young Mahmoud, who had escaped, by concealing himself in the furnace of a bath, and having slain Mustapha in his apartments, they gave Mahmoud a "charmed life," wherewith to commence a reign, —as sole male descendant of the conquering Othman. This revolution, of 1808, was contrary, indeed, to law, for it was opposed by the Mufti and the Ulemas; but when it became an accomplished fact, those individuals recognized the law of inviolability which protected the "last man" of the governing race. Mahmoud had peace, at least, till his House had an heir, and even then he showed how he could profit by the teaching of his able and luckless cousin, Selim III.

The throne of Mahmoud has been occupied, since 1839, by his son, Abdul Medjid. Both Sultans succeeded in carrying reforms which the third Selim struggled, in vain, to establish. Whether the old Turkish character has been beneficially influenced thereby, remains yet to be seen. At present, the Osmanlee will, as eagerly as ever, kiss with ardour the hands which he cannot cut off; and will, in furtherance of his own ends, perform patiently the task enjoined in the Turkish proverb, namely, "dig a well with a needle." Abdul Medjid has recently been made to feel that more than one foot may stand in the Imperial slipper, for he has not been master in his own dominions; neither has he been reduced quite to the condition of a deposed sovereign. He himself might have exclaimed, after he was pronounced a "sick man" by Russia, and his provinces were occupied by foreign troops,—"When my beard is burning others try to light their pipe at it." The beard however has escaped; nevertheless they who see futurity through past prophecy,

which has foretold the fall of Islamism, are apt to repeat that other wise saw of the sententious Bajazet, "The fox, after all, goes to the furriers." The same people, on hearing of the Russians retiring from Silistria and flying from Eupatoria, exclaimed, "A small fly turns a big man's stomach."—"O Allah!" cried they, "the Russ is like the camel who went to steal horses, and so lost his own ears." In this sort of sententious wisdom, the Turk is an adept. Very recently, when the Russians affected to despise 'Serpent Island,' which they were compelled to leave, "Ay, ay," grinningly remarked the Stambouli politicians, "the poor man wouldn't eat the cucumber, *because it was crooked.*" But something more than this wit is wanted to give vigour to the sick man; and Abdul Medjid may yet have a name on the roll of the deposed.

THE SULTANS OF EUROPEAN TURKEY.

A.D.

1453. Mahomed II., the ninth Sultan of the Turks since the accession of Othman in 1299, took Constantinople.
1481. BAJAZET II., deposed.
1512. Selim I.
1520. Solyman the Magnificent.
1566. Selim II.
1574. Amurath III.
1595. Mahomed III.
1603. Achmet.
1617. MUSTAPHA I., deposed.
1618. Osman I., strangled.
1622. MUSTAPHA I., restored, deposed, strangled.
1623. Amurath IV.
1640. Ibrahim, strangled.

A.D.

1649. MAHOMED IV., deposed.
1687. Solyman III.
1691. Achmet II.
1695. MUSTAPHA II., deposed.
1703. ACHMET III., deposed.
1730. Mahomed V.
1754. Osman II.
1757. Mustapha III.
1774. Abdul Achmet.
1788. SELIM III., deposed.
1807. Mustapha IV., deposed.
1808. Mahmoud II.
1839. Abdul Medjid.

Conclusion.

"Rex sum!" is the ecstatic exclamation of the foolish fellow, in Plautus, who fancies that he has attained a majestic felicity. The idea of connecting happiness exclusively with royalty, still prevails. "Heureuse comme une *Princesse!*" is indeed the French proverb; but in England we still familiarly say, "Happy as a King." The Parasite in the *Aulularia* associates *his* particular idea of what is desirable in life, with the wearer of crowns; and when he ceases to be invited to dinner by a man who keeps the most sumptuous of tables, his dejection is manifested in his frantic expression, "Perdidi regem!"—I have lost a King! The phrase in Terence, "Regem me esse oportuit," has a reference, too, to that sort of respectability which is associated with fine linen and long purses; and the old proverb, "Rex aut asinus," found application of old to represent the utmost amount of human content, and the lowest condition in the social scale.

The preceding pages, however, may perhaps have served to show to those who have had the patience to go through them, that the experiences of life prove the fallacy of popular sayings. The Latin "saw," which declares that "the wicked are miserable, even in purple," may, perhaps, be an exception to this generality. The definitions of happiness are so many, that they prove, indeed, how little we are acquainted with it. That it does not necessarily reside under royal ca-

nopies is nevertheless certain. That it will not be the possession of a nation unless righteousness surround a throne, is almost as certain. If a government be based on justice, the head of that government is subject to be deposed by no power but death, or his own free will. If governments—despotic or constitutional, monarchical or republican—would submit to be ruled by the laws and principles which rule private society, war would almost cease upon the earth. On the other hand, if individuals were to regulate their conduct by the principles which seem to move too many governing powers, society would be in a condition of anarchy. When gigantic ambition makes felonious appropriation of a kingdom, it has no right to despise, however it may assume a right to punish, the poor pilferer whose hand is, perhaps, stretched forth by force of hunger. The halcyon days will perhaps come, when the extremes in society will pay more regard to the one divine rule of right than is observed by either, now. How few of the abdications recorded in the preceding pages would have found place there, had that rule been more strictly observed! In mere externals, perhaps, people and princes of modern times may be more refined, but they are not inwardly much more honest and virtuous, than the rudest of monarchs and roughest of subjects in the most remote periods: they are only more hypocritical. When Louis XIV. set up the great globe in the Royal Library, an inscription thereon informed all men that the said globe represented the dominions which the Grand Monarch might have subdued beneath his sceptre, only for his moderation! The weak tone of morality here indicated is ruinous to both governing and governed. We shall none of us be saved by the wrong we have omitted to do. If Kings especially would not only remember this, but act in accordance with it, even the sternest of Republicans might exclaim, *Vivent les Rois!*

Finally, with regard to the influences which have moved,

and the consequences which have followed, abdication from power,—these have been gracefully depicted by Madame Necker, when alluding to the case of Christina. "That Queen," says the French lady, "in surrendering her crown, in order to give herself up more entirely to men of letters, resembles the woman who had two of her fine teeth extracted, that she might gratify a lover who declared that he was in love with her mind, and cared nothing for her external attractions. But when his mistress became thus less beautiful, he loved her no longer."

Si quicquam irrepsit vitiorum, Candide Lector,
ipsemet æquanimo corrige judicio.

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THE END.

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